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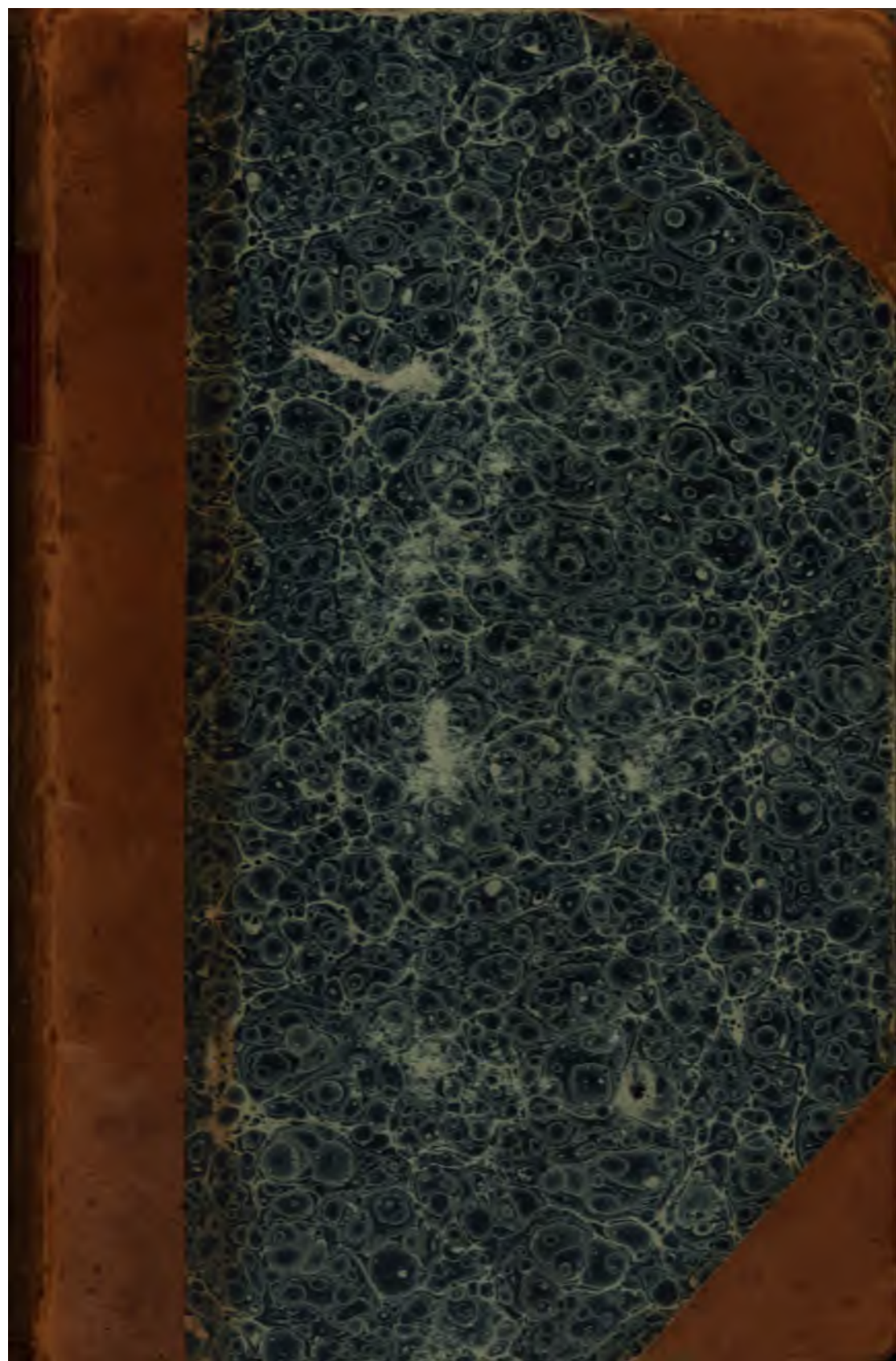
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the train of superior intellects, to join in their censure and plaudit, and to view with their eyes.

We say of a *kindred* genius; for the poem of Dante, even in this age of revivals, remained a close book, and was heedlessly thrown aside by Walter Scott, whose *plastic* mind, vast and versatile as it was, was incapable of following the deep train of thought of the greatest of metaphysical poets.

It is not otherwise in works of art, where yet we should be led to suppose that difference of speech should have no control, and that to have eyes or ears were a sufficient criterion. Bellini's *Norma* is to von Raumer "the *ne plus ultra* of false musical taste; a beggarly, tawdry, patch-work finery"—the "ladies' maids of Berlin," are to Kotzebue, "more beautiful than the Medicean Venus." The vault of the Pantheon is, to another German, "nothing better than a large oven." The Roman and Teutonic races are waging a perpetual war against each other in every branch of letters and arts, and they have carried their prejudice and animosity so far as utterly to destroy every idea of an absolute standard of beauty.

Down to the period of the French revolution the chaste and symmetrical type of Greco-Latin classicism had established its absolute sway over Europe. It was in the days when Racine and Voltaire held an exclusive possession of the stage, when Addison's *Cato* was looked upon as the master-piece of English tragedy.

Our age has witnessed a most astonishing reaction. The northern nations have asserted their independence in letters and arts, as they had long since in religion and politics; they have spurned the models before which they had been taught to bow in awe and veneration, they have set up their Romantic school and broken the fetters of what had certainly become subservient to the intolerable despotism of classical pedantry.

The Germanic element has gained such a universal ascendancy as to exert its sway even over those countries where classicism seemed indigenous. The Italians have in their turn become imitators, and, as such a state of things must appear to them novel and unnatural, their literature has fallen into that titubation and uncertainty which is perhaps only the consequence of a state of transition, but which has been too hastily set down as absolute stagnation and irrecoverable death.

When therefore we venture to discourse on the present state of the Italian stage, we naturally expect to be asked what we mean by it, and whether anything like an Italian drama can be said to exist in our days. We hasten to meet this question by acknowledging that dramatic poetry, as well as every other branch of

literature, is indeed, in that country, at the lowest ebb; that music has the exclusive control over the Italian stage, and that the two or three plays which we have placed at the head of this article, with a few others enjoying even less notoriety, are perhaps the only tragedies that have appeared since Manzoni and Pellico retired from the petty cares of the literary world, to give themselves up to the contemplative ecstasies of their ascetic discipline.

According to the statements of a recent traveller there is scarcely one theatre in Italy open for dramatic performance to every three consecrated to the opera and ballet. We shall not attempt to vindicate the Italians from the charge of sensuality and effeminacy of taste, to which their blind partiality for music has given rise. The astonishing diffusion of that formless style of performance amply demonstrated how even the sounder judgment of other nations might be carried away by the melodious allurements of that syren which threatens to drive the drama from the stage, all over the world.

The opera is perhaps much less of an animal enjoyment than is generally supposed. It has some advantages over the drama to which rigid censors have not often adverted. The emotion worked on the human soul by a dramatic performance must be the result of close attention, of absolute long-continued abstraction. The drama is a tyrant that must absorb all our faculties, and whose chance of success depends on a thorough illusion. A slight reaction of reflection, a pre-occupation, an instant of listlessness or ennui, an ill-timed jest, a fortuitous interruption, and the spell is broken and the interest slackens.

Not so the opera. Music is no intruder. It asks for no admittance into the sanctuary of the mind, it hovers round its threshold like the minstrel at the entrance of a nuptial apartment; it breaks not, interferes not with the train of thoughts or feelings, it brings into them a gentle agitation, it fans them, it gives them an harmonious, delicate turn,—it rouses, soothes, enflames, spiritualizes them.

The effect of music is immediate—it requires no activity on the part of the mind, it urges not, importunes not; it awaits the proper moment, it steals upon us unconsciously, unexpectedly, when our eyes are turned away from the spectacle, when our cares or sorrows unfit us for every other mental exertion.

By the invention of a spectacle in which every thing was calculated to give music a boundless ascendancy, the Italians provided for the wants of their own restless and highly sensitive nature, which sought in the theatre the source of an easy and genial relaxation, and to which a long silent sitting of about six hours in a play-house, as our good customers of Covent Garden or

the Hay-market have the constancy to endure, would be utter misery.

A box in an Italian play-house is a drawing-room, at Milan and Florence, not unfrequently used for supper. In the pit, in the gallery, in the six tiers of boxes, there are other interests at stake than the catastrophe on the stage. Every where there is nodding, and smiling, and flirting, and waving of fans and handkerchiefs; two-thirds at least of the performance are drowned by the murmur of a general conversation, until occasionally a burst of applause, or the strokes of the director of the orchestra, announce the entrance of a favourite singer, or the prelude of a popular air, when, as if by a common accord, that confused roar of six thousand voices is instantly hushed,—all laughing, coquetting, and ice-champaign drinking is broken short, and all the actors in the minor stages submit themselves for five minutes to behave like a well-mannered and intelligent audience. All this has been said in order to prove, that although the Italian opera has been imported in all its splendour in this country, and though we pay rather dearly for it, we are as yet far from understanding half its mysteries, or from enjoying its real advantages.

In such a state of things it will be readily believed, that the actor's trade in Italy, as well as the best interests of the drama, must be in a very precarious condition. The few wandering companies, except such as are entertained by royal patronage, are every day decreasing in number and importance, and some of them reduced to the last stage of penury. Dramatic poets would fare still worse, if there were any longer in Italy persons following that calling. We know of no instance, since the times of Goldoni, in which an author's labours received any better fees than the popular applause, which he must accept as a pledge of the remuneration that posterity may award him.

The great number of private theatricals, however, and the zeal of numerous *dilettanti* of every class, have power to prevent the art from falling into utter discredit, and the talent of declamation is reckoned among the essential accomplishments of gentlemanly education. The drama, at least as a branch of literature, is still held in honour in Italy, whatever may be thought of it as a popular amusement.

Goldoni and Alfieri are still the leading names on the Italian stage. Overrated as the productions of these two eminent authors may be said to have been by their countrymen, they have however been too hastily and indiscriminately sentenced abroad. The best comedies of Goldoni are still unknown ground for foreign critics. We never met with any attempt at a rational examination of any but the worst of them, such as "*La Bottega del Caffé*,"

"Il Servitor di due Padroni," and other such premature essays, in which efforts poor Goldoni, while he gradually endeavoured to reform the bad taste of his contemporaries, was obliged to submit to it. These are also the first that are given to foreigners as his "*Commedie Scelte*." Sismondi, from whose eyes the spectacles of criticism seem always to fall whenever he loses sight of his faithful escort, Ginguéné, has grounded his judgment merely on a few of these juvenile performances: Goldoni's master-pieces in the Venetian dialect, such as "*Le donne Gelose*," "*I Rusteghi*," "*Todero Broutolou*," "*Le Baruffe Chiozzotte*," and perhaps twenty others, which are a breathing picture of low life in that part of Italy where national manners preserved to the last their most striking peculiarities, are still, on account of the language, works of very difficult access, even for persons conversant with Italian. The recent reaction in favour of Goldoni, brought about by the exertions of Augusto Bon and his excellent company, has rendered the Venetian dialect familiar and easy to Italian ears, and given it a peculiar charm in the different provinces. But a French or German critic must not be expected to relish Goldoni's idioms, any more than an Italian could appreciate our Doric dialect or broad Yorkshire.

The manners of the higher classes, such as they were in the idle and effeminate period that preceded the French revolution, with all the intrigues and mysteries of ancient Italian *cicisbeism*, such as Goldoni portrayed in his "*Il Cavaliere e la Dama*," "*La Dama Prudente*," "*Le Femmine Pantigliose*," etc. and the petty *tracasseries*, the ups and downs of middle life, such as were represented in his three comedies "*La Villeggiatura*," or in those on "*Zelinda e Lindoro*," so eminently Italian, and a few of his historical productions, chiefly in verse, such as "*Il Terenzio*," "*Il Moliere*," "*Il Medico Olandese*," "*La Pupilla*," have never perhaps been read out of Italy.

This rare poet, whose inexhaustible, original vein, whose unparalleled *vis comica* has furnished the Italian theatre with better than one hundred and twenty comedies, has been, as we have said, recently restored to the stage, together with the modest and gentle though rather cold and infecund Nota, with the wild and not unfrequently licentious Giraud, with De Rossi, Albergati, and a crowd of more recent imitators, whose performances are distinguished by the appellation of "*Commedie di Carattere*," the comedy of the genuine Italian school.

The "*Commedia Goldoniana*" has thus by turns superseded the wild phantasmagorias called "*Commedie d'Effetto*," of which the famous *Fiabe* of Count Carlo Gozzi, now so greatly admired in Germany, were the first models,—the sentimental comedy

"Commedia Piagnolosa," derived from the French and English novels of the worst school—the philosophical comedy "Commedia Morale," consisting in apt illustrations of the specious theories of the philanthropic school of Voltaire, and modelled after the productions of Beaumarchais; the "Commedia Romantica," from the German of Kotzebue and Co., filling the stage with horrors, with tears and groans, and finally the "Commedia d'Intrigo," of which Camillo Federici was the first master, and in which the Protagonist is invariably a duke or an emperor travelling incognito, to surprise his ministers or his subjects in *flagrante delicto* and to perform the duties of an amateur police.

All these different schools have had their day. The Italians who can patiently listen to the same opera for a whole season, betray an inexhaustible thirst for novelty and variety in the drama. No dramatic performance can go through more than three successive representations; and as the original "Repertorio" would be easily exhausted, poets and actors have recourse to frequent translations and imitations, especially from the French theatre. There is scarcely an example of any of Scribe's farces and vaudevilles rising into notoriety in Paris, without being forthwith "tradotte e ridotte" for the Italian stage. But of all branches of literature the theatre is the one that belongs most essentially to the nation, and admits less of foreign imitation, and after an ephemeral aberration of taste the Italians are sure to return unanimously and enthusiastically to their "gran Goldoni."*

The formless and grotesque performances in the different dialects, such as they are exhibited at the San Carlino in Naples, Girolamo at Turin, and Stenterello at Florence, as well as in every other town, are to be considered as the remains of the ancient "Commedie dell'Arte," which Goldoni had the merit of banishing from the stage, and may perhaps be referred to the Oscan farces, which formed the delight of the Roman people ere the introduction of Grecian classicism. As these extravagances, however, are seldom written and never printed, they can hardly fall within the province of literary criticism.

Alfieri and the Italian tragedy, though more known, can hardly be said to have been better appreciated abroad. Nothing is more common than to hear foreigners unanimously deploring the fondness which Italians seem to attach to the harsh and dry style of their only tragedian. The Germans, faithful to their romantic ideas, are disposed to look upon this superstitious enthusiasm of their southern neighbours as a fresh instance of degeneracy of taste, not unlike the ephemeral hallucination which dazzled the

* One of the most successful performances in the style of Goldoni is "Se fossi ricco," a comedy by F. A. Bon, lately performed at Milan.

Italian minds in the age of Marini. The English, the descendants of the Anglo-Saxons, by reason of consanguinity a nation of eminently romantic taste, could hardly fail to fall in with their cousins of Germany. Henry Lloyd, Esq., who translated the twenty-two tragedies of Alfieri into English verse, by a strange contradiction, entered, in his preface, into a long dissertation on the flagrant demerits of his original. Alfieri has scarcely an advocate beyond the Alps, and must rest satisfied with the suffrage of his own countryman.

Alfieri was in Italy the last of classics, and happy was it for that school that it could, at its close, shed so dazzling a light as to shroud its downfall in his glory, and trouble for a long while, with jealous anxiety, the triumph of its hyperborean rival—the romantic school. When we number the greatest tragedian of Italy among the classics, we consider him only in regard to the form and style of his dramas, not to the spirit that dictated them. Properly speaking, he belongs to no school, and founded none. He stands by himself, the man of all ages, the man of no age—whatever might be the shape which his education or the antique cast of his genius led him to prefer in his productions, no poet ever contributed more powerfully to the reformation of the character of his countrymen. For that object he only needed to throw before them the model of his own character; it mattered little whether it was drawn with the pencil or carved with the chisel, whether it was wrapped up in the Roman gown of Brutus, or in the Florentine cassock of Raimondo de Pazzi.

Alfieri had lofty ideas of the duties and the influence of poetry, he had exalted notions of the dignity of man, an ardent though a vague and exaggerated love of liberty and of the manly virtues which it is wont to foster. No sooner did the wild predilections of his dissipated youth give way to his thirst for fame, than his first verses were dictated by indignation. He felt that, of all branches of literature, the theatre has the most immediate effect on the illiterate mass of the people. He invaded the stage. He drove from it Metastasio and his effeminate heroes. He substituted dramatic for melodic poetry, manly passions for enervate affections, ideas for sounds. He wished to effect upon his contemporaries that revolution which his own soul had undergone,—he wished to rouse them, to wake them from their long lethargy of servitude, to see them thinking, willing, striving, resisting.

To a man that wrote actuated by such feelings, the mere form was nothing. He had no models before him but Corneille and Racine, to which he added a very imperfect knowledge of the ancient classics. For Shakspeare he indeed evinced an indefinable admiration. He felt overawed by the extraordinary powers,

but was deterred and distracted by the eccentric flights of that sovereign fancy. The day of Shakspeare had not yet dawned, the great literary crisis of Romanticism was not mature, nor was it in Alfieri's power to foresee it. We must look upon him not as the predecessor of Goethe and Schiller, but as the successor of Racine and Metastasio. It is only with the prosy *tirades* of the first, and the luscious *recitativi* of the last, that the iron framework of the fierce *Astigiano* can be fairly compared. The French, when Alfieri appeared, were believed to have the entire possession of the stage. Alfieri took upon himself the task of dethroning them, and accomplished it. For that purpose he choose to beat them with their own weapons. He forced his haughty insubordinate nature into the fetters of classical rules, and carried them to a superstitious extreme; he made himself a rigid observer of dramatic unity, rejected all accessory ornament, episodical incidents, and gave to the stage his drama, solemn and severe,—a bare, single, rapid, intense exhibition of horror and pity, never allowing the interest to stray, the attention to flag, or the excitement to cool.

Alfieri forgot, or perhaps wilfully rejected the precept of Horace, "*ut pictura poesis*." He was a sculptor-poet. Sculpture works for eternity, it seems to refuse to itself all ornament and variety, it is indifferent to local costumes and habits, it considers its figures in the abstract, independent of light and shade; but its powers are limited, its materials are stone, rigid and rough, unbending, unchangeable, colourless.

Alfieri's poetry was sculpture. His tragedies are only a group of four or five statues, his characters are figures of marble, incorruptible, everlasting: but not flesh, nothing like flesh, having nothing of its freshness and hue. He describes no scene. The statues stand by themselves, isolated on their pedestals, on a vacant ideal stage, without back-ground, without contrast of landscape or scenery, all wrapped in their heroic mantles, all moving, breathing statues, perhaps; but still nothing but statues.

Wherever be the scene, whoever the hero, it is always the poet that speaks. It is always his noble, indomitable soul reproduced under various shapes, it is always one and the same object pursued under different points of view, but to which every other view is subservient—the struggle between the oppressor and the oppressed. The genii of good and evil have waged an eternal war in his scenes. Philip, Creon, Gomez, Appius, and Cosmo de Medici, can equally answer his purpose as the agents of crime; Don Carlos, Antigone, Perez, Icilius and Don Garcia are indifferently chosen to stand forth as the champions of virtue.

But he deals too freely in horrors and atrocities. The passions

he seems to delight in are jealousy and revenge; an inexorable tormentor, he allows the heart not an instant of ease; he presses heavier and heavier upon it; he severs fibre from fibre, he rends it asunder. An awful obscurity pervades the whole drama, and gives it all the sublimity of mysticism. Among the darkest conceptions of the human mind there is nothing like his Philip of Spain. We remember to have risen from our seat after its performance, oppressed and exhausted, our eyes dizzy, our temples throbbing and aching.

But it is not true that Alfieri could not or did not attempt the most tender pathetic, that he could give no utterance to the softest affections. We know of no model of conjugal love and solicitude, to match his lovely Bianca de Pazzi. The meeting of Virginius and his family on the threshold of his house has been written in tears—the tears of Alfieri; and such short and abrupt episodes breaking on a sudden through that gloomy severity, as if to relieve us from our intense agitation, have all the refreshing effect of a summer shower.

But besides these fugitive passages, there is one at least among his tragedies, in favour of which exception should be made even in the general sentence that has been passed against Alfieri by the partisans of Romanticism. Saul is certainly no classic performance. The character of that first monarch of Israel is not a statue or bust, but as noble a picture as art could ever contrive. It is indeed the tallest and bravest of the warriors of the twelve tribes, a stately figure bent by age and overcome by grief, the martyr of restless remorse, the victim of a relentless vengeance, the old oak, the pride of the forest, blasted by the lightning of heaven. It is an exquisite anatomy of melancholy, and the rapid intensity which it derives from its unity of action adds not a little to its prompt and immediate effect.

The fame of Alfieri for a long while excluded tragical writing from Italy. The style of his tragedies seemed equally to refuse itself to all imitation and to discourage all spirit of innovation. His authority has been fatal to the progress of dramatic art. Those fetters with which he was pleased to shackle his powerful fancy would crush and palsy any intellect of a weaker frame, as Thersites would have been stifled under the armour of Achilles. Monti and Foscolo, the first by endeavouring to soften, the second by exaggerating the harshness of Alfieri have both perished in the attempt. Aristodemo is but a faint reproduction of Saul. Tieste has all the horrors without the glow of passion of Agamemnon and Orestes. Alfieri did not, could not, in his age supply Italy with a real model for tragedy. But he had built an edifice of steel and adamant; on which the gratitude of his

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"THE CHORUS.*

" From moss-grown fanes, from tottering halls,
 From their burnt forges' clanging walls,
 Forth from their fields' half-furrowed soil
 Bathed with the drops of bondmen's toil ;
 Roused into life by sudden start,
 The trampled race of Italy,
 With anxious ear and bounding heart,
 Awake and listen tremblingly.
 From their pale brows and cowering eyes,
 Like sunbeams from the clouded skies,
 Still flashes forth the manly glance
 Of their forefathers' countenance ;
 In those dark eyes and pallid brows,
 The vaunt of that long by-gone age,
 More deep alas ! more glaring shows
 The brand of present vassallage.

Through winding paths, with faltering tread,
 And hearts that beat 'twixt hope and dread,
 The gathering Latin crowd advance ;—
 And lo ! before the host of France
 They see there fly the scattered hordes
 Of their relentless northern lords.—
 Adown the plain, with slackened rein,
 Like hunted beasts with bristling mane,
 They see them panting seek their lair ;
 And there, all mute in fallen pride,
 The stately matrons, terrified,
 Gaze on their sons with vacant stare.

* " CORO.

" Dagli atri muscosi, dai fori cadenti
 Dai boschi, dall' arse fucine stridenti
 Dai solchi bagnati di servo sudor ;
 Un volgo disperso repente si desta,
 Intende l' orecchio, solleva la testa
 Percosso da novo crescente romor.
 Dai guardi dubbiosi, dai pavidì volti
 Qual raggio di sole tra nuvoli folti
 Traluce dei padri la fiera virtù.
 Nei guardi nei volti confuso ed incerto
 Si mesce e discorda lo spregio sofferto
 Col misero orgoglio d' un tempo che fu.
 S' aduna voglioso, si sperde tremante
 Per torti sentieri con passo vagante
 Fra tema e desire s'avanza e ristà.
 E adocchia e rimira scorata e confusa
 Dei crudi signori la turba diffusa
 Che fugge dai brandi che sosta non ha.

And right and left, like loosened packs,
In hot pursuit upon their tracks,
There ride the conquering knights of France.—
They see—and flushed with sudden trance,
Deceived by hope's new dawning ray,
They fondly hail the coming day—
The day of their deliverance.

But hark? those brave victorious bands,
That chase your lords with eager brands,
Have roamed and ridden wide and far;
Up from their couches' sweet repose,
Up from their nightly feasts they rose,
As sudden sang the trump of war.
Lone in their castle-halls bereft,
Their fainting dames in tears they left,
On whose pale lips the farewell died:
The crested helmet o'er their brow,
They pressed their chargers' saddle-bow,
And down the hollow bridge did ride.

From land to land, in joyous throngs,
They cheered their way with warlike songs;
'Long trackless dales and rugged heights
They watched the long, inclement nights;
Whilst far their longing hearts still roved
Back to their homes, to all they loved.

Ansanti li vede quai trepide fere
Irsuti per tema le fulve criniere
Le note latebre del covo cercar.
E quivi, deposta l'usata minaccia,
Le donne superbe con pallida faccia
I figli pensosi pensose guatar.

E dietro ai fuggenti con avido brando,
Quai cani disciolti, correndo, frugando,
Da ritta, da manca, guerrieri venir.
Li vede;—e rapito d'ignoto contento,
Con l'agile speme precorre l'evento
E sogna la fine del duro servir.

Udite!—quei forti che or tengono il campo,
Che ai vostri tiranni precludon lo scampo,
Son giunti da lungi per aspri sentier.
Sospeser le gioie dei prandi festosi
Assursero in fretta dai blandi riposi
Chiamati repente da squillo guerrier.

Lasciar nelle sale del tetto natto
Le donne accorate tornanti all'addio,
Ai preghi, ai consigli che il pianto troncò.
Han carche le fronti dei pesti cimieri,
Han poste le selle sui bruni corsieri
Volaron sul ponte che cupo sonò.

The martial rule, the toilsome march,
 And frosts that pierce, and heats that parch,
 And famine drear they next endure.
 The shock of lances couched in rest,
 And rattling shafts on mailed breast,
 Bide they yet firm with front secure.

And all these toils, these dangers past,
 Should have no better meed at last,
 Than turn the course of destiny,
 An alien race of serfs to free?—
 Back then, ye doomed deluded crowd,
 To your burnt forges, ruins proud,
 Back to the furrows of your soil,
 Bathed with the drops of bondmen's toil!
 Victor and vanquished join their hands,
 They rest upon your blood-stained lands,
 The stirring trump of war is hushed,
 They share the spoil of victory;
 Beneath a double yoke are crushed
 The trampled race of Italy!"

It is greatly to be regretted that the assiduous cares he bestowed on his historical novel, and, in later years, his more than devoted exertions in favour of what he deemed to be the cause of true religion, have estranged Manzoni from that branch of literature into which, notwithstanding his lack of really dramatic

A torme di terra passarono in terra
 Cantando giulive canzoni di guerra,
 Ma i dolci castelli pensando nel cor
 Per valli petrose, per balzi dritti
 Vegliaron nell' armi le gelide notti
 Membrando i fidati colloqui d' amor.

Gli oscuri perigli di stanze incresciute
 Per greppi senz' orma le corse affannose
 Il rigido impero, le fami durar
 Si vider le lance calate sui petti
 D' accanto agli scudi, rasente gli elmetti
 S' udiron le frecce fischando volar.

E il premio sperato, promesso a quei forti
 Sarebbe, o delusi, rivolger le sorti
 D' un volgo straniero por fine al dolor?
 Tornate alle vostre superbe ruine
 All' opere imbelli dell' arse officine
 Ai solchi bagnati di servo sudor!

Il forte si mesce col vinto nemico
 Col novo signore rimane l' antico
 L' un popolo e l' altro sul collo vi sta;
 Dividono i servi, dividon gli armenti
 Si posano insieme sui campi cruenti
 D' un volgo disperso che nome non ha."

talents, he was likely by repeated essays to introduce a salutary revolution. Deprived of his important countenance, the romantic reform, that had commenced under his auspices, remained incomplete; and those of the modern dramatists, who are considered as belonging to his school, such as Carlo Tedaldi-Fores, Davide Bertolotti, and a young Neapolitan, who has endeavoured to reproduce the most revolting scenes of the modern French drama, have been led from extravagance into extravagance until the very name of romanticism has fallen under the strokes of that most irresistible of weapons—ridicule. But there were in that school, notwithstanding its frequent aberrations of taste, ideas teeming with vigour and youth, with life and activity; its principles were consonant with the newly-awakened longings for political freedom, for moral and mental emancipation; its supporters appealed to all that was noblest or dearest in modern patriotism; they aspired to make of literature a matter of national pride, an instrument of social progress, an emanation from life. The lessons of romanticism could not be utterly lost, however unsuccessful its earliest specimens might have proved to be, neither could classicism be revived, although the present age had nothing to substitute in its place. Hence that state of uncertainty and dissatisfaction that prevents the people of Italy from following a determined course and laying the basis of a national school. For, on the one side, the Greco-Latin type of beauty, noble and venerable as it is, when considered in its relation to the past, is utterly insufficient to the wants and in opposition to the tendencies of the present; nor can any sympathy be established between the Italians of the nineteenth century and the heroes of fabulous Greece, between the patriots of “young Italy” and that

“Race d’Agamemnon qui ne finit jamais;”—

But it is, on the other side, not quite evident, why the dramatic rules, the grim legends of the German and Scandinavian nations should better suit the sunny imagination and the lively feelings of a southern people. To substitute the imitation of Schiller or Shakspeare for that of Æschylus or Euripides, would be a strange way of providing for the development of an independent national taste. The classical style of Greece and Rome is to be banished as something alien and obsolete. But is Italy to receive her models from *Oltremonti*? Are indeed the dramas of Manzoni and his disciples more national productions than those of Alfieri or Foscolo? Is there among those romantic structures an edifice that can be considered as essentially belonging to a genuine Italian school? The Italians were glad to receive from their neighbours the example of that truly Teutonic independence

with which they had shaken off the fetters of classical pedantry. But they did not mean that their idolatrous imitation of the classics should be superseded by an equally servile dependence on the models of England or Germany.

The feelings that prevail in Italy on literary subjects have an analogous influence on all questions connected with religion and politics. The Italians are certainly unanimous in wishing for the cessation of that state of vassallage in which they are held by Austrian preponderance. But the soundest part of the nation are fully aware that the assistance of French propagandists, or any other foreign interference, would be rather a questionable means of attaining national emancipation. They long for a vindication of their national freedom, but they feel that a change of masters is not very likely to lead them to that desirable result. In the like manner the best cultivated classes are keenly alive to the degeneration, to the follies and superstitions of the Church of Rome. But they are not equally ready to exchange Roman Catholicism for Swiss or German Protestantism; they are not so surely disposed, as some of our sanguine missionaries are willing to expect, to withdraw their allegiance from the Bishop of Rome, to acknowledge the supremacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury. When we speak thus, we of course view the British Primate, not as the head of the Universal Church, but the highest authority in his own. It is deeply to be regretted that the elements of the British Church, which are Catholic in the highest sense of the term, should not be appreciated as such on the Continent; but to this point it is our avowed object constantly to direct attention, until it obtains that reception which due consideration on the system must bring. The British Church is the purest exemplification on earth of the true features of the Catholic Church, which have been lost sight of in Germany, where Episcopacy, a great constituent principle, has never prevailed; and in Italy, where the political attitude of the Church totally eclipsed the spiritual. As the Catholic Church stood in the days of Theodosius and Valentinian, obedient to the state, yet a portion of the state, so does the British. Its local position does not isolate it from a Catholic tendency, it is not the Church of England more than the Church of Christendom, and its fundamentals are those of every creed and confession of the Church in all ages. It is not bound down by the fettering laws of peculiar councils like the Greek and Roman, and the question of her high and genuine and unpolluted Catholicism is beginning to be deeply considered in numerous directions, and will soon be justly appreciated. And Italians are naturally anxious for a similar church. They wish for an Italian school of letters and arts, as well as for an Italian church and go-

vernment. Unfortunately nothing of the kind can be obtained until they have manfully asserted their nationality,—until there be an Italy.

The present state of things is therefore merely to be considered as an epoch of transition, a conflict between long-cherished notions and newly-arising ideas. The writers of the day endeavour to find a middle way between the dulness of ancient classicism and the boldness of modern romanticism—between Alfieri and Manzoni. The subjects for all dramatic performances are invariably selected from modern history, from that inexhaustible mine of literary treasures—the middle ages—the age of chivalry—the crusades; from the national glories of the Lombard league, from the sanguinary deeds of Guelphs and Ghibelines, from the domestic tragedies of their petty tyrants, from the gloomy atrocities of the Roman and Venetian inquisition. The feelings exhibited on the stage are those to which the heart responds; those of Christianity, chivalry, patriotism, and in so far they deem it expedient to obey the influence of romantic innovation. But their dramas are more or less rigidly shaped after the models of the ancients. The rules of Aristotle and Horace are still inviolable laws for them, and to these they are often, like Alfieri, compelled to sacrifice historical accuracy and *vraisemblance*; they must compress or stretch their subject, after a Procrustean process; they are forced to reject the most brilliant or the most touching episodes, however essentially belonging to it, lest they should interfere with their unity and symmetry of plan. The style is also strictly classical. The Italian language has during the course of five centuries strangely deviated from the original simplicity of the age of Dante. Antiquated by the Latinists of the fifteenth century, diluted by the prating *Cinquecentisti*, distracted by the raving *Seicentisti*, adulterated by the Gallomaniacs of the last century, cramped by the academy *Della Crusca*, soiled by long flattery and servility, that noble language lies down, overcome and prostrated, an artificial construction of empty words; cumbrous, not rich; pedantic, not correct; with scarcely any of its original beauties, except its ever-fascinating melody. Poetry is in Italy a different language from prose. Nature suggested plain constructions, art adopted elaborate inversions. All that is simple and natural the poet rejects as vulgar. The poet never calls things by their names. His style is opposed to common life; as in the poems of Homer, all objects have a name among gods, a name among mortals. Hence an infinite number of ideas find no place in verse for want of expression, and poetry sounds like Greek to the ears of the multitude.

The romantic school made vigorous efforts to strip Italian

poetry of its tinselled frippery. Manzoni caused his Venetian senators to speak as they may be supposed,—as they are known to have done. The modern *voi*, which had disappeared from the heroic style, ever since the days of Ariosto, to give way to the Roman republican *tu*, has been restored to the tragic dialogue by the author of “Carmagnola.” With the same views, he did not shrink from such forms as these :

“Serenissimo doge, senatori.
Su ciò chiede il consiglio il parer vostro.
Sia lode al ciel, combatteremo alfine.”

And similar expressions, which simple, true, and natural as they are, would however have been proscribed by Alfieri as too closely approaching conversational triviality. By thus renouncing that false pomp and magnificence, Manzoni gained vigour and purity in proportion as he adopted ease and simplicity. He enriched his style with the spontaneousness of popular phraseology; he made his personages speak from, and consequently resemble, life. The partisans of the conciliatory schools have thought otherwise; together with the frame of the classical drama, they deemed it expedient to revive the *beau-ideal* of heroic dialogue. They brought the poetical language of Italy back to the grandiloquence of Alfieri.

At the head of this cautious and transitory system are Pellico and Niccolini.

Had not the author of “Francesca da Rimini” been struck by the political vengeance of Austria in the very prime of youth, had not his lofty spirit been so miserably broken among the squalor and agony of his ten years’ confinement at Spielberg, the Italian stage would have found in him one of its greatest ornaments. That juvenile performance of Pellico was on its first appearance in 1820, and continues to this day, the most popular tragedy in Italy ever since the palmy days of Alfieri. Its success is probably owing in great measure to the author’s happy choice of his subject. In the universal interest evinced by every feeling being in favour of that erring and yet so lovely and unhappy Francesca, we have a fresh illustration of the never-failing result to be expected from an appeal to the sympathies of the people. That sweet name alone had a thrilling effect on the Italian hearts, long since blunted to the sorrows of Clytemnestra and Antigone. The story of Francesca was associated with that most touching episode in Italian poetry, that short and fugitive effusion of tender pathos into which the stern soul of Dante once, and once only, consented to melt. It re-awakened in their minds all the sweet allusions with which that melancholy story is so mystically blended.

It roused a kindred spirit to Dante, Fuseli, into that exquisite

mood in which he threw before us a clear view of his own glorious conception. The attitude of the lovers, the deathless affection from which they draw, even in the *Inferno*, consolation; the whole composition is amply worthy of the Italian bard, and though defective in colouring, still in the portraiture of shades this is less felt. Like his fairy scenes it evinces a grandeur of conception that England has not looked on since; nor is she likely, now Hilton has passed, to number one historical painter in our time.

Moreover "*Francesca*" was a tragedy of love. Unrivalled as he was in the exhibition of those passions that fell within the range of his powerful soul, Alfieri had yet left many of the chords of the human heart untouched. The guilty and yet undefinable connection between Don Carlos and his step-mother, the virtuous but more than human devotion of Hæmon for Antigone, and what has been justly called the "hysterics" of Myrrha for her father, could hardly be called love. "*The Italians*," as Count Pecchio has it, "from the age of Petrarch down to the days of Ugo Foscolo have had strange teachers of the tender passion."

But two or three scenes of Pellico's *Francesca* exhibit all that wild enthusiasm and transport, all that vague mixture of ardent and delicate feelings, which is indeed far from the "air-fed" Platonism of the worshipper of Laura, and from the "asthmatic" atrabilariousness of Jacopo Ortis. The feelings of Paolo and Francesca resemble as nearly as possible what is called genuine love among mortals.

We find also occasionally some of those flashes of patriotism which are now an indispensable ingredient in every literary work in Italy, and which cannot be easily comprehended by such among foreigners as are by political circumstances placed above the miseries of national degradation and vassallage. The following passage for instance never fails to be received with a thundering applause by an Italian audience, though it has in itself very little to recommend it to literary criticism. But it must be remembered, that however inappropriate such a language may appear, if we consider the state of Italy in the age of *Francesca da Rimini*, or the character of the personage that is made to utter such fine sentiments, there are among those enthusiastic applauders, or at least there were in 1820, thousands of Napoleon's veterans, in whose heart every word of that patriotic effusion found a willing echo;—a set of deluded and disappointed people, who might, perhaps, with a mixed feeling of pride and sorrow, remember the fields of Raab and Malojarslavetz, where they were lavish of their blood for the cause of a foreign nation or of a foreign usurper, by whom, after having been roused to the most sanguine expect-

tation, and engaged in the most deperate enterprises, they were to be helplessly abandoned to their fate.

This speech, which reminds us, in some manner, of Petrarch's tender apostrophe :

" Non è questo il terren ch' io toccai pria," &c.

is translated from scene v. act 1, of *Francesca da Rimini*.

" PAOLO.*

" Wearied of glories' visions I return ;
My blood has flowed, Byzantium, for thee,—
For thee I've warred where hate was not my guide.
The clement emperor with honours vast
Has graced me ; but the general applause
Depresses more than it excites my soul.
My sword seems stained in an ignoble strife
For stranger lands ;—and have I not my own
To whom her citizens are vowed in blood ?
For thee, for thee, land of a high-souled race,
My Italy, I will contend. Outrage
On thee no foeman shall inflict unscathed,
Fairest of lands, on which the sunbeams rest.—
Mother of arts, thy dust is heroes' dust.
Thou hast aroused my sires to high emprise ;
Valor and wit within thy breast repose,
And all that's dearest to my panting soul
Within thee dwelleth in my much-loved home."

It is especially to passages of this description that the earliest of Pellico's tragedies owes its popularity among the actors and audience of an Italian theatre, for otherwise it is in itself a juvenile production. The action, which, on account of the delicacy of the ruling passion on which the catastrophe mainly depends, was in it-

* Lest we might be accused of injuring too far the beauties of this passage by our translation, we give it as it stands in the text.

" Stanco

" Son d' ogni vana ombra di gloria. Ho sparso
Di Bisanzio pel trono il sangue mio
Debellando città ch' io non odiava,
E fama ebbi di grande e d' onor colmo
Fui dal clemente imperador ; dispetto
In me facean gli universali applausi.
Per chi di stragi sì macchiò il mio brando ?
Per lo straniero. E non ho patria forse
Cui sacro sia de' cittadini il sangue ?
Per te, per te, che cittadini hai prodi
Italia mia combatterò, se oltraggio
Ti moverà la invidia. E il più gentile
Terren non sei di quanti scalda il sole ?
D' ogni bell' arte non sei madre o Italia ?
Polve d' eroi non è la polve tua ?
Agli avi miei tu valor desti e seggio
E tutto quanto ho di più caro alberghi."

self a matter of considerable difficulty, could hardly be expected to be advantageously developed in the course of twenty-four hours, the legal space of time allotted to a tragic writer by the strict rules of classicism. The artifice to which Francesca has recourse, in order to conceal her unlawful affection towards her brother-in-law, by *feigning* a contrary feeling, by shunning his presence with horror, affecting an unconquerable hatred against him, on account of the involuntary occision of her youthful brother, is, according to our manner of thinking, irreparably injurious to her character, and too far below the ideal beauty of that single-minded Francesca of Dante, to whom, under the extenuating circumstances of previous attachment and compulsory marriage, we might have been not entirely unwilling to forgive her trespasses. By this trait of more than feminine simulation Pellico has destroyed the effect which that

“light veil of melancholy
Making her face look like a thing of heaven;”*

and that

“intense, unutterable sorrow,
Which, by the will of God, weighed down her heart,”†

had worked upon our souls.

This, and the exaggerations and rodomontades in her lover's love speeches, and Lanciotto's truly marital blindness and Guido's (Francesca's father) indifferently portrayed character, are among the principal faults which strike the reader at the first glance. But there is enough of Pellico's tender, ingenuous and passionate soul diffused throughout the work to compensate for all its defects, and Francesca da Rimini will remain for a long time in possession of the popularity with which it originally met on the stage.

“Eufemio di Messina” was also given to the public previous to the author's arrest at Milan, and was equally considered as the performance of a promising youth. The subject is

* We can scarcely deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting these two lines that sound so sweetly in the original.

“Francesca

Soavemente commoveva a un tempo
Colla bellezza i cuori e con quel tenue
Vel di malinconia che più celeste
Fea il suo sembiante.”

† “Iddio m' ha posto un incredibil peso
D' angoscia sovra il core, e a sopportarlo
Rassegnata son io.”

and the other

“Bella,
Come un angel che Dio crea nel più puro
Suo trasporto d' amor!”

as happily chosen though not equally familiar with that of "Francesca." But it required perhaps a greater power of imagination than fell to the share of poor Pellico to fill up the blanks that exist in the obscure records of the semi-barbarous epoch to which it belongs. The irruption of the Saracens of Africa into Sicily towards the year 830, under the guidance of a young renegade, whose wounded pride and blighted affections prompted him to plunge his country into endless calamities, is one of those many events of the middle ages so registered in the volume of history as to exclude every doubt on their authenticity, without however furnishing us with sufficient details to satisfy the curiosity that such extraordinary vicissitudes are well calculated to awaken. Similar subjects cannot be made the theme for poetry or the drama without building on those barren materials such a romance as may easily convey to our minds a plausible representation of the age, and personages in whose fortunes we are expected to take an interest. These are precisely the themes on which such fancies as Shakspeare's or Walter Scott's are wont to perform their greatest wonders. Their imagination loves to expatiate in that empty field and to conjure up a thousand phantoms of light, which soon gain so powerful an ascendancy on our imagination, and so perplex our judgment, as to render it difficult for us to distinguish their chimerical personifications from the best defined characters with which real history has acquainted us.

The "Eufemio" of Pellico is powerfully depicted. He is indeed the rash, raving youth, who may be conceived to have turned an apostate and a traitor, under the influence of disorderly passions. His magic ascendancy over his Mussulman followers, the warm devotion of his brother-in-arms Almanzor, give the character of the principal hero a dazzling lustre which captivates our admiration, notwithstanding the enormity of his crimes. He appears before us as one of those fated beings who must surpass all other mortals in guilt if they are prevented from excelling in deeds of virtue.

But Pellico's "Eufemio" is a single-sided picture. He comes upon the stage like one possessed by a relentless rage; all his tenderest, his most sacred emotions, his love, his patriotism find no utterance from his lips but in a voice of thunder and storm. His whole soul is preyed upon by a raving phrensy; he is driven from madness into madness, as a man urged on by the wrath of heaven to his destruction. That fury never, for a moment, abates. It seems to have a contagious effect on every other actor on the stage, as well as on the poet himself. But woe to him if it does not equally operate upon his audience—if by injudiciously submitting them from the very beginning to such an unrelenting and

exhausting excitement, he either wearies their minds with over-exertion, or fatigues them with a distracting monotony!

The tragedies of Pellico that were either written, or rather meditated in the solitude of his dungeon (for he very seldom was indulged in the luxuries of pen and ink), and which were published after his release, are visibly affected by the prostration and languor of a broken spirit.

The subject of three of them is taken from the earliest period of the Italian republics, the successful struggle of the towns of the Lombard league against the emperors of Germany, and their subsequent discords of Guelphs and Ghibelines. The Italians have lately turned their attention to that, for them, most important epoch, and the national songs of their bards, especially those of Berchet, have awakened a new enthusiasm on an old and long since forgotten theme. But it is a question whether the convulsions of that glorious era can be advantageously brought upon the stage. The victory, which for a few centuries secured to the north of Italy the possession of an almost absolute independence, was the result of the unanimous efforts of a sober, frugal, and hardy population, rather than of the heroic achievements of individuals. The names of those earliest champions of freedom or of their popular leaders have hardly been transmitted to posterity; there is scarcely among so many a single character rising above the level of the obscure multitude. The people, jealous of their equality, seem to have abolished even aristocracy of fame. There was in that epoch no hero, but a nation of heroes. Now, nothing is more difficult in dramatic poetry than the personification of a whole people. Poetry seems to cling fondly to individualism. The chorus, eminently a republican contrivance, was never even in Athens and Rome, with the exception of a few of Æschylus's primitive performances, intended to be the Protagonist. But in modern ages it has been altogether suppressed as an awkward encumbrance, at the best only fit to sing the interludes. Jack Cade or Masaniello, or any other most abject demagogue, can be raised to the dignity of a hero, but the stage can be no throne for the sovereign people. Hence Pellico found himself obliged to throw the people into the back ground, and to bring forward ideal heroes whose interests are supposed to be implicated in the great national contest, which thus becomes only an episode, in the same manner as the novelist, in order to fix the attention of his Scotch readers on a French subject, introduces his own Quintin Durward at the court of Louis XI.

Thus "*Gismonda da Mendrisio*," the first and perhaps the best of those tragedies, is a very able exhibition of a lofty female character struggling between the regrets of disregarded love and the powerless rage of vengeful jealousy. The destruction of Milan

by Frederic Barbarossa, to which constant allusion is made, only appears as a remote and not very essential incident.

"Leoniero da Dertona," a sort of Christian Brutus, sacrificing his own son to secure the interest of the national cause, bears the date of the battle of Legnano; and, as in "*Gismonda*," the lieutenants or messengers of Frederic are brought in to remind us of that noble despot whom Pellico would have done better, if he had dared, to introduce personally to our acquaintance. In the "*Iginia d' Asti*" we perceive some attempts at giving the people voice and action. The madness of popular factions engross nearly the whole of the drama, and the gentle contrast of private affections seems to have been resorted to only for the sake of a happy diversion.

We never heard that any of these tragedies were brought before the notice of an Italian audience, every subject connected with national history being diligently proscribed by the provident cares of the Austro-Italian police. But we are convinced that the common classes in Italy are too ignorant of the annals of their country to be able to understand allusions so imperfectly and obscurely conveyed to their minds, and as the chief interest of those dramas was intended to lay on their historical importance, and their plans are otherwise ill-digested, and the style languid and neglected, they are not likely, even under more favourable political circumstances, to be ranked by the side of that favourite "*Francesca*."

We have also two tragedies by the same author on scriptural subjects: "*Ester d' Engaddi*" and "*Erodiade*." This last, which an Italian might be tempted to call "*La Saullessa*," is, in fact, nothing better than a reproduction of the "*Saul*" of Alfieri, under a female attire,—a lofty and originally noble and righteous soul brought to evil by the violence of passion, and distracted by sleepless remorse, by a vague and powerless longing for rehabilitation and atonement. It is perhaps more than any other remarkable for that exaggeration and transport which pervades every page of Pellico's poetical works, strangely contrasting with the meek and resigned temper of the author's mind, such as it exhibits itself in his "*Prigioni*," and which may appear incompatible with the state of weariness and debility resulting from that long hour of torture, unless it is to be considered as the effect of that feverish dreaminess by which a morbid imagination re-acts upon an exhausted frame, and is almost unconsciously raised into a sphere of preternatural imagery over which reason has no control.

"*Tommaso Moro*" (Thomas More), is the last of Pellico's tragedies that has reached our hands, though we have heard "*Il Colombo*" mentioned as a novel performance lately received with

great applause on the stage at Turin. On attempting an English subject of such vital importance, Pellico, as may well be expected, had no greater object in view than to bring forward new arguments in favour of the cause of Catholicism, which he has so warmly espoused. The martyrdom (as he calls it) of the chancellor of Henry VIII. might undoubtedly suggest a few happy thoughts to a supporter of the supremacy and infallibility of the Church of Rome. But the classical style and heroic language in which the tragedy is written would, to say the least, sound strangely to English ears, and it would be difficult for us to recognize our bluff Henry and his ill-fated mistress in the staid pompous personages which the poet has entitled to bear their names. "*Tommaso Moro*" is, to our judgment, the weakest of Pellico's theatrical productions.

Niccolini commenced his literary career several years earlier than either Pellico or Manzoni. His first tragedies, "*Polissena*," "*Medea*," "*Edipo*," "*Inoe Temisto*," &c., altogether belong to the old classical school. The romantic ideas did not take root in Tuscany so rapidly or so thoroughly as in the north of Italy, where a greater proportion of Gothic and Lombard blood and the climate itself seem to give the people a more northern cast of mind, and where in consequence the German taste might be expected to meet with a more favourable reception. His reputation however was established soon after the fall of Napoleon by his "*Nabucco*," an allegorical drama, in which, under the names of the Assyrian king, and Vasti his mother, Amiti his wife, &c., the poet very ably portrayed the characters of Napoleon, Letizia Buonaparte, Maria Louisa, Francis of Austria, and all the greatest actors of that fearful drama of which our fathers were witnesses. This dramatic satire obtained a great popularity, as a novelty, in and out of Italy. As a tragedy we need scarcely mention it, not only because the Italian governments have banished it from the stage, but because it could not appear upon it with success, without borrowing its interest from occasional circumstances.

"Niccolini's master-piece is "*Antonio Foscari*," which, among the works of living authors, can alone dispute the palm of popularity against Pellico's "*Francesca da Rimini*." A few years later appeared his "*Giovanni da Procida*," the first instance in which an Italian has attempted to give his own version of an event on which the French and other foreign authors had thrown perhaps more odium than could be consistent with justice and truth. After an interval of several years, during which the author was busy at his "*History of the House of Swabia*," he published his "*Rosmonda d' Inghilterra*," and is now preparing, what is by his friends considered his noblest performance,—"*Gregorio VII.*"

"*Foscari*" is a Venetian subject, and belongs to that dark

and bloody period of history, when the Republic, encompassed all round by its continental territories, and closely pressed by the grasping and perfidious policy of Spain, found itself obliged to provide for its security by that deplorable system of suspicion and espionage, which branded the name of Venice with eternal infamy, and which has been rather undiscerningly applied to the remotest ages of her unsullied glories, and even to those last times of dotage and torpor which preceded her final downfall.

"Foscarini" is indeed a tragedy of terrors. The timid and care-worn tenderness of Teresa Contarini, the lofty and daring devotion of her ill-fated lover, can hardly be said to form a diversion from the gloomy impression operated on our minds by the appalling though evidently exaggerated portraiture of those tremendous inquisitors. Loredano, to whom Niccolini knew how to give a horrid beauty, new even after the Philip and Cosmo of Alfieri, seems with his gigantic figure to occupy the whole of the stage; his voice rises like a death-knell above the murmur of the trembling multitude,—he stands alone, secure on the long habit of undisputed power, a type of fearless, unrelenting, sublime despotism!

"Giovanni da Procida" was perhaps intended as a counterpart to the preceding tragedy. The just hatred and formidable vengeance cherished for seventeen years with all the fondness of a first love, and treasured up in the heart of the promoter of the Sicilian Vespers, could hardly be felt with sufficient depth and intensity by any dramatist born out of Italy. The extent to which personal resentment, in less enlightened ages, was carried by the glowing hearts of that southern people,—and of which the traces are still to be found in the wildest districts of Sicily, Calabria and Corsica,—directed, as it was in this instance, to the vindication of national rights, and sanctified by feelings of patriotism and loyalty, was an eminently Italian subject, and could not fail to find an echo in several millions of hearts, which only want sufficient courage or unanimity to emulate the bloody execution of their Sicilian ancestors, or perhaps only "bide their time." The Austrian ambassador seemed at least to think so, when, after the first recital of Niccolini's tragedy, and its astonishing success before a Florentine audience, he obtained, by his warmest remonstrances, from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the suppression of that dangerous piece, and replied to those who affected to be surprised at his dislike for a drama, whose ostensible aim was to cure the Italians of their Gallomania, that "however the direction seemed meant for France, the letter was evidently intended for Austria." (*La soprascritta è pei Francesi, ma la lettera viene a noi.*)

The delineation of Procida's character, by which the Italian tragedy appears to us vastly superior to all that has been done on the same subject in France or England, not excluding even the two contemporary dramas lately exhibited on our metropolitan stages, is however the principal—perhaps the only merit of Niccolini's work. The love romance which, as in duty bound, he has deemed it expedient to attach to the main catastrophe, is both complicated and uninteresting. Niccolini is, like Manzoni, rather a poet than a dramatist. His plots, with the exception of Foscarini, are invariably bad; even in his juvenile Greek imitations, when he was yet a votary of classical superstitions, Niccolini departed from that chaste and severe simplicity with which Alfieri had characterized the modern Italian theatre. When, in progress of time, he partly entered into the romantic views, and, choosing his themes from Venice or Sicily, allowed himself more ease and latitude in the arrangement of his five acts, he felt as a prisoner who, in the first trance of his unexpected release, seems hardly to know what to do with himself. There are scenes in his plays, and even whole acts, which seem introduced merely with a view to lead the poet to a display of fine sentiments in some favourite speech, or to cover a blank which his ingenuity was otherwise at a loss how to fill up. All such imperfections however are happily mantled in a rich, flowing drapery of eminently lyrical, rather more than dramatic style, and by frequent flashes of that theatrical sublimity which the French consider as the characteristic gift of Corneille's genius. It must be confessed that many of those dazzling passages have power to fascinate the imagination ere reason is consulted as to their appropriateness and opportunity. When Teresa in her fatal intercourse with her lover, apologising for her involuntary breach of faith, dwells with a heart-rending picture on the long mental torture by which she was led to her abhorred nuptials, Antonio Foscarini interrupts her with this rather convenient than orthodox doctrine.*

“ No more ! drive not my aching brain to madness !
No vows are binding which the heart disowns :
A hasty word wrung from the victim's lips
Is not so rashly registered in heaven.
God's angel writes it not : or if 'tis done,
His tears efface it from the eternal pages.”

* “ Taci, divien furore
La sofferenza mia ; Ma che ? doveri
La vittima non ha ; l'angel di Dio
Quella parola che non vien dal core
Nel suo libro non scrive o scritta appena
La cancella col pianto.”

This is evidently somewhat in the spirit of Miss Martineau, who considers her sex absolved from all obedience to laws made simply by ourselves.

Loredano, disturbed in the administration of his inquisitorial justice by the loud cries of a popular tumult, seeing his less firm colleague start up with an involuntary fit of sudden panic, strikes his hand on the table, proudly exclaiming*—

“ I shall not
Rise from my seat ; not I :—e'en thus my fate
I'll meet ! eternal shame on him who dares not
Die seated as I am.”

Again, when Foscarini, having heard his sentence, in those last moments in which “ the sunset of life gives him mystical lore,” is made to prophesy the last day of Venice, alluding to the inglorious fate it was to meet in our days at the hands of Napoleon, Loredano interrupts him with a bitter smile, turning to his colleagues†—

“ Near his end, his mind is clouded
By the shadows of death.—Here man may die,—
Venice is everlasting.

FOSCARINI.
God alone

Is everlasting.”

These sudden sallies of genius, which suffer severely from translation, and still more from being abstracted from their respective place, are evidently of the school of Alfieri; but could without any great effort be translated into a less heroic and more human style. But it is precisely this constant aiming at an artificial sublimity, this fondness for lofty, pithy laconisms, this pompous rhetorical display, which gives the Italian classical style a stiffness, a turgidness, a bombast, repugnant to our reason and most fatal to all stage effect as inconsistent with the language of nature.

This style into which the Italians have been led by their worship of the Greek stage, and by their long dealing in heroic subjects from Greece and Rome—where, on account of our imperfect knowledge, we must be satisfied with an ideal represen-

* “ Io no, non sorgo
Dal tribunal, lo premo :—Infamia eterna
A chi non muor seduto !”

† LOREDANO.
“ Ei presso a morte
Delira già—qui l' uomo sol perisce
La repubblica è eterna.”

FOSCARINI.
“ Eterno Iddio !”

tation, or with a reproduction of what the ancients themselves left us in their writings or in their works of art—becomes utterly intolerable when adopted as the every-day language of personages whose life can be nearly identified with ours. Thus, however a queue or a three-cornered hat may be thought unbecoming in a work of sculpture, we would rather never set our eyes on a statue of Washington again, than see the American patriot seated, in a Jove-like attitude, on a curule chair and dressed in the costume of Cæsar or Brutus.

These habitual, and as it were legalized anachronisms of language, bring with them, as a necessary consequence, a corresponding violation of local usages, manners and feelings, and an unavoidable breach of all illusion. As in the ancient Italian extemporary comedies the actors were always *Pantalone*, *Florentino*, *Rosaura*, etc, and the scene always “in una città d’Italia,” so in a classical tragedy the personages ought to have no name, but should be uniformly called “Il tiranno, l’amoroso, la prima donna, etc.,” and the scene lay in any age or country, any where, in space. These remarks especially apply to the most recent of Niccolini’s tragedies, “*La Rosmonda*,” of which we must say, as of Pellico’s last performance, that we like it less than any other of the set.

“Fair Rosamond”—one of the sweetest, one of the bloodiest episodes in the romance of our national history—has more than once appeared on the stage in this country. An Italian poet is quite welcome to our English subjects, by the same reason that our own poets and novelists make free (and a very sad work they generally make of it) with subjects taken from the inexhaustible sources of Italian history. But the difficulty of describing times essentially belonging to, yet divided by an interval of centuries from our era, must be considerably increased by those slight and vague, but not less indelible features by which, owing to ancient traditions, to the influence of language, climate, and political institutions, every one of the European families is individually characterized.

It is indeed the gift of supereminent genius so to copy from nature as to give us portraits that will equally hold true in all ages and countries, and thus Shakspeare’s Juliet is perhaps equally English and Italian. But it more generally happens that the author’s soul is transfused in the character of his hero, and in that case the portrait may be perfectly true to nature, notwithstanding a manifest violation of local *vraisemblance*. Thus it has been justly remarked that Schiller’s Marquis of Posa is rather a German than Spanish hero: but Niccolini’s “*Rosmonda*” is neither Italian nor English—is neither modern nor ancient: it is a mere abstraction, a something chimerical, conventional,

unnatural. There is not a phrase, not a word, that we could for a moment imagine to have been spoken at the court of Henry II., or in the solitude of Woodstock. Eleanor of Guienne is much more like Medea than the accomplished, though rather gallantly inclined princess, that we know her to have been. Tebaldo, an Anglo-Norman knight, has no more courtesy of manner than the vilest cut-throat. Walter and Edmund de Clifford, who repair to Oxford to pay their homage to their liege sovereign, speak to him in a language that would not ill suit a Virginus or an Icilius. Now it is an assured fact that a princess of Aquitaine may be as profligate, as jealous and vindictive as a queen of Colchis; but could a Christian princess, on her first acquaintance with an English noble, her husband's favourite, make use of such plain expressions as these?

* "Pity or fear

Were never known to me: revengeful pride
And thirst for blood alone rage in my breast.—
Dost see? this dagger was Aladdin's gift,
He who alone *could* love, for whom my fame,
My throne I fain would lose.—The Norman heart
Is cold, inconstant.—This my hand, Tebaldo,
Knows how to strike: whoever dare usurps
My Henry's heart, one instant shall not live."

The noble queen does not fail to make her word good at the end of the fifth act by stabbing her fair rival with her own hand, with a fiend-like refinement of cruelty!

In the like manner there is no doubt that our English peers were wont to stand up for their rights and privileges with daring independence, and speak their mind very freely before the throne; but they were at least so polite as to head their speeches by a "May it please your majesty," or by some other similar forms of conventional etiquette. What then shall we say of the tribune-like invectives by which Henry II. is attacked by his vassal, Walter de Clifford, before the assembly of his barons?

"† HENRY II.

"Who'rt thou? Why dost thou hide thy shield,
Under those sable veils?

* "Pietà, paura!

Io mai non le conobbi e questo core
Batte sol per l' orgoglio o pel delitto.
Vedi . . . è il pugnale che Aladin mi diede,
Aladin che mi costa e regno e fama
Ma seppe amarmi. Il vil Normando ha gelida
Alma incostante, io so ferir, Tebaldo,
Nè un solo istante palpitar protrebbe
Quel cor che osava d' usurparmi Arrigo.

† "ARRIGO.

O tu chi sei, cui bruno velo asconde
L' impresa dello scudo?

WALTER DE CLIFFORD.

Alas ! no less
Dark is the glory of my outraged name ;
Nor shall this shield shine in the sun again
Till full revenge has washed its stain with blood.

HENRY.

Kneel'st thou not, haughty vassal, to thy king,
Nor vowest fealty to thy sovereign liege ?

WALTER DE CLIFFORD.

Dost thou then render justice to thy vassal ?

HENRY.

Who'rt thou ? I know thee not—

WALTER DE CLIFFORD.

The fault is thine.

HENRY.

So bold in thine old age !

WALTER DE CLIFFORD.

With closing life,

True liberty draws nigh.

The whole play is written after these views, and, as it is, we cannot help expressing our wish that Niccolini should betake himself to his Greek and Roman subjects, or lay his scene in ancient Egypt, Bactria or Babylon, at the court of some imaginary king, and crowd his stage with pattern heroes with soft sounding names, after the fashion of Metastasio, for such are hitherto the result to which the classicists have been led ; either to dress the heroes of heroic Greece in court garb of the times of Louis XIV., as Racine has done, or to clothe Christian knights and ladies of modern times in the Roman mantle, according to the models of Alfieri.

But, as we have said, Alfieri ought to have been the last of clas-

GUALTIERO.

Ah ! d'esso al pari
La gloria del mio sangue è fatta oscura ;
Nè poserà su queste insegne il sole
Se pria non splende sulla mia vendetta.

ARRIGO.

Non ti prostri al mio soglio, e al re prometti
Come gli altri vassalli aita e fede ?

GUALTIERO.

Rendimi pria giustizia.

ARRIGO.

Oh ciel ! chi sei ?
Non ti conosco.

GUALTIERO.

Ed è tua colpa.

ARRIGO.

Audace

Così nella vecchiezza !

GUALTIERO.

E allor vicina

La vera libertà."

sics in Italy, and none of his successors who dares not or knows not how to open a new way for himself can have any chance of sending his name down to a remote posterity. Among the poets who, like Niccolini, write after this false "*medio tutissimus*" principle, the most distinguished is Carlo Marenco da Ceva, whose "*Buondelmonte*" and "*Corso Donati*" have several years been in possession of the stage. He is said to have lately obtained universal applause by his two recent tragedies: "*Berengario Augusto*" and "*Cecilia di Baone*." But the cheers of an excited audience are by no means the test by which dramatic productions can secure the more calm and unimpassioned approbation of criticism; Niccolini at Florence has been often carried home in triumph, after the performance of that very "*Rosmonda*" which has since fallen into the most complete insignificance.

The first of Marenco's tragedies, "*Berengarius I.*," is an eminently Italian, eminently dramatic subject. The name of that first of Italian kings, of him who after the demolition of the edifice of Charlemagne, was by the unanimous acclamations of the Italian nation raised to a throne which had hitherto been only occupied by foreigners, and the rest of whose life was wasted in long manly struggles against rebellious feudalism, stands alone in that age of darkest barbarism, the tenth century, as that of a virtuous and magnanimous monarch. But the Berengarius of Signor Marenco appears as a weak, irresolute ruler; gifted indeed with all the inexhaustible clemency and *bonhomme* of Metastasio's Titus, but without being actuated by the same tender and generous feelings, he is represented as beset by traitors and assassins as closely as Louis Philippe in our days, pardoning them with a forbearance equal to their perseverance, till at last he falls by their hand, a victim of his improvidence and imbecility.

Another no less noble and interesting subject has been marred by Signor Briano at Turin, in his "*Pier delle Vigne*." This able and accomplished chancellor of Frederic II., the ornament and pride of the most refined court of Europe, the Mæcnas of the Swabian Augustus, himself a poet and the warmest patron of Italian poetry in its infancy, had his name registered in that great book of records for the middle ages, the poem of Dante. Out of that touching episode, by taking advantage of the awful mystery that hangs on the fate of the fallen favourite, and giving us a portrait of that just and generous, though irascible and impetuous monarch, on whose memory the death of his chancellor stands as the sole indelible stain, the poet had the materials for a drama of unequalled interest. But he must needs give the Swabian all the dark tints of a *tiranno*; he neglects all the sources of accessory interest, which he might have derived from the great na-

tional contests of Guelphs and Ghibelines, from the Emperor's quarrels with Rome, and causes his hero to fall a victim to a paltry court intrigue in the Mazarin or Alberoni style.

Another tragedy after the pattern of Alfieri has been lately performed at Genoa, on a Genoese subject, entitled "*La Famiglia Lercari*." The doge Giovambattista Lercari, after having rendered signal services to the republic, is deposed by a faction of his adversaries, who, bent on his utter destruction, are deliberating how to condemn him to an ignominious death. Stefano, his son, one of the senators, moved by just indignation, draws his sword in the council hall and strikes one of his father's accusers, and is accordingly involved in his fate. To this main catastrophe a love story has been rather awkwardly added by the poet, but not perhaps with the best judgment, nor, we are afraid, notwithstanding the suffrage of his townsmen, with the happiest success.

Still there are especially at Milan, Turin and Naples, not a few young dramatists who would fain abandon a superannuated school and venture on a new arena, and are endeavouring by different attempts to rebuild the national drama upon new principles.

In the first place they have generally abolished the name of tragedy and call their productions *drammi*, as if afraid of entering into competition with the great tyrant Alfieri, to whom the so-called *tragedia* seems exclusively to belong. Then the greatest number of these dramas are in prose, by which their authors seem to despair of bending the lofty, heroic Italian blank verse to the multifarious purposes of a language of life. In fine they are all called historical, though several of them are far from being strictly so, and this is in consequence of a want universally felt throughout the country, and which is manifested in every other branch of literature, that of illustrating the national history. We have already seen that those tragedies which we have already mentioned as belonging to the old classical school, are, in compliance with this new national spirit, by their titles at least, essentially Italian.

One of the most successful productions in the new style is "*Lo-reazzino dei Medici*" by Giuseppe Revere, which has acquired a much wider popularity than the "*Duca Alessandro dei Medici*" by A. Ghiglioni, a contemporaneous performance. All that could contribute to represent Florence and Tuscany in that first stage of enthrallment, all that could depict that active, reckless, sinful Italian life of the sixteenth century from the court to the lowest populace, has been very cleverly compressed within the narrow compass of five acts, and though we have met now and then some rather objectionable sallies of juvenile extravagance, we believe that more original talent is displayed, and a more successful specimen of true historical representation is to be had, in this than in

any of the works we have mentioned. The author was not perhaps very fortunate in the choice of his subject, and even after all the efforts of Alfieri in his poem "*L'Etruria Vendicata*," the vile and profligate Lorenzino will make but a poor figure by the side of Brutus or William Tell, notwithstanding the plenary indulgence he won by his meritorious tyrannicide. Another drama on a similar subject has been published at Milan by Felice Turotti—"Il Conte Anguissola," or the death of Pier Luigi Farnese, the son of Pope Paul III., whose long career of crime and ignominy was finally put an end to by a conspiracy of the nobility of Placentia, headed by Anguissola, the protagonist of the drama. We have another and a more recent performance by the same author, "*La Beatrice Tenda*," which is however very far from superseding a tragedy on the same subject published in 1827 by Carlo Tedaldi Tores.

We have been interested in the work of Giacinto Battaglia, "*Luisa Strozzi*," printed towards the end of last year, far more than in either of the two crude productions of this young candidate for public suffrage. The author, who by a few very able articles in the "*Rivista Europea*," has given the analysis of the best dramas of the German and English stages, and together with some of the most eminent Milanese writers, has ever been endeavouring to fix the attention of his countrymen on the beauties of Shakspeare, seems now finally determined to give by his own example the practice of what he had hitherto exposed as his theory of the drama.

He made choice of a highly patriotic subject, and seems to have derived from it a better advantage than professor Rosini in his historical drama. The character of the fair and unfortunate protagonist is drawn with truth and spirit, and the action proceeds with sufficient animation and warmth, though the naturally calm and sober mind of the author, and his eager desire of clinging fast to historical truth, seems to have kept his fancy under a painful constraint. We know that this will perhaps be attributed to the subject itself, as it is said to be always the case in every drama in which the subject is chosen from the annals of modern ages; where the poet's fancy is supposed to be necessarily cramped and the work of imagination considerably injured by the contrast of glaring historical truth.

This is however one of the many points of controversy between the classics and the romantics on which we shall not venture to pronounce—whether indeed poetry essentially delights in mystery and obscurity—whether subjects drawn from the formless materials of a cloud-hidden antiquity are always preferable to such as have received through the diligence of modern annalists a full daylight matter-of-fact notoriety—whether nature is only to be sur-

prised within the inmost recesses of fabulous tradition, or whether by being laid bare before the artist it may not offer better grounds for a faithful and spirited imitation—whether a drama is to be a grand *tableau* of ideal heads, or rather a set of well-drawn portraits:—whether, in short, truth in itself can be poetically beautiful, when history has necessarily been stripped of all the prestige of fiction?

We find in some of the Italian periodicals the titles of several other historical dramas in the same style, which, through the remissness of our booksellers, have not yet reached our hands.

Enough however, we hope, has been said, to prove that the Italian stage, although far from being in a flourishing state, is not yet absolutely dead.

But it is not in Italy alone that the drama can be said to have reached a period of languor and decline. We know not of any living dramatist of renown who may be thought worthy of occupying the German stage since it has been vacated by Schiller and Goethe. England has indeed every month a fresh supply of tragedies written in every style and on every subject. Every month the *Examiner*, the *Athenæum* and the monthly magazines labour to raise to the stars some of Bulwer's or Leigh Hunt's or Sheridan Knowles's new dramas. But a little while, and the great, astonishing performance is no more heard of than the withered leaves of the last season. The advantages of our social arrangements, which have made a lucrous business of the works of genius, have produced a mart of poetry. The sacred fire of inspiration, the fatidical enthusiasm of poetical rapture, now comes at the poet's bidding, and the Muse waits upon him at every moment's notice with the punctuality of a faithful handmaid. He who can write a poem, can print a set of poems; he who begins with one drama is sure to go on for a score; every new volume comes out with the regularity of a newspaper, made to match the others in size, in order and frame. It is a literature of cast and mould, each book resembling its fellows, even as a penny is like all other pence. If an author is to have no higher object in view than what he can receive from the manager or the publisher, nothing certainly is more desirable than such a state of things; but if he is to look at all to the real advantage of the dramatic art, to the improvement of public taste, and is to lay his hopes for a worthy reward in the gratitude and admiration of his age and the lasting favour of posterity, we think that there has scarcely appeared a tragedy in Europe during the last twenty years that has any chance of outliving the timid and frail and yet the heart-moving and soul-subduing "*Francesca da Rimini*,"

ART. II.—*Inedited Memoirs of Admiral Chichagoff, a Russian Minister of State.*

SOME men are born for slavery, and others for liberty, says the ancient philosopher. This opinion will cease to appear paradoxical, if it be considered as an observation made *à posteriori*, rather than as a principle laid down *à priori*. If, indeed, only a slight variation be made in the phrase, it will then be altogether borne out by facts; as, for instance, should it be said that a man may be a slave under a free government, and reversely, that he may be free under a despotic, absolute, or even tyrannical rule. Even this, however, may still seem paradoxical in our age, when man's freedom is viewed as a thing identical with liberal institutions, and is supposed to be secured as soon as such institutions are obtained. Although, however, no two things ever more essentially differed from each other, still this delusion has spread so generally, that philosophers and statesmen, and crowned heads, are bewildered by it. The universal fallacy lies in this—that it is assumed to be enough to unfetter man's hands and feet, in order to render him free. Thus, however, a more galling slavery is often substituted, by which the head and heart are bound with chains of iron immeasurably more heavy. The ordinary mode of proceeding should be reversed. First secure to men their internal liberty, that of their hearts and heads, which can only be done by purifying the one from bad passions and low ambition, and by chasing ignorance from the other. Then, and only then, can external liberty be acquired and fixed on a foundation of rock, against which the powers of time shall not prevail. Internal liberty is the substance; external liberty is the shadow of it: the one is an eternal thing looking through time; the other a meteor of to-day, and of no more.

It was in conformity with this principle that the enlightened individual, with whose manuscript we have been favoured, said to the Emperor Alexander, when the latter wished to give a constitution to his subjects: "Sire, first teach your people to know what is right, and inspire them with reverence for it, and then a constitution will start up of itself into existence." But the well meaning Alexander was himself not internally free, and was consequently incapable of persevering for three days together in one resolution; the result of which was, that neither the apprehension of right, nor a constitution, has in reality made its appearance in his dominions; or, in other words, a constitution on parchment only has started into existence, but never went beyond the precincts of the cabinet.

But our author himself exhibits the best living proof of the foregoing remarks. He lived under two tyrannical governments, those of Peter and Paul; and under two despotic ones, those of Catherine and Alexander; yet, though he filled high official situations, being admiral at one time, and at another a minister of state for several years under the reign of the last-named Emperor, he ever remained free. He left Russia for France in 1819, and finally settled in England. We understand his residence is at Brighton, where, to the lasting benefit of internal liberty, he has at length succeeded in adding the transitory advantages of external freedom. Had he never possessed in reality the former, he would have been deprived of the latter in 1832, when the Emperor Nicholas issued an ukase, recalling to their country all Russians residing abroad, on pain of losing their property. But the Emperor Nicholas, although he is powerful enough to reduce whole nations under his rule, has been unable, with all his power, to bind a single fibre of a free man's heart; and Admiral Chichagoff preferred his freedom to his fine estates, and is not the less contented in his cottage at Brighton, which, if viewed from the moon, would appear of as much importance as the vast dominions of the Emperor.

We shall yet mention one incident of our author's life. His name belongs to history, from the circumstance of his having in 1812 defended the passage of the Berezina against Napoleon, though he was unable to prevent the latter from crossing the river. But how did he fail? Though much has been published on this question, no satisfactory answer has yet been given; and the Russians, growing impatient, resorted to a jest, and affirmed that the Admiral was unsuccessful because the wind was contrary. It would be better to ask why the Russians, though equal in numbers, were defeated in every battle fought during that portentous campaign? When this question shall have been answered, it will be easy to resolve the other, namely, why the Admiral, with 12,000 troops, could not beat Napoleon? In the mean time, it is but just to remark, that according to the confession of the French themselves, he alone performed his duty on that occasion, and had the other commanding officers done as much, Napoleon would have been captured with his whole army. Here stops our narrative as regards the events which personally concern the Admiral; for as he is still living, we feel somewhat uneasy under the Damocles sword of discretion, which hangs over our neck. We can therefore only claim that reward, which, as some one has said, authors should receive for *what they have not done*; though we think it the greatest discovery to be yet made in our age. But is it in fact only that reward to which we are entitled?

Have not we, more fortunate than that quack of old with his lantern, found something by the aid of our editorial taper? Yes, we have found a man. We have found what Goethe would have called "Warheit" (truth), that is, a reality, and not the ghost of a man, and when he shall have left God's earth, *Dichtung* (fiction), or circumstances which he modified, but which could not modify him, shall be narrated, then an epic poem will start forth. Every man's biography, it has been said, is an epic, or a tragedy, which is no less true.

We have now done with the Admiral, but not with his memoirs. From these it would appear, that the only sovereign, of whom Russia may justly boast, was Catherine II., surnamed by him and others, the Great. As men are naturally curious—and this is an invaluable quality in them—to have a near view of those whom the world calls great, this consideration alone would justify us in selecting, on the present occasion, that part of the memoirs which refers particularly to the reign of Catherine. There are, however, three other important questions intimately connected with this subject, which are treated at large here,—questions which Prince Talleyrand considered as the most vital for Europe. The first is: What has Europe to expect from Russia encroaching, giant-like, upon her? The next is the Turkish question, in which the most important interests of Europe are involved; and the last, but not the least, is the Polish question, which comes so home to our hearts, if not to our interests. This subject, of such momentous import, gains, if possible, in importance, by being treated of by a minister of the very state most concerned in it.

We start with our author from Catherine the Great, and wish, above all, to know, why she is to have that appellation? What is it that makes man or woman great? A wise Indian, questioned on the same subject, gave an answer rather quaint, but by no means void of good sense, namely, "that your great man ought to have *fire enough in his belly to burn up the sins of the world.*" This, translated into our European idiom, means nothing more than that your great man ought to have one idea, and to be determined to sacrifice his life in order to realize it for the benefit of mankind. In what remote glimmering in the soul that phrase originated, in what great master ideal, we shall not now stop to investigate. And what says the Admiral on this subject:

"Catherine may be said to have been great, both by the good she did, and by the evil which she averted: having, in the one case, wrested the imperial sceptre from imbecile hands, whilst in the other she retarded the epoch when the same sceptre was destined to be seized upon by yet more unworthy ones."

From this passage we may perceive that as yet, at least, the greatness of Catherine is only of a negative quality. But let us hear further :

" She was the first autocrat who conceived the *idea* of a progressive government, by spontaneously making concessions to the people at the expence of absolute power. The Russians, up to her time, had no experience beyond that of a rule more or less oppressive and brutal ; Catherine desired to teach them to value the benefits of a social existence, guaranteed by institutions. Compared with her predecessors, she proved a new Astræa to her subjects, having created for them a golden era. In her time men were as free in St. Petersburg as in London, and might be as well amused there as in Paris. Individual liberty was guaranteed to every one of her subjects ; security was general, and public order preserved without the inquisitorial measures adopted by her successors."

Thus we gather at length that Catherine had an *idea* ; that of converting into men the millions of her subjects, who, up to her time, were little more than slaves ; and also, that she actually did restore to them the rights of men. The question which most naturally follows is this : Have they in consequence become men, or was it not in the power of Catherine to render them such ? We shall see by the Admiral's own showing, that it would be beyond human power to root up in a quarter of a century the evil that had grown there for ages. No wonder, therefore, even Catherine herself did not succeed. The reasons which the Admiral gives are somewhat novel, and account not only for the existence of despotic rule in Russia, but also afford an insight into the character of the Russian people—which latter was really the mainly invincible obstacle to the accomplishment of her wishes.

" The first thing that struck the mind of Catherine was the absence of all political institutions. The sovereigns of Russia have ever, in fact, viewed their empire as a farm belonging to themselves. The people are to them merely as a herd of cattle, of which they may dispose according to their caprice. Trained to this condition from their infancy, the Russians do not suspect the possibility of a different state of things. Whilst an Englishman is taught from his childhood that he is free, and that no one has a right to deprive him arbitrarily of his property, the Russian, on the contrary, is told from his birth that every thing belongs to his Maker and to the Czar ; that he is of himself absolutely nothing, and that the latter can dispose of his property and life. Such was at that time, and is still at the present day, the ground-work of the government, destitute of principle, and of the nation, destitute of right."

Whence comes it, that the Russian government has acquired this almost superhuman power over its subjects ? The Admiral tries to explain it in the following manner :

" Many attempts have been made to define the character of the various

species of government, and to assign to each some exclusive cause of existence. The fact is, that there must exist an infinity of governments, and that the best is always that which suits the nature of the men whom it is to rule. In every country there is some appropriate kind of virtue and honour, but neither of these qualities forms the basis or principle of any government. These unite together from an infinite number of causes, and once associated, they are subject to the vicissitudes of fortune, and reap the fruits of their right or erroneous judgment. They hold together as well as they can; some organize themselves more or less well; some more or less badly, others again cannot organize themselves at all. No example has been yet furnished of two different nations having adopted the same mode of constituting and maintaining themselves; but it remains an incontrovertible truth, that so long as a nation does not obtain a government corresponding with the character of the men who compose it, it is placed in a false position and will be agitated and restless until it shall discover the conditions indispensable to its internal tranquillity. In support of this opinion numerous proofs may be adduced from history: for the present, however, it will suffice to instance England and Russia. Up to the revolution of 1688, England had been a prey to internal troubles, but since she gave herself a constitution suitable to the character of her people she has advanced in riches and power, and has constantly been progressive. She received the best organization of which she was capable. Russia, on the contrary, as if she were doomed for ever unto 'chaos and ancient night,' has never received any kind of national organization, no kind of right, liberty, moral guarantee, in short, none of those advantages which the English knew how to secure to themselves; and yet strange to say, her growth has been such as to inspire with fear nations ranking infinitely above her in civilization. Why is this? Because the Russian nation is a compound of races differing so much from each other, that not one of them has been able to become dominant, and to impress its character on the government. In the midst of this absolute absence of popular character and influence, the nation has been reduced to nothing, but the government has become all powerful. It is without check or limit, the most despotic possible, and consequently the worst possible. Notwithstanding this Russia exists and grows immense, and up to the present moment she has followed an ascent course, as though she possessed a good government, and were not without political institutions. And all this is owing to the people being ignorant and without any marked character; and from their being scattered over a vast territory, they cannot enlighten each other by coming in contact. They are thus rendered passive, and incapable of an unanimous sentiment: they hesitate, and let others act for them. This is the sole condition which agrees with their nature; and the force of circumstances, independent of the will of men, performs the rest. It necessarily follows from the foregoing remarks, that every nation possesses such a government as it deserves, and in Russia there is despotism because there are slaves. Thus in this instance, and perhaps in every other, despotism is an effect and not a cause of slavery; and it may be affirmed, that were there no slaves, there would be no despots. Little attention has hitherto been paid to this subject, owing to which many fatal errors have arisen.

Catherine shared the common error, and believed that it lay in her power to divest herself of despotism ; but she discovered at length her mistake, as will be shown hereafter."

From the above we learn two astounding facts, and which are the more so from not being the relation of a traveller, but the statements of a native who witnessed them for fifty years—namely, that there exists in Russia a despotism so bad as never yet existed elsewhere under the sun; and that this despotism has not been established by an autocrat, or a succession of autocrats, but is the offspring of a slavish spirit in the people themselves, from which, we are told, there is no hope of emancipating them. Gibbon has already said the same, and to the causes assigned by the Admiral of this woeful phenomenon, may be added that of the Russians having been thoroughly intermingled with two inferior races—the Tshoud and Tatar, besides the numerous others which compose the population of Russia. Peter the Great, who does not appear to be in favour with any enlightened Russian, aggravated the evil, by destroying the last vestiges of Russian nationality, and by establishing a kind of military Chinese rule. It might exhaust the ingenuity of a Plato to define all the qualities requisite in a sovereign to enable him, if not to substitute a world of good for this world of evil, yet at least to ameliorate it in a degree despaired of by some of the friends of humanity. The Admiral settles the question as usual in an original manner, and not without some plausibility. He thinks that a woman is by her nature better fitted than a man for such a Titan-like task, and these are his reasons.

"It is now generally acknowledged that a representative government is of all human institutions that which comes nearest to perfection. To the advantages of hereditary monarchy it unites those of an elective one. On the other hand it is a well-known fact, that nothing is more hostile to true civilization than a military government, ever prone to lower the civil authority in favour of an armed force. The head of a representative government must not be viewed in the light of a commander-in-chief, but in that of the first magistrate of the state. For this reason the king of Great Britain cannot put himself at the head of his army; whilst in despotic countries, or such as do not understand the true principles of government, the armed force is always in the hands of the sovereign, to the prejudice of the general good. On this account, the government of women is preferable, in such countries, to that of men: women being unfit to command troops, and to enter into military details which absorb and narrow the minds of despots, who are usually ignorant of the art of war and merely playing at being soldiers. Besides these advantages the reigns of women have been always more distinguished for impartiality: women have usually shown more right judgment, and those around them less baseness. Even flattery ceases to be ignominious when addressed to a woman, for it then assumes the character of gallantry. Russia know

from experience that of the four women who ruled subsequently to Peter the Great, two proved good sovereigns, and one was great; whilst of the six emperors who have reigned since that epoch, the Emperor Alexander alone can be instanced as a well-meaning autocrat."

To her accidental advantages of womanhood, Catherine united those of having been born and educated in Germany, from which country she imported sound notions of social organization, unknown to all former sovereigns of Russia. Married to the presumptive heir of the crown (the ill-fated Peter), she devoted a great portion of her time to the study of history, politics, legislation and general literature. Thus prepared, she mounted the throne with sanguine hopes of substituting for the desolating maxims of the Russian government those of humanity and justice. For her starting point, and for the foundation stone of the edifice she proposed to raise, Catherine selected the charter which her predecessors had granted to the nobility, and which was a first step towards something like civilization. Peter III. also born, and partly educated abroad, felt himself as it were humbled by reigning over slaves, and his first act had been to emancipate the nobility. Catherine wished to develop that germ of liberty and granted letters-patent to the nobles, which secured to them their acquired rights, and at the same time gave them the power of choosing magistrates. She also established municipal laws which conferred certain privileges on the citizens; and these were so many preparatory measures which she deemed were calculated to familiarize the nation with elective forms, and gradually to introduce a representative government. With her own hand, she drew up a code of civil and criminal laws, and abolished barbarous punishments—the inquisition, torture and confiscation; and continued to enforce the abolition of capital punishment decreed by the Empress Elizabeth. Catherine also simplified the administration of her empire, and parcelled it out into several grand divisions, the government of which was entrusted to her lieutenants, who, though furnished with extensive powers, were obliged to confine themselves strictly within the limits of her injunctions. Having thus established a kind of confederative system, she is said to have discovered the best means of governing that monstrously extended empire. Finally she introduced perfect toleration in matters of religion, which in her time, America excepted, did not virtually exist in any other country. We have now summed up nearly all that Catherine attempted for the benefit of her subjects, and which it would appear was planting the dragon's teeth—for the Admiral says in his usual quaint and forcible manner—

"Catherine, like another Cadmus, caused men to spring out of the earth, whilst her successors know only how to bury them in it."

The truth is that, intent upon arousing her people from their death-like apathy, she, unlike both her predecessors and successors, looked for men of talent, not amongst foreigners, but amongst her own subjects, and succeeded in finding Russians well fitted for every branch of public service. Amongst the many we need only mention Prince Potemkin, a statesman of the highest merit, the presiding genius of her councils; and the field marshals Romanzoff and Souvaroff, who with other able generals rendered her armies everywhere victorious both on land and sea. Her government is praised for having been economical and just; the expenses of four departments of the ministry having amounted only to a million and a half of roubles, whilst under Alexander, in 1819, one department alone, that of the finances, cost the treasury twenty-five millions of roubles. After her death not a single ukase was found that had not been put in execution, whilst Alexander left at his twenty-four thousand, which had not been carried into effect, and which probably never will be. "This inability," says the Admiral, "of executing the ukases is the sole barrier which a pitying Providence opposes to the arbitrary will of despots, and it diminishes in some degree their fatal effects."

Though a foreigner, Catherine did more for the cultivation of the Russian language and literature than any of her predecessors, by establishing the Russian Academy of St. Petersburg on the model of the French Academy. The following curious circumstance provoked this measure on the part of Catherine, and gives a Tacitus-like picture of the Russian people.

"During her journey to the Crimea, she distributed to each of her companions for translation different chapters of Belisarius, reserving one for herself, and this gave her an opportunity of perceiving how entirely the Russian language had been neglected, how replete it was with low and common expressions, and how absolutely deficient in words of a refined and exalted kind. Such words as *sentiment, admiration, genius, man of honour, virtue, capacity*, and nice distinctions of terms such as *bravery, courage, valour, gallantry*, did not exist at all. The language was equally deficient in terminology of science and the arts; and when the Academy of St. Petersburg was required to publish a Russian version of Buffon's works, after many efforts, the execution of the task was found to be impossible. The Empress therefore established the Academy with a view to polishing and enriching this language, which she thought was susceptible of being improved. But a single reign is not sufficient to ensure satisfactory results in such cases; and the Russian language has therefore undergone but few changes, and the small number of good authors of that period was lost in the mass of ignorance."

A fatal *therefore*, of this kind, seems to have lurked behind all the efforts of Catherine to raise her people in the scale of moral worth. At length, forgetting that a single reign, as the Admiral

justly remarks, was not sufficient for bringing her reforms to maturity, she gave up the hope of civilizing her people by the arts of peace, and let loose the demon of war, in order, we are told, to accomplish that object by bringing the Russians into immediate contact with civilized nations.

We suspect that the wise Indian would have said, that she had not fire enough to burn up the sins of her people, but only to exhibit a series of illuminations, or rather to make a conflagration of the world, for which purpose a very small spark would suffice. Her method was calculated to produce a result the very reverse of that she desired, as she could not reasonably expect that her subjects should learn to know what is right, so long as she trampled upon the sacred rights of nations. To the aggressive spirit of Russian policy should be traced the entire absence amongst the Russian people of all just notions of right and wrong. Madame de Staël, whose partiality for the Emperor Alexander is well known, said, that they equally admired stealing and giving. With the view of civilizing her people by bringing them in immediate contact with other nations, Catherine determined, as a first step, upon the conquest of Poland, and as the next, upon that of Turkey. That Russia ever entertained such a design upon the latter country, has been denied a thousand times, and even now there exists a treaty founded upon this assumption, for the preservation of Turkey, to which Russia has become a willing party. It is therefore infinitely important to listen to the confession of a Russian minister of state on this very subject. The Admiral says—

“ Her object was to develop to the greatest possible extent the moral power of her empire ; but at the very outset she met with invincible obstacles. On casting her eyes towards the north, she saw herself placed at the most desolate extremity of Europe, and even of her dominions, almost in the vicinity of the polar circle, in short, in a region

‘ Dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heaps, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile : all else deep snow and ice ;’

and far removed from the more fertile provinces, and from all the resources of her empire. Her capital lay close to a sea, or rather lake, which is frozen during one half of the year, in consequence of which all trade is paralyzed. If she turned her attention to the south, she perceived there a thinly scattered population, without arts and civilization, although placed in the centre of great material resources ; and there she beheld again another sea, closed not during one half of the year only, but perpetually, another state holding the keys of it. And yet the vital resources possessed by this part of her empire could neither be developed nor put in circulation except by the Black Sea being open. In that case,

Russia would have a free communication by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic with the rest of the world—a communication indispensable to her prosperity. Catherine was therefore desirous of removing those obstacles, by uniting to her empire countries which, blest with a genial sky, contained all the elements necessary to the welfare of their inhabitants, who, nevertheless, owing to barbarism and ignorance, were sunk in wretchedness and anarchy. The advantages of this acquisition, contrasted with the evils of an inhospitable climate, and the situation of a capital often threatened with submersion, flattered the policy of Catherine, and had she succeeded in obtaining it, the Greeks would have been delivered from bondage without that effusion of blood which has been subsequently witnessed. Trade, the arts and science, would have revived in their ancient fallen country. To deliver men from slavery was her favourite idea, and having met with insurmountable obstacles to this design in her own country, she would have rejoiced to restore liberty to the Greeks—a people once free, and capable of becoming so again. She would have introduced genuine civilization into her Turkish dominions, instead of those absurd and ridiculous innovations which only hasten the fall of the Ottoman empire. Her moderation alone delayed the accomplishment of her projects, for no other obstacle could have arrested her, as great Turkish armies constantly fled before a handful of her troops.”

We are willing to give Catherine credit for her good intentions, although with such it is said that hell is paved; but was she capable of realizing them? We will further grant that she might have been successful, but what guarantee could she give that her successors would follow the same policy? That this was not in her power is proved beyond a doubt, by her having been unable to secure, even to the Russians, the benefits which she had bestowed upon them. Her successor mounted the throne with the avowed intention of undoing all that she had done, and he kept his promise but too well. Putting aside the question of the right of nations, the notion of which the French philosophers of the eighteenth century had entirely obscured,—and Catherine in this respect was not superior to her age,—we say with the Admiral, that no country, and Russia least of all, should attempt to subjugate another, when it is unable to confer upon it thereby any essential benefit. With regard to the assertion that Catherine’s moderation alone delayed her conquest of Turkey, we differ from the Admiral, and are of opinion that Turkey lay beyond her grasp, so long as Poland was not definitively partitioned. The following passage, from a work written by a Pole, is calculated to remove any further doubt on this subject.

“Had Poland remained independent and intact, these gigantic schemes (the conquests of Turkey and India) could never have been contemplated by the Czars. Let Russia (the geographical situation of Poland being borne in mind) be imagined as extending from the Icy Sea to the Crimea, without the Polish provinces on the one hand; and on

the other, let Poland be supposed to be re-established, Russia would then at once be cut off from Odessa and Turkey, as well as from all communication with central Europe. Poland has therefore become the conductor of the Czar's power from the north to the east, south and west, and is, in their political system, that which the heart is for the circulation of the blood,—the pulse of a new north.*

Though it little matters now with which of the three northern powers originated the partition of Poland, their crime being equal, since all shared in it, we agree with our author, that it was not Catherine, but Frederick the Great, who first conceived the idea. Notwithstanding the success of Prussia, during the seven years' war, that state was comparatively weak, when contrasted with the two neighbouring powers. Frederick and his brother Henry, no less good politicians than great generals, knew well the projects of Austria for recovering the provinces torn from her, and were aware that Russia would favour them, provided Austria did not oppose her own plans of aggrandizement in the south. In this critical situation, and already deserted by France, they perceived that Prussia could not preserve her rank unless they should succeed in binding her by a common interest with the two other powers, and with this view they conceived the project of the partition of Poland, which once accomplished became the tie of permanent alliance between the three powers. The conduct of Catherine, on that occasion, was very characteristic. When a dispute arose about the respective shares of each party, she put an end to it by dipping her finger in the ink and marking with it on the map the three portions. What had then become of the angel's smile for which she was said to be remarkable? Maria Theresa, on her part, stood with her handkerchief in one hand weeping for Poland, whilst with the sword in the other she divided the land in sections, and took her share. Frederick the Great exulted that Voltaire could no longer liken his state to a pair of gaiters, whilst his brother Henry drew the conclusion, that it would no longer be ridiculed for want of logic. Alas for justice! We cannot help extracting the passage on the character of the unfortunate Polish people, the more interesting from being written by a Russian, to whose candour also it does great honour.

“The Poles are one of the finest of the human races; the personal beauty, both of the men and women, is such as can hardly be seen elsewhere. The men possess, in an eminent degree, both physical strength and energy of character. They are generous, hospitable to prodigality, full of noble sentiments, and their manners are those of true chivalry. They are amiable towards their equals, haughty to their vassals; susceptible on the point of honour, and magnificent in their domestic arrange-

* Insurrection of Poland, in 1830—31, by S. B. Gnorowski.

ments. Their enthusiasm for liberty and national independence is unbounded, and for these they are ready to venture on the most daring undertakings. To these qualities may be added the unshakable constancy they have lately shown in the midst of misfortunes. The Polish women have great influence over the other sex, and to the beauty of the English and the graces of the French women, they join the highest patriotism. By their superior education and the power of their charms, they keep alive in the hearts of the men the sentiments of honour, independence and patriotism. Civilization also is more generally developed amongst them than amongst their neighbours. During my sojourn in White Russia, I knew many gentlemen who, although their country had been for many years subjugated by Russia, displayed more knowledge, and more correct notions of law and justice, than I have subsequently witnessed in the members of ministerial committees and legislative assemblies."

Alluding to the insurrection of the Poles in 1830, the Admiral says:

"The extreme cruelties exercised upon the Polish nation since the insurrection of 1830, have no palliation, since that insurrection was the work of those to whom the government of the country was entrusted—of the Grand Duke Constantine, 'half man, half monkey,' and of the grinding oppression of his minions. Yet the Poles are treated as though they had revolted against a wise and legitimate government. We may discern, however, that powerful obstacles will one day arise to prevent the continuation of this violent state of affairs. The harsh treatment of the Poles only exasperates and disposes them to revolt, and the Russian government must therefore look upon them as a vanguard of the enemy. It is evident, that should Russia engage in a foreign war, her enemies would make good use of the hatred of the Poles for their oppressors. He who is resolved to exterminate a nation, exposes himself to the consequences of its despair, and his victims, until they are annihilated, will display all that is most sublime in civic virtue. On the other hand, if it is intended that they should constitute a part of the empire, what can the Russian government ultimately gain by endeavouring to weaken them?"

Besides the above causes, which render the amalgamation of the Poles with the Russians a thing impossible, others exist, according to the Admiral, still more powerful, and which cannot be removed, except by the total extirpation of the Polish race. The Admiral is, however, of opinion, that this cannot take place, and it is with pleasure that we quote his words.

"It must also be borne in mind, that the Russians and the Poles are, with regard to their respective moral characteristics, two races widely different, and that no power can ever fuse them together. The Russians not only do not fear slavery, but they cherish it, and make their boast of it, which is the lowest degree of baseness to which men may descend. The Poles, on the contrary, hold slavery in horror, and pant only for freedom. The observation of Machiavelli is particularly

applicable to these two nations. 'It is,' says he; 'as difficult to render free, men made to be slaves, as to render slaves, men made to be free.' Two races of men thus directly opposed to each other have at length been found in the Russians and Poles. Their respective moral contrasts, acting as a permanent cause, will ultimately overpower the accidental cause, which has thrown the Poles into a false position—a state of violent constraint: just as the English, a nation independent by nature, long struggled against all kinds of tyranny with more or less success, until they ultimately obtained, by perseverance, a government suited to them. Let the Poles too persevere, and equal success awaits them."

We rejoice to hear these words of hope from a Russian, for the Admiral is still as ever an ardent Russian patriot, as well as an enthusiastic admirer of Catherine. Under her reign, the Admiral thinks the Poles were treated with all the regard due to their misfortune; but since her death, owing to the suspicious policy of her successors, every thing has been called in question: the rights, liberties, and privileges, granted one day, are swept away the next, and serve only as a pretext for persecution. "Let them hate me, provided they fear me!" Such is, according to him, the maxim of the master of Poland, whose sole ambition is to be formidable to his subjects.

"With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still he falls; only supreme
In misery."

There are two other blemishes in the character of Catherine, which the Admiral endeavours to wipe away,—namely, that of having usurped the crown by dethroning and murdering her husband, Peter III.; and that of having purposely neglected the education of Paul, her son and successor. Peter III., though born with good dispositions, which he showed in his sober intervals, plunged, after his accession to the throne, into the most revolting debauchery. This, added to his mania for anti-national innovations, would have rendered his reign ruinous to his country. That *révolution de palais*,—the only revolution possible in Russia,—by which he was dethroned, was prepared and consummated by some patriots, and Catherine is said to have kept aloof from all their proceedings, and to have joined them only when her personal interference became indispensable to the final success of the work. She had too no alternative but the throne or the tomb; as Peter had determined to shut her up for life in a fortress, and to marry the sister of the Princess Dashkoff. There cannot, therefore, be any question with regard to her pretended usurpation of the throne of Russia, the regular succession besides having been in no way determined; which led the famous Caraccioli to say, that the throne of Russia was neither hereditary nor elective, but occupative.

"It is also," says the Admiral, "equally true, that the death of Peter III. no more took place by the order of Catherine, than that of Paul by the order of his sons. The imminence of a real or imaginary danger, which struck on the mind of some of the conspirators, was the sole moving cause in both cases. The only thing with which the Russians, who derived so much benefit from the change during Catherine's twenty-four years' reign, could reproach her for, would be, that she left them a series of legitimate successors, all more or less affected by the malady of Peter and Paul. In support of my opinion on this subject, I may be allowed to give an extract from the letter written by Prince Talleyrand to Louis XVIII. from Vienna on the 25th January, 1815, to dissuade him from giving his consent to the marriage of the Duc de Berry with a Russian Grand Duchess.—

"Considering the state of the intellectual faculties of Peter III., the grandfather of the Grand Duchess, and of Paul I. her father; led by the examples of the late King of Denmark, and of the present reigning Duke of Oldenbourg, and of the unfortunate Gustavus IV., to look upon their deplorable infirmity as a dreadful appendage to the house of Holstein; I cannot but be apprehensive lest it should be introduced by this marriage into the royal family of France, and perhaps be inflicted on the heir of the throne. Shall Russia, who has been unable to establish any of her princesses upon any foreign throne, behold one of them called to that of France? Such a prospect would be, I venture to affirm, too much good fortune for her, and I should not wish that M. le Duc de Berry should thus find himself placed in circumstances of very close relationship with a multitude of princes in the lowest departments of sovereignty."*

With regard to the second charge brought against Catherine, that of having neglected the education of her son Paul, those who are disposed to find fault with all her actions, assume that she did so, in order that the splendour of her reign, like that of the Roman Augustus, might be the better displayed, by being contrasted with the barbarous rule of her successor. Admiral Chichagoff thinks that Catherine was too generous to be capable of conceiving such an idea, and that those who blame her in this respect do not take into consideration the organization and

* "Ici considerant quel fut l'état des facultés intellectuelles chez Pierre III., aïeul de la Grande Duchesse, chez Paul I. son père; conduit par les exemples du feu Roi de Denemarck, du Duc actuellement regnant d'Oldenbourg, et du malheureux Gustave IV. à regarder leur déplorable infirmité comme une funeste appui de la maison de Holstein; je ne puis me défendre d'apprehender qu'elle ne fût transportée par ce mariage, dans la maison de France, et peut-être à l'héritier du trône. La Russie, qui n'a pu placer aucune de ses princesses sur aucun trône, en verra-t-elle une appelée à celui de France? Une telle perspective serait, j'ose le dire, une trop grande fortune pour elle, et je n'aimerais point, que M. le Duc de Berry se trouvât de la sorte dans des rapports de parenté fort étroits avec une foule de princes placés dans les dernières divisions de la souveraineté."—Memoires tirés des papiers d'un homme d'état sur les causes secrètes, qui ont déterminé la politique des cabinets dans les guerres de la Revolution. Paris, 1836.

nature of man. Education may, to a certain extent, develope and improve the natural qualities of a man, but it can neither give him qualities, which nature has not bestowed upon him, nor entirely root up those with which he happens to have been born. Were it otherwise, M. Aurelius, a philosopher, and the most virtuous of the Roman emperors, would have left for his successor a son like himself, instead of a monster; and the father of Frederick the Great would, by his unnatural conduct, have rendered his son an idiot. Catherine, says the Admiral, having to bring up a son of perverse dispositions, endeavoured, unlike the father of Frederick the Great, to give him all the advantages of an education suited to a sovereign. Not satisfied with surrounding him with the most enlightened Russians, such as Panin and Platow, she requested the celebrated d'Alembert to become his tutor, but this latter could not be persuaded to undertake the charge. She tried subsequently to initiate Paul into state affairs, but at length came to the conviction that all her efforts to correct the vicious character of her son would be unavailing. In order therefore to avoid at least irritating his temper by further thwarting him, and in the hope of tranquilizing his nature, by allowing it fair play, she permitted him to indulge, as far as might be convenient, his soldier-like mania, and to amuse himself by equipping and organizing certain regiments, which he made up of deserters, robbers, and the worst characters in the army. He dressed and drilled them *à la Prussienne*, and it was with such a troop, that, after the death of Catherine, he made, as it were, an attack on the empire. Here it may naturally be asked, what prevented Catherine from doing that which Paul himself afterwards did, that is, to regulate the order of succession to the imperial throne, and by appointing a more capable successor, to secure to her people the advantages which she had conferred upon them. Where no law existed, could she not have made one? We should have been glad if the Admiral had solved this question. She might easily have perceived that by neglecting to do this, she had as yet done nothing effectual for the happiness of her people, who have been taught since, by experience, to regret her departure, but not to bless her memory. All the rights and privileges which she gave them, have one by one been torn from them, down to the charter of Peter III. emancipating the nobles, who are now as inalienably attached to their estates as the serfs. For this omission we must again abstract a considerable quantum from her greatness, though we are willing to allow that she was a shrewd and intelligent politician, and a well intentioned sovereign. Her personal appearance is thus described by the Admiral:

"There was something in her deportment exceedingly majestic, and according to circumstances she appeared now gracious, now imposing. She knew so well how to assume an air of majesty, that when Marshal Razumofsky, who was usually admitted to her intimate society, was going to deliver a public oration on the occasion of a new organic statute of the empire, he felt awe-struck to such an extent, that he would have been unable to proceed, had she not encouraged him by the extreme benevolence of her manner. She was of middle stature; her features were regular, and of extreme mobility; her countenance sometimes soft and agreeable, sometimes grave and severe. She had a strong constitution, and enjoyed excellent health, which she preserved by temperance. Her mode of life was simple and healthful; she rose early, took coffee for breakfast, and then devoted herself to her literary studies until nine o'clock, at which hour she received her ministers."

She displayed much judgment in the arrangement of her court, which she knew how to render particularly attractive to the Russians. Well aware that one of the principal grievances complained of against her predecessor, was his German mania, and having too much taste to take up the wild idea of dressing her ladies like peasant women, as was done subsequently at the Court of St. Petersburg, she selected for them a costume formerly used by the Boyar women, which by some modifications was rendered extremely elegant. Her court was composed of persons belonging to the first families, and her rule of conduct towards them was, as she said, to reprimand in whispers, and to praise aloud.

"It was," says the Admiral, "a noble and precious establishment, which has since disappeared with many others. Under the reign of Alexander, a curious reform was introduced at court. By an imperial ukase, the chamberlains and gentlemen of the chamber were deprived of their privileges; their rank having been, till then, respectively equivalent to the military grades of major-general and brigadier, a kind of intermediate between that of general and colonel. The ukase in question assigns the following singular reason for this change: 'Considering that the welfare of the empire requires that all employments should be given to true merit, we order, after having consulted our council of state, that the military rank of chamberlains and gentlemen of the chamber, be suppressed, and that such as hold them shall enjoy only the rank inherent to their office. After which, we feel convinced, that all the offices of state will be occupied only by persons of true merit.' What connection is there, in the name of common sense, between the object of the ukase and its concluding words? In consequence of this and other such reforms, the court has now lost all its former attraction, and to obtain an appointment there is equivalent to banishment."

In the opinion of the Admiral, every thing in Russia has deteriorated in the same proportion under Catherine's successors, even to the diplomatic skill for which the Russian cabinet has

become proverbial. The panacea now applied by the latter to remove every kind of difficulty, is invariably a levy of recruits: if a scarcity occurs, or the country is menaced by a pestilence; if a new treaty is concluded, or rumours of an *émeute* in Paris are heard; in fact, whatever event casts its shadow before, an imperial ukase is sure to make its appearance, ordering a fresh levy of conscripts. By a similar policy, the army which in Catherine's time amounted only to 200,000, has been augmented to thrice that number—augmented, but not improved; and if we are to credit the Admiral, it has greatly fallen off. In proof of his assertion, he draws a parallel between the achievements of the Russian troops on the same theatre of war under the reign of Catherine, and those of her successors, much to the advantage of the former. Romanzoff and Souvaroff, for instance, never failed to rout large Turkish armies with not more than 20,000 men, whilst hundreds of thousands of Russians have since marched against the Turks, without obtaining any marked success. In the last war between Russia and Turkey (1827-28), no less than 400,000 Russian troops were employed, and four levies of recruits were made during the continuance of hostilities, and yet, after the conclusion of the treaty of Adrianople, Diebitch could hardly bring back men enough to form the nucleus of several regiments. Let it be borne in mind too, that Turkey has become comparatively much weaker since the celebrated battle of Navarino, and that donkeys loaded with Russian gold have found their way into many a Turkish fortress. Again, Souvaroff defeated the French under Moreau, Macdonald, and Joubert, whilst at a subsequent period, the Russians never won a single field fought against the French. The same weakness of the Russian army was displayed in the late Polish war, when the Russians marched into Poland 400,000 men, and yet were obliged to make two campaigns: the Poles, meanwhile, having never been able to bring at once into the field more than 30,000 regular troops. The cause of this phenomenon is not to be traced to any degeneracy in the Russian soldier, but rather to the incapacity of his leaders, who no longer understand how to excite in him any passion. He goes to war neither for fame nor booty, nor for aught else in earth or heaven;—he goes because he must go. With him it is “the cold that performs the effects of fire.” Another cause is said to be the personal interference of the Emperors in military affairs, which seems to paralyze the officers. The Admiral mentions a curious fact of this kind, which took place in the beginning of the famous campaign of 1812. When the Emperor arrived at the head-quarters of the army at Wilno, several of the generals made a formal protest, to the effect that

he should withdraw, or that they must resign their posts; upon which Alexander immediately departed for St. Petersburg. A third cause is the employment of so many foreign officers, who are unacquainted with the character of the Russian soldier, and ever remain perfect strangers to him. Disadvantages of this nature did not exist in the time of Catherine, who gave her generals full liberty of action; and they were also all Russians, and some, as Souvaroff, of the very highest stamp. Though a man of education, he identified himself in all respects with the soldiers, whose minds he entirely swayed, by addressing himself to their superstitious feelings. After a battle he used to say, "That such as had fallen were to be envied for their lot, as they were already dwelling with angels, and enjoying eternal life in the greatest felicity and beatitude. Strive to do like them; fight well, and render yourselves worthy of the same blessings."

It was to this superstitious character of the Russian people that Napoleon alluded when at St. Helena he said, that were he an autocrat at St. Petersburg, he would let his beard grow, and would arrive at an appointed day at Calais. If we are to believe travellers' tales, and even the Admiral himself, the present Emperor is acting according to the advice of Napoleon or rather endeavours to do so. With such facts before us, how are we to comprehend the continual progress made by Russia in the extension of her territory? In our author's opinion this is not to be ascribed to the skill of the government, but primarily to the imbecility of other foreign powers, and next to the irresistible impulse of conquest which Catherine gave to Russia. What Sir W. Scott affirmed of Napoleon during his Russian campaign is also applicable to Russia; namely, that she is in the state of a drunken man, who is unable to stand still, though he can yet walk and even run. In other words, she is driven forward by the force of necessity without knowing whither she is going. Having given up the idea of raising its people in the moral scale (even Catherine was brought to this pass), the Russian government has nothing left but to conquer without cessation, in which it meets with no obstacle whatever on the part of its subjects; who when all the world shall belong to their governors, at last, according to a prediction of J. J. Rousseau "*mangeront du sucre*," giving, as our author says, in exchange to the subjugated nations only chains, since they have nothing else to give. The Russian government finds itself in a perplexing dilemma; it cannot have conquered nations in the possession of their rights and liberties, as in that case the native Russians would feel themselves humiliated, whilst, on the other hand, it is unable to raise the latter to the height of its newly acquired subjects. The consequence of such a state of things must be and is, that all its subjugated nations are invariably degraded to the level of

the Russians; which circumstance may account for those incessant revolts in the Russian dominions; meanwhile, "expectation stands in horror."—

"Oh heaven! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, when faith and realty
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?"

The sacred maxim of our religion—"What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul"—is however as applicable to empires as to individuals. The body of Russia is swelling into a Titan-like mountain, which threatens to suffocate her spirit, and only advances with the greater speed to the catastrophe which will hurl it down the precipice "ten thousand fathoms deep." For this again, according to the Admiral, Russia will be indebted to Catherine; for she it was, who instead of realizing her idea of setting at liberty that spirit, only set in motion the machine built up for aggression by Peter the Great. Thus, once more, we have to reduce the dimensions of her greatness,—nay it will vanish one day into flame and smoke. In the mean time, we are not averse to grant her the praise bestowed on her by the Admiral:—

"A nation that has lost its liberty, and which by nature is unable to appreciate and still less to regain it, is the more patient under the yoke of despotism, since such a condition does not exclude a possibility of happiness, and even of glory: the first being often but an ignorance of what is better, and the second but an ignorance of what is true. Besides a despot is not necessarily a tyrant, and when he does justice and abstains from arbitrary acts, he may prove a benefactor to his subjects. Therefore a highly gifted man, placed by circumstances or by his own merit at the head of a docile population, is sure to render it prosperous and powerful; and although this condition must be precarious, since it is dependent on the frail existence of an individual, the reality of it for the time being cannot be contested. Such fortunate accidents have from time to time shed a lustre over the more or less obscure annals of enslaved nations; and such a one for Russia was the reign of Catherine II., surnamed the Great, than which it would be in vain to seek another equally glorious in the history of that empire."

When Madame de Staël complimented Alexander by saying to him that he was worth a constitution to his people, he in return likewise asserted that he was but an accident. Surely we English have no need to envy the nations whose happiness depends entirely upon a grim looking chapter of accidents, although the Whigs, the earth-born, are doing their best to place us in this sad predicament.

ART. III. — 1. RAHEL—*Ein Buch des Andenkens für ihre Freunde.* 3 vols. 8vo. Berlin. 1834.

2. *Galerie von Bildnissen aus Rahel's Umgang und Briefwechsel:* herausgegeben von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. 2 vols. 8vo. Leipzig. 1836.

THESE letters of the celebrated German lady Rahel have—we confess it with shame and confusion of face—been lying on our German shelf these four years unopened. We plead guilty to a sort of *horror* (a one-sided British instinct no doubt) of all books of *private* memoirs, after which we see the great mass of the German literary public running mad. Such is the contrariety of national character in the two races, that if a book of this description is much bepraised in Germany, the chance is, that it is altogether unfit for the English public. In some few cases the mere strangeness and novelty of the thing may attract; people may be induced to go and stare at the “GERMAN MIND” as they do at Van Amburgh's lions, or Duvernay's pirouettes; and sometimes also an adventitious circumstance may induce a practical Englishman to peep for a moment into the dim cloudy glow and whirling voluminosities of Teutonic intellect. So the patronage of the *religious* public enabled Jung Stilling to plant himself firmly on British ground; so the name of Goethe served as an introduction to Bettine Brentano. But in the general case the Englishman will not go out of his own day-light and open turnpikes to wander in some subterranean sublime Antiparos or Adelsberg of German speculation. Call it one-sidedness, call it shallowness, call it literary *Philisterei* if you will; it is a national habitude ingrown with the most essential and substantial virtues of the British character, which we shall not be ashamed of, any more than we are of our east wind, which bites but also braces. Rahel, therefore, the German de Staël, and because German in some essential points much better than the French one, can cherish small hope of ever being known generally to the British public. From German students only, and from the philosopher and psychologist, can she expect, and she is entitled to demand, sympathy. Happily both these classes, the class of native British thinkers, and the class of Germanizing thinkers (for a man cannot be a German scholar to any purpose without being a thinker), are at the present moment rapidly on the increase. To such the following short notice of the life, character, and opinions of one of the most extraordinary women of modern times may not be unacceptable.

We mentioned in our late notice of Varnhagen von Ense's Memoirs, that one of the most remarkable passages of his various

life was his introduction to and subsequent marriage with the celebrated Rahel Levin, or Robert. The circumstances of that connection were highly honourable to Varnhagen. The lady was twelve years older than himself, without rank, comfortable indeed, but nothing extraordinary in the money line; and in religion, externally at least, and to the eye of the world, a Jewess. Beauty, of the vulgar merchantable kind, was also not pre-eminent. The only thing that remained, therefore, was the spiritual beauty, the beauty of soul, of character, and expression; and to this Varnhagen instantly surrendered himself, with a devotion and a single-heartedness in these hard times unfortunately not so common as it was in the days of Petrarch. Varnhagen describes the first glimpses he caught of this intellectual lady in the following terms. The scene is Berlin, Rahel's habitual residence—date, 1803.

“At one of our literary soirées, while we were engaged reading Wieland, a visit was suddenly announced; and at the name of the visitor that sort of commotion was instantly observed in the room, which is wont to preludize the entrance of something great and uncommon. It was Rahel Levin, or Robert. Often had I heard this person the subject of discourse in intelligent circles; and when her name was mentioned, it was always in such terms as were calculated to excite in my mind the idea of something extraordinary, and altogether unique. The general idea of her character that I had formed was that of an energetic compound of intellect and nature, both in substance and form most original and pure. (*Ein energisches zusammen seyn von Geist und Natur in ursprünglichster reinster Kraft und Form.*) And when this or the other critic might say any thing less favourable, it was always so expressed, that an impartial listener must draw from the severest remark more substantially of praise than blame. At this very time there was much talk in Berlin of a strong attachment that she had formed, more elevated in its character, and also more tragic in its issue, than any that the poets had sung. I naturally therefore watched the entrance of the announced visitor with no common attention. There appeared a light, graceful figure, of small stature, but strong make, with delicate and full limbs, feet and hands remarkably small: the countenance encircled with rich, dark locks, spoke intellectual superiority; the quick and yet firm dark glances left the observer in doubt whether they gave or received more; an expression of suffering lent a soft grace to the clear features. She moved in a dark dress, light almost as a shadow, but also with freedom and sureness; her greeting was as easy as it was kindly. But what struck me most was the sonorous and mellow voice which seemed to swell from the inmost depths of the soul, and a conversation the most extraordinary that I had ever met with. She threw out in the most easy and unpretending fashion thoughts full of originality and humour, where wit was united with naïveté, and acuteness with amiability; and into the whole a deep truth was cast, as it were out of iron, giving to every sentence a completeness of total impression which rendered it

difficult for the strongest to break, or to rend it in any way. Through the whole also there breathed a warmth and a spirit of genuine human kindliness which removed every painful feeling of inferiority, even from the lowest. This, however, for the present only in momentary glimpses—the visit was uncommonly short, but short as it was, the impression remained on me ineffaceable. A sonnet indeed was enough to satisfy the expression of my admiration at that time; but I afterwards discovered that this was only the first link in a chain which should unite my own happiness for ever with that of Rahel Levin."

In 1807 Varnhagen returned from Halle to Berlin, renewed his acquaintance with Rahel, and this acquaintance soon ripened into that perfect intellectual sympathy and emotional harmony, in which alone the poetry of marriage consists. From this period we have the following supplementary notice:

"It were in vain for me to attempt giving anything like a satisfactory outline of Rahel's character to those who have never had the happiness to see her personally. The striking thing in her was the concentrated action of every vital and intellectual function in every moment; a natural and habitual power, to represent which all paper and all canvas is powerless. Generally, however, I may state the impression made on me at that time. In the first place I can say, that in Rahel's presence I had the full conviction that a genuine human being (this noble creation of God) stood before me in its most pure and perfect type; through her whole frame, and in all her motions, nature and intellect in fresh breezy reciprocity; organic shape, elastic fibre, a living connection with every thing around her; the greatest originality and simplicity in sensuous perception, and intellectual utterance, the combined grandiosity of innocence and wisdom; in word and deed alertness, dexterity, and precision of function. All this was at the same time embosomed in an atmosphere of the purest goodness and benevolence, which did not remain a mere atmosphere, but was eager at every moment to incarnate itself in a deed. In Rahel I found combined, what in the greatest characters of the age I had hitherto seen isolated. Profound reflection and brilliant wit, ingenuity and love of truth, imagination and humour, were here united in a succession of the most energetic, gentle, and graceful living motions, which, like Goethe's words, hold quite close by the thing, are the thing itself, and, with the concentrated might of their suggestive contents, work momentarily. Never have I seen elsewhere such a mass of masculine breadth and penetration; along side of which, however, swelled without remission the warm flow of womanly mildness and beauty. Never have I seen an eye and a mouth so animated with loveliness, and at the same time giving free vent occasionally to the most violent outbursts of enthusiasm and indignation."*

So far Varnhagen, the lover, the husband. The present

* There is a portrait prefixed to the first volume, which answers this description very well. It is intellect without coldness, mildness without weakness, composure without indolence or luxuriousness of soul; expressive and pleasing, not beautiful.

writer never had the pleasure of the personal acquaintance of this celebrated lady; he only knows her from her general reputation among the Germans, and from the five (equal to eight English) volumes of German memoirs, of which the title is prefixed; but he can honestly say, that he finds nothing overcharged in the statement of Varnhagen. It is impossible to read the letters of this highly-gifted person, and not feel instinctively that the homage so long and so generally paid to her in Germany was of the true and genuine kind, and such as deserves to have a separate and prominent chapter allotted to it in the records of "hero-worship." Rahel is a German of the Germans; and as such in several traits of intellectual character, and in some opinions, not likely to excite the sympathy of the English mind. But it is, for the most part, only the excellencies of the German mind that are potentiated in her; she stands erect, and sees clear through the confounding nebosity of æsthetical and philosophical nonsense with which our cobweb-spinning neighbours have so encumbered the atmosphere of thought. In this respect she was more to the literary world of Germany than Napoleon was to the political world in France. He ruled because he was the incarnation and the apex of his nation's prejudices; Rahel was a German, as Gamaliel was a Pharisee, of them and among them, but above them. For this reason, also, she stood isolated and alone even while she reigned; her superiority was felt and admitted in many places, where it was not allowed to operate any practical results.

The two volumes of "Portraits" which Varnhagen has published contain the most ample evidence of the vast influence which Rahel exercised over the greatest minds in Germany. Schleiermacher, the delicate philosopher and the subtle dialectician; Frederick Schlegel, the restless investigator and sublimely floundering dogmatist; Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, the chivalrous and adventurous prince, who wanted but the world's one thing needful—success, to have gone down to posterity as famous as Blücher; Gentz, whose pen in modern history has been almost as famous as Napoleon's sword; all know and acknowledge the Berlin Jewess as Pope Paul V. did Cardinal Perron:—"May God inspire that man with good thoughts, for whatsoever he says we must do it!" Would to God, gentle reader, that you or I had been Varnhagen on that night, when at one of the Berlin intellectual soirées he first saw the redoubtable Schleiermacher, who had lectured at Halle, the rival of Wolff and Steffens, now fencing doubtfully with a woman, nay, sitting at her feet, struck dumb once and again by an electric word, as the strongest vision glimmers when phosphorus burns in oxygen gas! To talk with Rahel was to steam it at high pressure,—very dangerous work for

common vessels; so much so, that many mighty men, who had filled Europe with their name, either retreated hesitatingly from her contact, or, what was nobler, fell down devoutly and worshipped, crying, "Spare me, O woman, for I am but a worm!" So in particular Gentz worships the superiority of this lady almost to humiliation, confessing himself with more honesty than dignity to be in her presence the woman, and she the man. "My instructress, my oracle, my friend, my angel, my all!" And of her letters, he says, "They are not *written* letters—not words on paper; they are living beings, that with a fresh, lusty generosity, with blooming cheeks and with bright eyes, walk in before me and embrace me;" and similar language, for the exaggerations of which we cold-blooded English must make wise allowance. Expressions of like intensity we find in the letters of all Rahel's correspondents. Goethe does not hold his worshippers by a stronger magic. When she speaks, her word goes directly to the heart; and the effect follows instantaneously, as from harlequin's wand in the pantomime.

If we look a little more minutely into this matter, and inquire how it was that the Berlin lady exercised this charm over the greatest intellects of Germany, the two following points prominently present themselves. In the first place, Rahel's mind is of a most masculine, strong, racy, one might almost say, sturdy character. We doubt much whether, notwithstanding all the feminine blandishments with which it was so witchingly tempered, such a female character would please in England. We find, for instance, in these letters, the constant recurrence of such phrases as the following: *Bei Gott! bei allen höllischen Qualen! zum rasend werden, zum Tod werden, grimmig, grässlich, verdammt, verflucht*, and so forth: and then such a determined and despotic *Ich HASSE es—I hate it*; such an intolerant wrath against every thing "low" (*gemein*); nay, and she confesses plainly that there is nothing she loves better than to be angry, for a little irritation goads her to speak the truth with more point; and, unless a man speak the truth, he had better not speak at all. Gentz, as we said, will have it that Rahel is properly a man;* and she is so; but she is not masculine to the exclusion, but merely to the bracing, of her womanhood. She did not live, like most masculine women, loveless and unloved; but on the contrary both loving and most passionately loved. As that man is the most perfect in whom the rough strength of his own sex is tempered by the milder virtues of the woman, so that woman is the true glory of her sex, who to the natural feminine charms of grace and tenderness, adds the

* *Sie sind ein grosser Mann; ich bin das erste aller Weiber.*—Bildnisse, ii. 203.

clearness of intellect and the decision of purpose characteristic of the male. So the finest statues of the Greeks, like the Rabbinical tradition of the primeval human being, have, properly speaking, no sex, or rather embrace both. Thus we think also it is with Rahel; and in this view we are inclined with Varnhagen to place her far above the general run of *great* women. But the masculine preponderates, at least strikes more; there is about her a habitual air of decision, and instinctive (not assumed or paraded) dictatorship, which contrasts her strongly with the prevailing aspect of the female character. This masculine character appears in nothing so strongly as in her literary taste; and this we may remark, by the way, is the best of all tests. For a woman, though she may love a whiskered and brawny man to protect her, prefers a smooth and sentimental writer to sympathize with her; thus we suppose, among our female students of German literature, Schiller will always be a greater favourite than Goethe; for Goethe's mind (notwithstanding the "eternal womanly" of the second part of *Faust*) is essentially masculine, though, as Carlyle happily expressed it, the hard granite mountain is overgrown with soft grass. But Rahel's literary heroes are all of the masculine kind—Goethe, Fichte, Mirabeau,* Heinse; and she will make

* The following short characteristic of Mirabeau is among the few interesting sketches from the external public world that Rahel's letters contain. It is much to be lamented that a lady, with such a fine eye for observation, and such a wide sympathizing heart, should have been cooped during her whole life in a small private corner of Berlin; where, for want of grand external objects to occupy her attention, she was tempted to yield too much to that German habit of probing and piercing the inner man,—an occupation confined in England for the most part to the religious world, but spreading itself in Germany over the whole breadth of literary activity, and tainting its inmost core. The characteristic of Mirabeau is dated 1st November, 1812, and is as follows:—"When Mirabeau was in Berlin, I saw him in the simple dress of a civilian, and looking altogether like the French courtiers of the day. He wore a slightly curled powdered toupet, bag-wig, shoes and stockings, and corresponding clothes, without gold, silver, or embroidery. He had dark animated eyes, and strong protruding eyebrows, yet there was something mild in his look. He was marked with the small-pox; his figure broad, but not stout. He had the appearance of a man that had lived much and with many; his movements were quicker and more various than is generally found in persons of his rank; for there was nothing compact, or nicely rounded off about him (*Er hatte nichts compassirtes*). In every thing he did, there was a wonderful activity; you saw at once that here was a person who was accustomed to see and investigate every thing for himself; he used his lorgnette, and I might say his whole person, with a peculiar air of independence. He used to frequent the German theatre, and every day brought his own letters to the post-office, where I often saw him for half-hours and hours at a time, while a lady and his eight-year-old son were waiting for him in a carriage. My father pointed him out to me simply as Count Mirabeau; I knew nothing about him, and for this reason am the more inclined to put a value on the judgment I then formed. He made a good impression on me, though he seemed old, and nothing neat or elegant; and I was almost a child, accustomed to admire only fair and slim men. I have no further recollections of him; he looked like a person that had suffered much and discussed much (*Einer der viel gelitten und diskutiert hatte*)."

small account of a rough, shaggy, scarred outside, of rudeness and even coarseness, if there be honest energy and native pith within. In this trait of character, closely connected with another to be immediately mentioned, we find in her mind a strong affinity with that of the most notable writer of the present day, Thomas Carlyle, concerning whom we remember to have heard a very proper criticism from the mouth of an intelligent individual,—“that he had always shown a great partiality for *scamps*.” And this again brings to our mind a remarkable passage in one of Burns’ letters, which we shall here quote in justification of Rahel’s enthusiastic attachment to Mirabeau and Heinse: “I have often,” says the poet (Letter No. II., Currie’s edition), “courted the acquaintance of that part of mankind commonly known by the ordinary phrase of *blackguards*, sometimes farther than was consistent with the safety of my character. Though disgraced by follies, nay, sometimes stained with guilt, I have yet found among them, in not a few instances, some of the noblest virtues, magnanimity, generosity, disinterested friendship, and even modesty.”

The other quality of Rahel’s mind which we wish particularly to mention, and in which she presents a yet more striking identity with the historian of the French Revolution, is truthfulness, and a detestation of lies (or *SHAMS* as Carlyle prefers to call them) amounting almost to a mania and a parade, certainly a mannerism and a hobby-horse. But it is a divine madness, as Plato would have said, and a hobby-horse which a man may reasonably be permitted to ride lustily; for though we may never grant, in Rahel’s strong phrase, that “the great world and the literary world are altogether baked out of lies” (*diese aus Lügen zusammen gebackene litterarische und grosse Welt*), it is a lamentable fact, that from the polite snifle and snigger of the saloon to the flat duck-footed plumper of a plebeian falsehood, there is an infinite variety of simulation and dissimulation in the world; and beyond the region of conscious or half-conscious lies there is a vast limbo of unconscious ones; both more familiarly known in England under the comprehensive name of *HUMBUG*. Now every thing of this kind Rahel would not merely not tolerate, but with a strong and wrathful instinct did literally unveil and tear in shreds habitually—a fearful habit of mind (*δεινον, σκεταλον*, as Homer would have said), and which, when carried consistently out in these latter days (when many venerable forms have lost the soul which originally inspired them), must make either a martyr or a ruler of the possessor. Rahel seems to have been a little martyred here and there in small matters; but she was amply compensated for this by the immense sway she gradually acquired over the minds of all the giants of the age who came in contact with her. She

reigned a queen in Berlin in her own region much more potent than Frederick William. She soon found out that in certain matters of infinite moral, religious, and political import, the man who has clearness to see, and boldness to speak out the truth which he deeply feels, is greater than all poets and all philosophers. Herein, and in nothing else, lay the secret of Martin Luther's reformation. Herein also she placed the ground of her hero-worship in respect of the questionable Mirabeau. "Mirabeau," she says, "is my great hero, by virtue of the force of truth which governs him; thereby he is sublime and innocent; and only this is loveable. Chamfort said, few things gave him greater pleasure than to look at a dog in quiet greedily gnawing a bone, because he thereby became possessed by the healthy idea of an upright honest endeavour. I understand this feeling of Chamfort completely; *I can become perfectly in love even with things most rude and coarse, if only they do not lie.*" And in another passage she makes the remark, that in certain circumstances, and on certain occasions, there is nothing more strange and startling than the utterance of plain truth; so that if any person wishes to attain a reputation for originality, and what the world calls genius, he has a certain, though by no means an easy way to do so, by training himself to the habitual perception and utterance of common truth. If a man has lost every thing else in this world, she often says, at least he has not lost his eyes: "Look, look, look! and save yourself from narrowness and total unbelief; some things are beyond all question, and in these, when you once know that they are, you *must* believe!" And as Schiller sings in a verse which contains the whole philosophy of conscience,

"Self-contradiction is the only wrong."

So Rahel gives the rule of conduct,

"Handele Du nach deinem Innersten: daher kommt nur Glück!"

Deal truly and honestly with your own soul and never blink inward questionings, for "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." The honesty of the German character is proverbial: and Rahel, by her heroic and sometimes almost Quixotic devotion to truth, stands before us a pattern specimen of her nation, even as Mirabeau, Voltaire, and Madame de Staël, by their eloquence, their wit, and their vanity, are pattern specimens of the French.

When to these two grand qualities of mind—muscularity and truthfulness—we add those many witching graces which Varnhagen has described, and bear in mind also (what the perusal of her multiform correspondence sufficiently brings out) that Rahel's mind was as active as it was strong, and as elastic as it was ponderous, we shall see reason to express surprise that such a highly

gifted woman in this age of books, among a nation of book makers, and living as she always lived in a continued state of high intellectual excitement, never brought forth a volume or even a brochure of tangible lucubration of any kind. This is a peculiarity well worth noticing, forming as it does such a contrast to the restless voluminosity of her great French counterpart, Madame de Staël; and when carefully weighed, and compared with other similar cases, it will, perhaps, lead to the conclusion, that the class of men who write books are not always, are not generally, the wisest or greatest of their kind. For we are sent here not to put our thoughts upon paper, and obtain a vain immortality in musty shelves, but to cast burning words into the hearts of our fellow-men, and to stereotype healthy thoughts into deed—*ποιειν την αληθειαν*, as St. John says. It was a weakness, no doubt, in one sense, or say a defect, in Rahel's mind, that she could not easily express her thoughts on paper, could not build up a secondary architecture of emotions and ideas, apart from the original living root out of which they had sprung: but in another sense this quality of mind has also a strength and an excellence. It is a common remark that great authors seldom sustain their greatness in society and in actual life; the artificial conjuring paraphernalia of pen and paper seem necessary to stimulate the flow of their ideas. Not so with Rahel, and such original, vital, essentially natural, and essentially practical minds. Everything that they are and do, they are and do in vital connection with the vitality that surrounds them. Their intellectual action is in the highest degree *immediate*; society is at once the atmosphere in which, and the object for which, they live. "*Ich kann alles im Augenblicke!*" said Rahel: Bring the devil before me, and I trust myself with God's grace that I shall knock him down, but I cannot get up a *diablerie* in three volumes to frighten myself and others with, while so many serious realities are urging the moment, and crying "Come and shape me!" . . . So the earnest practical mind speaks; such a mind was Rahel's: and such minds are the greatest, for the end and accomplishment of all thought and all speech is a deed. How happy was Rahel in 1813 in Berlin, in Prague! "My whole day," she exclaims triumphantly, "is a feast of *doing* good!" Amid the horrors of war then, and amid the horrors of disease (in 1831), she moved about like a beneficent Valkyrie; and discovered thus that her whole life had been a mistake, because with a highly intensified internal productiveness, a very paltry sphere of external activity had been within her reach. She discovered that she should have been a QUEEN—nothing modest; for modesty (so called) with her had no meaning, or this despicable one—dressing up greatness in a lie that littleness may not be offended. She knew that she was the

cleverest woman in Germany, and she said so, when occasion called, like any other thing that was true.

Rahel, with all her soundness of mind, was, like other bold and decided minds, not altogether free from whims, paradoxes, and peculiar opinions. Among other things, she was a stout advocate of suicide, and this from a sort of moral aristocracy of soul that disdained to live after life was worthless: a good argument, perhaps, if one ever could be in a condition to say that his life is altogether worthless. Napoleon argued better on this point; and Rahel refuted her own arguments in the most satisfactory manner by her deeds; for few women have suffered more, and more acutely, and none ever bore their sufferings with more cheerfulness and resignation. She had the soul of a Danton—"allons, *point de faiblesse!*" and that not doggedly or obstinately, but with the most pious surrender of the soul to him who made it.

Masculine women have seldom any particular partiality for marriage, and are generally staunch advocates for a greater liberty of divorce. Something like the "emancipation of women" glimmers here and there through Rahel's letters: we cannot define it precisely; but she says in one place, that so long as men and women stand over against each other "like two different nations," so long will the wicked one have work to do in families: and she says in the same place, that chivalry was a *lie* necessary to restore the disturbed equilibrium of the sexes. Mrs. Jamieson, and Mrs. Sedgwick, and Miss Martineau, have lately taken up the subject; and they may finish it. A peahen can never be metamorphosed into a peacock by an act of parliament, that is certain; but it is also true that no act of parliament can change a woman into a chattel. To the benign genius of Christianity women owe it, that they are not now slaves and burden-bearers as they were of old. If there is any thing yet remains to be done in this direction, let the women see to it! We men, as the lawyers say, have no *interest* to move the question.

Of the five volumes of Rahelian memoirs which Varnhagen has published, the two last, entitled "Portraits," possess the most general interest. They contain a collection of letters from some of the most distinguished and most intimate of Rahel's correspondents, accompanied with a personal sketch of each character, from the neat pencil of Varnhagen. The sketches of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, and of Gentz the Austrian diplomatist, are particularly well executed, and possess a general historic interest. Mr. Alison, in his History of Europe, and Mr. Carlyle, in his expected Life of Napoleon, will not wisely overlook them.

We subjoin a few specimens of Rahel's opinions on important

subjects of life and literature. We need not say that this is a mere make-shift. The German de Staël is a very German de Staël in this, that she does not deal in magniloquent pyrotechny. The world has allowed itself too long in all matters to be fooled by castles and pagodas of grand words. First, a few stray thoughts on men and things.

GERMAN PHILOSOPHY—SYSTEM BUILDING.—“I am well acquainted with the grand modern art of leading pompous proofs, and building up systems. One may choose at random any point of nature, and cause the rest of the universe to play and revolve round it; and when this is done, as oftentimes chances, with prejudice and obstinacy, then the inventor of your philosophical system, let him be never so witty, becomes a fool, and what is worse, runs a great risk of remaining one. A grand Catholic sympathy with all possible systems—a hearty shaking one's self free from the exclusive trammels of any—a cordial surrender of ourselves into the hands of that Being who wields all possibilities, and an honest and thorough dealing with the depths of our own hearts—this seems to me more than all philosophy, this is genuine piety, and a thing well pleasing to God.”

THE GOOD THAT IS IN THE WORLD.—“We talk of the world, of fate, of chance and mischance, often in a very bad humour—but how much of the world have we seen? how much have we *not* seen? how much *can*, *will* we not see for sheer indolence and blindness? I have seen wonders to-day—moral wonders in this most frivolous and godless of cities—in this *Berlin*. What silent, unpublished greatness, religion in the highest sense, lives in women whom I found in the lowest grass-grown neglected hovels! How different is everything among the lower classes from what the wise of this world have published, printed, read, and believed! God alone knows how much real simple-minded sterling honesty and truth he has sent into *his* world. Blessed be his name that he has given me eyes to see it!”

LOVE.—“Novalis says, ‘love is an eternal repetition.’ It is the greatest conviction, the most thorough persuasion, say I. Unconquerably is eye, ear, feeling convinced; unconquerably does our heart believe in the object of its affection. Weaken this conviction in any point, and you weaken the love; destroy that, and you destroy this also. Therefore *man* only loves, a being capable of conviction. Therefore love cannot be communicated, cannot be proved. A thorough conviction is a thing exclusively personal. A man can love, as he can pray, only for himself.”

FEAR.—“I was walking in a field with cattle; they told me not to be afraid; I said instinctively, ‘Have I not reason to be afraid, when stupid people go about with horns?’ This idea seemed to tickle them vastly.”

DIPLOMACY.—“I can tolerate all professions—physicians, lawyers, soldiers, usurers—none of these are bad as the world says; but diplomats—this truly is the most shocking thing in human society. These

men become hardened in the midst of habitual tenderness—a fate worse than the hangman's. Visits are made duties; dress, cards, scandal, are to them business—serious business. To have no opinion on the most important subjects, and because you have none, not to utter it, is the shame of the lowest rabble, and the virtue of the highest diplomatist. In this employment the whole organs of the soul are ossified. So also they have a peculiar phraseology of their own, in their conversation, as in their despatches—in Germany a diplomatic French, which is transmitted from father to son, which I heard sixteen years ago, but which no Frenchman speaks now. Diplomacy and the work of diplomacy holds together only externally: let but a strong will, or a strong necessity arise in the world, and down with a touch tumbles this painful architecture of solemn lies. Then comes a loud cry right from the heart at last!—a speaking wound—war and desolation—universal swamping—in the midst of which, who is the Noah that is safe in his ark?—these fellows with the manchettes!—*This* they know, and nothing else. 'Tis strongly said, but soothly: Might the devil bodily show them their own work, as it is and acts! Mark me! upon them judgment shall be done. A single right-headed and right-hearted king could do it."

NATURE.—"Why should I not be natural?—let me twist myself into a thousand affectations, and I shall not be so various, as when giving my affections their free natural play."

ACTORS AND AGE.—"N — played admirably to-night—only one thing he wanted, *youth*—and for the loss of youthfulness he has himself to blame—living amid tobacco and low people all the forenoon, and then assuming the artist at six o'clock in the evening. Fie! fie! fie! as if a man could *assume* elegance of manner, and youthfulness of soul. A man must be always elegant—must act art every moment of his life. We make ourselves old mainly by neglecting our youth, which we ought rather conscientiously to cultivate."

FUTURITY.—"There is a thought which is hammering my head in two; and it is this. The future does not come to meet us—does not lie before us—but comes streaming over our heads from behind.—*Savez qui peut!*—I see plainly there is no redemption here."

GOD.—"I cannot understand how even the noblest religion, and the most assured faith, can lift a man altogether above the terrible abysses that surround us. It is but a floating, a swaying at the best—I at least am capable of nothing more. Can any philosophy, any thinking bring us *beyond ourselves*—beyond the limits of that which makes us what we are? *Must we not surrender at discretion*—yield ourselves up to a personal God, from whom our moral nature, altogether indivisible and indestructible, has proceeded (like the visible world), into whose bosom we retreat, and in whom we are necessitated to put our fullest and most exclusive trust—the great aboriginal heart, in relation to whom, and only in relation to whom, our hearts exist?"

ADVICE.—"The opinions and advice of others only confuse a man of

my substantiality. The people *will* put us *right* (according to their notion) in spite of ourselves, and in spite of God. March right on!"

ART.—"A genuine work of art, whether wood or marble be the material, must never *say*, either directly or indirectly, what it would be at, but *show* it at once. Simple as this observation is, and flowing as it does from the very nature of the beautiful, as distinguished from the true, the greatest authors have sinned against it immensely."

KNOWLEDGE OF MEN.—"Yesterday evening there was an illumination here, and we sat on one margin of the lake to take a prospect of it on the other. But I, instead of looking on the lamps, looked into the water and up to the sky, and there stood a clear beautiful star aloft and immovable. In the water I saw it also, beautiful indeed, but often moved by the wind, changing its form, and not seldom dim. Suddenly the thought struck me—so it is with men; we know them, we judge them only in the strangest, most complex, and often most unnatural relations, far away from their proper selves, in situations and in atmospheres where they are shaken, and troubled, and become dim. We look always one way—down—down into some muddy pond (called belike history) where the real character of a man is tossed upon the waves of a vain opinion. Pitiful!—look up at once—into the man's face—into his soul—where God gives you opportunity."

HAPPINESS.—"Not happiness, but victory and pleasure is the lot of man. Perfect happiness I for one could not stand. A man must file and be filed. In a state of perfect bliss this is impossible."

A DANGEROUS MAN.—"He who cannot tune himself down is dangerous and pernicious."

FREEDOM.—"Two such contradictory things as external and internal happiness are not easily brought into harmony. A man must not insist upon making himself happy by force. We must choose between the two. Will we throw ourselves on the world, or will we maintain our own character?—We have this choice—this is our freedom of the will—beyond this belongs to God. Clearness of intellectual perception, purity, and, if possible, strength of will, is our problem, and our only happiness. To all else we may laugh—weep—pray."

PEDANTRY.—"I have now found out the thing that of all things I most thoroughly hate. It is pedantry. This necessarily presupposes emptiness, and clings to mere forms. Pedantry of the nobler kind possesses a sort of half feeling of this emptiness, and honestly, for want of strong grinders, nibbles at the husk; but regular, ingrown pedantry is proud, and boasts of its emptiness, from utter ignorance of any thing substantial. It is the most revolting of all sights to see such a big nothing in full march—to me utterly unendurable. And the worst kind of pedantry is pharisaical morality—a railing in of utter barrenness with genteel stakes, that keep out both heat and light from a soil where more than usual were necessary—a thing altogether to be abhorred."

RULE OF COMPOSITION.—"If you would write to any purpose, you must be perfectly *free* from without in the first place, and yet more free

within. Give yourself the natural rein—think on no pattern, no patron, no paper, no press, no public; think on nothing, but follow your impulses. Give yourself as you are—what *you* see, and *how* you see it. It is an entire mistake, their prate about *objectivity* and self-exenteration. Shakespeare, Goethe, Cervantes, gave the world as *they* saw it, each for himself—they could not give it otherwise. The more world you put into your work so much the better—so much the richer are you in yourself, so much the richer do you make your readers. But you cannot give them the world *only*; and if you give it otherwise than as yourself truly and substantially know it and feel it, you are a weak imitator and a LIAR. Every man sees with his own eyes, or does not see at all. This is incontrovertibly true. Bring out what you have. If you have nothing, be an honest beggar rather than a respectable thief.”

KNOWLEDGE.—“If any man would see a thing, pierce through it, and thoroughly know it, he must, in the first place, *love* it.”

INNOCENCE.—“Innocence is beautiful; virtue is a plaster, a scar, an operation.”

These remarks are sufficiently characteristic, and will enable the reader to judge for himself whether Rahel is a character with whom it might be beneficial to form a more intimate acquaintance. The last remark is in the paradox style, such as that of the Stoics, that pain is no evil, and is only true (as most general moral and mental axioms are) when taken from one point of view. So understood, it may be taken as a shibboleth of the Rahel-Goethe-Carlylian school; for these three have great similarities, and will be profitably studied together. Rahel and Carlyle possess indeed, in more points than those we specially noted above, a most remarkable affinity. They are both sturdy, truthful, warm-blooded, and combine the functions of concentrated, inward meditation, and strong clinging to outward nature in a remarkable degree. Both are irregular and unrhythmical, tortuous and even painful in the expression of their thoughts on paper; they both admire Goethe to idolatry, and they are both very different from Goethe, “the man without a centre,” as Schlegel said, the painter, the literary decorator. But in this they agree with Goethe—and it is well symbolized in the above paradox—in that they habitually look on man more as a natural growth than as the product of self-culture. They are the natural antipodes of Immanuel Kant, who placed the whole man in the self-directing, autocratic idea of duty. It is not our business here to argue points of this nature; we shall only say, that though the Goethian manner of speech is apt to be misunderstood, it can only be so, and wrested to their own destruction, by men who are already sold to the flesh and the lusts thereof irredeemably. Rahel was as staunch an admirer of Fichte as of Goethe; she

possessed in large measure that true Catholicity of mind which reconciles all apparent contradictions.

We subjoin a few criticisms, from which the healthiness and soundness of Rahel's taste may be sufficiently inferred. There is a manly, straight-forward, healthy, *English* character about them.

TIECK.—“Tieck is a delightful, simple, versatile man—but as a writer—I will tell you what I think of *Phantasmagoria*. Out of that book I have learned something new, viz. that a man may say the wisest and most delicate things, and yet be wearisome beyond all endurance. To write good dialogue is, I think, the most difficult of all literary problems. Shakespeare, Goethe, and Jean Paul in the *Flegeljahre*, have managed it. This continuous flow of life, with its numberless presuppositions, and making itself manifest by the most delicate, but not therefore less characteristic traits, can be seized and mirrored only by a mind at once vivacious, profound, and easy; and there is required also for writing good dialogue a continual presidency of judgment and discrimination in the midst of inspiration, a thing which succeeds only with the highest order of minds. Now comes Tieck with his raw speeches and counter-speeches, cunningly stuffed and bandaged without any situation but the most arbitrary, which shows neither men, nor place, nor any thing definite. Then these poor phantasmagorists go a walking in such a phantasmagorical country, and talk me verily to death. One's only consolation is, when the rigmarole is out, and the first talker compliments himself on having ended the discussion, that it is all a matter of paper, and that no one can force us to hold a discourse of such kind with such ladies and gentlemen!—I should go sheer mad amid their saloons and their gardens, their waterfalls and their wells, their lifeless jokes! No, no! Tieck is not the man for dramatic dialogues. He must speak in his own person, *Seriatim jocos*; he is no Goethe. He cannot take a bit of life (*Ein Stück Leben*), and set it by itself, and frame it, and put things into it of which a man need not speak. * * *

GOETHE.—“Have you not observed how great Goethe always is when he speaks of the stars, like Homer when he speaks of the sea?—

“I see there is a fashion abroad of criticizing and characterizing poets and poems, and how often does the name of Goethe stand at the beginning, at the end, in the middle. There is a class of critics that wish to bring the great poet's works into a sort of natural series, one naming this first, the other that, in a chance enough sort of way so far as I have seen. Why do they not propose at once the question:—Out of which one of Goethe's works might one draw the conclusion that he could have made all the rest? If this question can be answered, then the starting-point of such a series is found at once. It is evident however, that to answer it requires study and thought, and an intimate organic knowledge of the poet's soul, and his whole poetical developement, such as not every critic can boast. To the proposed question I should answer Tasso.”

MADAME DE STAEL.—“Madame de Staël is a hurricane that incommodates me, nothing else; there is no quietude in that woman (*es ist nichts Stilles in ihr*). There is nothing that she will not be counting upon

her finger-tips. The Allemagne!—mere *radotage*!—and what is worse she is not always honest and true to herself—witness what she says about divorce—she is afraid of appearing too liberal. When any person who does not know Germany from other sources, reads her book—*book* did I say! thoughts, observations, *aperçus*, *lectures*, loose, rambling, and without any principle of self-government, no assimilation, no blood to blood—this *book* pictures Germany as a dark cold hole out of which smoke comes, amid which sad phantasmagoric figures float, God-condemned to *honesty*, and where, now and then, an unearthly sage sits, and magically meditates. And this from *her*!—the woman without senses and without music!—sneering at German universities, herself a walking, talking university—fie! fie! she is like all Frenchwomen. There is no country in the world but France. Eye, ear and skin are bewitched there, and only there. All the cottages are Greek temples!—And yet I was there myself and saw it—frost as much as in Berlin—weather not an inch better—our villages a thousand times more lovely—I know, in fact, nothing more sad than those stony, leafless and flowerless villages in the North of France. But so it is with the Frenchwoman. The dear Lady Staël—for me her book is nothing else but a long lyrical sigh that she was prevented from parading her talk in Paris. This is the key to understand the only good chapters in the book. And yet I love her—or rather I ought to say I pity her—she has too few grand gifts (*grossartige Gaben*)—a certain inquietude of understanding, to which (much for her own happiness) is allied intellectuality enough (*mere* intellectuality), and a word-imagination! How such people do gad about! How they talk, and are talked about! What perambulations! What *books*! what criticisms of books!—and after all—poor creature!—(*die Arme*)—she has seen nothing, heard nothing, understood nothing.”

SCHILLER’S *WALLENSTEIN*.—“*Thecla* is only the tragic Gurli—nothing better. Kotzebue’s heroine and Schiller’s are both without bones, without muscle, without marrow; altogether without human anatomy—moving about without human limbs. To my astonishment also, these many years, with the applause of the German public!—but I see now how it is. The sickly race have a pleasure in seeing their morality flattered in the person of mere idealities; in that region they may float prettily, and forget all healthy organization—forget the one thing needful, and learn scientifically to parade a thousand beautiful, poetical, æsthetical, philosophical excuses.”

SCHLEIERMACHER.—“Schleiermacher’s ‘Criticism of Ethics’ is a fabric of hammers, which works at the highest, but is not the highest.

“Schleiermacher began to sink as soon as he went to Halle. He entered there a little more into society than he was wont; and some foolish friends made him believe, that he could work and write for society. For this, however, he had, and has no talent. But the people praised him—and their praise ruined him—put him on the wrong scent. Before Halle he was undoubtedly one of the first, purest of minds. In his original, chaste, revered, soul-solitude, he was sublime. I know him well: I love him: and if he were only younger, should tell him all this to his face, and not without success.”

JUNG STILLING.—“ Stilling's autobiography reminds me altogether of Retif de la Bretonne's. Both have genius enough to bring them to this point, that their own spiritual enjoyment (*Wollust*) was to each a problem which he was forced to solve. On Retif's soul, very strong senses and lusty health were hung like strings; by this machinery alone could his soul speak music. Stilling's intellectual voluptuousness is of a weaker sort, and loses itself and becomes intangible in a region to which it does not naturally belong. He feeds and cherishes, and feasts himself with religion, and is voluptuously pious. But he has this advantage over Retif, that on the mysteries of life, and the limits of human thought, he has original ideas, some of which he is able to work out. This is his substantial, thoughtful, pleasing phasis; on this ground also he remains honestly; and this makes the first half of his life uncommonly attractive. Towards the end, however, he has acquired a sort of officious pleasure in the mere art of turning out his frames of mind—which mars all, and makes that appear affectation which is merely a bad habit.”

DE PRADT.—“ I have read the book on the Congress of Vienna. This man is a sort of Marmontel, who may do honest simple people a great deal of harm. An emigrant in his heart, he did homage to the Emperor as a slave, and obeyed with a secret rage, of which he himself was unconscious. He chews and chews at the saws of the age, in bad, hard French, and understands nothing—stone-deaf. He is no thinker. The book would never have been written, could he have forgiven Maret for saying that his dispatches were bad and causing him to wait in the ante-chamber. About Napoleon he has said something—but by accident—he has not said what he meant to say. The man is wise who can learn any thing about the Polish matter from him.”

We have said nothing in detail about Rahel's external history—biography generally so called—because there is really nothing to say. She was born in the year 1771, at Berlin, and died in the year 1833, in the same place. We observe nothing remarkable in her history, except the fact in which all its significance to the philosophic psychologist consists—that being born a Jewess, and with no outward advantages to compensate for this grand mischance, she nevertheless raised herself by degrees—and without seeking it, but by sheer instinctive elasticity—to be a Queen of thought and taste in the most intellectual country of Europe. Her education seems to have been much neglected in her early years; but with the strength and compass of soul with which she was gifted, this absence of external influence only caused the internal might to develop itself with more freshness and originality of feature. It is only a shallow confined chamber thinker, like the Abbé Sièyes, to whom the self-educating system proves necessarily fatal.

On a death-bed of long and weary torture, Rahel made the following very characteristic remark :

" Dear Augustus, my heart is inwardly quickened. I have thought on Jesus, and wept over his sufferings. I have felt—felt for the first time, that he is my brother. And Mary, what did not she endure ?— She saw her beloved son suffer, and yielded not—she stood at the cross. That I could not have done. I have strength, but not to that pitch. God forgive me !—I confess it—I am weak."

So far Rahel's Christianity went—a practical sympathy with the sufferings of Christ. That she was a Christian in any other sense does not appear.

ART. IV.—1. *Anleitung zur Kupfer-Stichkunde.* By Adam Bartsch. 8vo. Vienna. 1821.

2. *History and Practice of Photogenic Drawing, on the true Principles of the Daguerreotype, with a new Method of Dioramic Painting; secrets purchased by the French Government, and by command published for the benefit of Arts and Manufactures, by the Inventor, L. G. Daguerre, Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Member of various Academies.* London. 1839.

3. *Excursions Daguerriennes ; collection de 50 Planches, représentant les Vues et les Monuments les plus remarquables du Globe.* Paris. 1840—41.

IN our last number our attention was confined entirely to the works of the ancient masters, and to that portion of the art which is termed the simple processes of engraving. We have now to direct the attention of our readers to the compound process of Engraving, so superior to the former from the strength and harmony which is presented in the combined arrangement of the three simple modes of engraving, viz. etching, the use of the burin, and also that of the dry point. Works of this mixed kind have generally been divided into two classes : first, those in which etching is merely used as a foundation, and in which the remainder of the picture is completed partly with the dry point, but most frequently with the burin ; secondly, those works in which, although the etching predominates, yet the general effect is completed and strengthened by the graving tool and dry point. Etching is admirable in giving the expression of rocks and uneven ground, and is very effective in delineating ancient and ruined buildings, and also the broken trunks and foliage of trees. But in giving the general expression of an engraving, etching alone would be feeble, and often incorrect. The burin therefore is necessary to give precision, strength, and the requisite sharpness. The uni-

usual practice of modern chalcographers therefore, whether in works of a very large or small size, is to give the first effect by etching, which brings the plate into a great state of forwardness, —the general masses are then harmonized and brought together by the graver, after which the more delicate lights are tinted by the dry point.

It was towards the seventeenth century that the first of these classes of the art which we have already mentioned was practised through Gerard Audran and the French school, but the attempt was made before that time in Italy, and not without success.

We are indebted to Ludovico Caracci, born A.D. 1555, and his two cousins Annibale and Francesco, for some beautiful specimens of historical engraving produced by etching, and finished with the burin. Federico Baroccio, of the Roman school, was another most successful artist. We must content ourselves, from the vast number before us, with mentioning those names only which will ever remain as landmarks in the history of engraving. Amongst the various masters which are comprehended under the first class, Giacomo Frey, born at Lucerne, in 1681, pursued the art with eminent success. He was a pupil of Carlo Maratti, whose paintings, together with those of Raffaele, Guido, and Domenichino, formed the principal subjects of his very perfect engravings. Guiseppe Wagner, of Thalendorf, was another celebrated native of Switzerland, and some of the ablest modern artists emanated from his school at Venice, where he eventually established himself. Francesco Bartolozzi, of Florence, has left behind him evidence of the great genius with which he was endowed. Every thing that he attempted was beautiful and striking. His pupil Giovanni Volpato became as eminent an engraver through his instructions; and the works of Raphael Morghen, born at Naples in 1755, evince the same force and beauty as the last-named masters.

We refer our readers to the sixteenth and five following volumes of Bartsch's *Peintre Graveur* for a very long list of masters who are included under the second class. We have already mentioned Francesco Mazzuoli, or Parmegiano, as the introducer of etching into Italy. The next most worthy of notice are Lucas Penni, Leon Davent, and Domenico del Barbieri, who were amongst those who were invited by Francis I. to Fontainebleau. Gio. Bat. D'Angeli, better known by the name of Del Moro, who was born at Verona in 1512, was a painter of battle-pieces, but more especially showed the power of his genius in his etchings, of which he executed more than eighteen hundred. Giacomo Callot was another artist extraordinary for his great powers of invention. He was born at Nancy in 1593, and died in 1635. By most authors

he has generally been inrolled amongst the French engravers, but the reply that he made to the powerful and tyrannical Richelieu seems to intimate that he did not wish to be considered a Frenchman. He was employed at Paris to engrave the most memorable sieges and battles of the French, and was particularly pressed, even to the extent of being threatened, to engrave a plate of the siege of Nancy, his native town, which was taken by the French in 1631. His reply was, "I will sooner cut off my right hand than employ it in an act disrespectful to my country or disloyal to my prince." Richelieu was greatly enraged at this answer; but his royal master, with far better grace, was so struck with the conduct of Callot, that he offered him a noble pension, which Callot with still greater gallantry declined. He executed above fifteen hundred plates; and so much care did he bestow upon many of them, that Watelet affirms that he saw no less than four different drawings for his celebrated "*Temptation of St. Anthony*." Claude Gelée, or Claude Lorraine, was born at Champagne, in Lorraine, in 1600. His style was principally directed to landscapes and sea-ports. His plates do not exceed twenty-eight. The composition is good, but they are generally considered but indifferently executed. A few plates remain of Gaspar Duchet, alias Gaspar Poussin, born at Rome in 1613. They are considered very precious by every collector, as being from the hand of a master who has delighted posterity with such unrivalled landscapes. Salvator Rosa, Bartolomeo Biscaino, Marco Ricci, Francesco Londinio, &c. are contemporary names, with many others remarkable for their genius and inventive powers.

We must now turn to Flanders. Antwerp and Ghent produced able artists, who executed plates of the first class, but not many. M. Bartsch, in his *Anleitung*, mentions only two artists of any celebrity, Robert van Audenaerde, and Arnold van Westerhout. Antwerp gave birth in 1610 to William de Leeuw, and in 1630 to James Neefs. Their plates after Rubens and Vandyke are considered very fairly executed. Those of the second class are much more numerous; and the first name which claims our attention is of great celebrity, — Rembrandt Gerretz, or Rembrandt van Rhyn, so called from the house of his birth, was born near Leyden, in 1606. We have already mentioned this great master's name as the author of six celebrated pieces, produced solely by the etching needle. According to M. Bartsch, the works of this artist amounted to three hundred and seventy pieces. One of his peculiar merits was his being so perfect a master of *chiaroscuro*. The portraits of himself were very numerous, amounting to twenty-seven. The most celebrated of these is that with a sabre; but his *chef-d'œuvre* is the "*Hundred Guilders*" print, so named from

that sum (equal to about 10*l.*) being given for an impression soon after its publication. It is a very exquisite composition, representing our Saviour healing the sick multitude. His portraits however are generally considered his best efforts. John George van Uliet, of Delft, John Lievens, of Leyden, Ferdinand Bol, and some others, were amongst the numerous pupils of Rembrandt, who successfully trod in the footsteps of their master. Adrian van Ostade, born at Lubeck in 1610, is considered next to Rembrandt in the strength and character he threw into his plates. They amount to about fifty, and are held in great estimation. Anthony Waterloo, of Utrecht, some authors say Amsterdam, born in 1612, was considered a very great master by the Dutch school in his particular style of engraving. His habits of intemperance carried him off in the zenith of his fame, so that although he bestowed a far greater portion of his time on engraving than painting, yet his plates do not amount to more than one hundred and fifty. Good impressions of his works are scarce, from the circumstance of the more delicate etchings of his plate being too slenderly bit in; so that when the plate began to wear, portions soon disappeared. We come now to the celebrated Paul Potter, born at Amsterdam in 1635. The few etchings he executed are greatly admired for the correctness of their execution. The indefatigable attention he paid to his canvass ruined his health, and he died at the early age of twenty-nine. The works of Carl du Jardin, born at Amsterdam in 1635, are well known for the truth and beauty with which they are executed. Albert van Everdingen and Francis de Neve were considered admirable etchers of historical landscapes. The former obtained the name of the *Salvator Rosa* of the north, from the circumstance of his being detained for more than a year in Norway by shipwreck, and his painting many stormy and rocky scenes. He also illustrated, with fifty-seven etchings, the "*History of the Fox*," a satirical poem. In Germany, amongst the first class of chalcographers, appears John Frederic Bause, born at Halle, in Saxony, in 1738. He is said to have been a self-taught artist. Several of his historical plates show great merit. Charles Guttenburg, of Nuremburg, produced some very good engravings in the work entitled "*Voyage Pittoresque du Royaume de Naples*," by Abbé St. Nun. There are few other masters of any note; we will therefore mention those who come under the second class.

The family of Merian of Frankfort have left some proofs of their genius. Matthew Merian, the father, produced some very good typographical plates. His son, who applied himself to the same art, was held in great repute. His portrait of Dr. Donne, prefixed to an edition of that author's sermons in 1640, is considered

very good, but the most eminent of the family was the sister, **Maria Sybilla**. Being a great naturalist she made a voyage to **Surinam**, much to the detriment of her health, for the purpose of making drawings of the numerous insects and plants peculiar to that country. On her return she published a very interesting work of the history of the insects of Europe, accompanied with plates from her own designs and partly executed by herself. Her death was sadly premature, and her two daughters, who were as skilful in flower painting as herself, completed the series.

The **Kusell** family at **Augsburg** were held in much repute in their native city. **Melchior**, the father, executed about one hundred and forty-eight plates, chiefly of Italian sea-ports and other views. **Jonas Umbach**, **John Elias** and **John William Maur** of **Strasburg**, are contemporary names, whose works deserve much attention. **Samuel Botschild**, who was born at **Sangerhausen** in 1640, gained great reputation at **Dresden**. His talents procured him the appointment of painter to the court of **Dresden**, and also keeper of the **Electoral Gallery**. His etchings on historical subjects were well executed and displayed great original talent.

The French school produced many eminent artists during the seventeenth and following centuries, and the graphic art met with great encouragement from the court. A curious prejudice existed amongst the masters of that period against etching and it was very tardily adopted. We have a far more numerous list of names under the first class of the Parisian artists, and the art was especially fostered in that city, for the most eminent engravers in France were generally born at Paris, where they settled during their lifetime, and mostly died there. **François Chaveau**, born in 1618, was first of all very eminent as a burinist, but he afterwards adopted the etching needle. His works show great force and character, but are hastily executed. More than three thousand prints were the result of his exertions. **Gabrielle Perelle** was eminent as a landscape engraver, and, with the assistance of his two sons, **Adam** and **Nicholas**, produced some very excellent plates, mostly from his own designs. Amongst other productions by this master was a satirical print after a design by **Richer**, representing in a burlesque manner the taking of **Arras** by the French in 1642. The good citizens had put up the following inscription on their gates.

“QUAND LES FRANÇAIS PRENDRONT ARRAS,
LES SOURIS MANGERONT LES CHATS.”

Upon the place however being taken the enemy merely took away the single letter **P** from the inscription. **Claudine B. Stella**, born at **Lyons** in 1634, an eminent female artist, produced some very beautiful engravings after **Nicholas Poussin**. Her sisters,

Antoinette and Françoise, were also very talented. After her we have the names of Guillaume Vallet, Sebastien le Clerc, Louis de Châtillon, contemporary and talented artists. Gerard Audran, born at Lyons in 1640, perpetuated the fame of Le Brun by his celebrated plates of the "Battles of Alexander." The series was completed with a single plate by Gerard Edelink. Gerard Andran had numerous pupils, who form a great portion of the present list. There is one more whom we must mention, Laurent Cars, who is considered one of the best engravers of the eighteenth century. He produced numerous subjects from Rigaud, Le Moine, Boucher and Watteau. The most beautiful of his works is his "Hercules and Omphale."

In the second class we have an immense number of eminent names, belonging chiefly to the eighteenth and subsequent centuries. Anterior to this period, about 1570, we have Jacques Perisin or Persinus and J. Tortorel. The former executed some plates, but in a very inferior manner, and the latter produced some rather better ones, representing the wars of the Huguenots. We mention these merely to show the earliest period at which the etching needle was first made use of by the French, which was half a century later than their more enterprising neighbours. Very soon after however we have Claude Vignon, born at Tours in 1590, who although more remarkable as a painter, yet has left behind him some very excellent etchings. Nicholas Chaperon, a provincial artist born in 1596, while he was at Rome engraved all the pictures in the Vatican, entitled "Raffaelle's Bible." Few artists have rivalled him in the execution of this work. Michael Corneille the elder, born at Orleans in 1603, was one of the original twelve members of the Royal Academy at Paris. Corneille, together with his son, were much employed by Louis Quatorze, and they both executed some very fine etchings after Raffaelle and the Caracci, with many more from their own designs.

We have already mentioned the name of Abraham Bosse in our former part. He was the author of a work entitled "*La Manière de graver à l'Eau forte.*" His style is very spirited, and his peculiar excellence consists in the manner in which he finished his plates with the graver. Callot is supposed to be the person that he imitated, but his actual instructor is not known. After Bosse we have a long list of names, who, although eminent, we are compelled to pass over, but we must not omit Sebastian Bourdon, born at Montpellier in 1616. He was eminent as a painter, and his engravings conveyed the same impression as the works on his canvass. He possessed great power in harmonizing his subjects and his attention to chiaroscuro was very great. His plates are much valued by collectors. Jacques Rousseau, born at Paris in 1626,

being a Protestant, was obliged to fly from the persecution of Louis Quatorze, and took refuge in England. The Duke of Montague patronized him and employed him to decorate Montague House. He bestowed a great deal of time upon engraving, and his etchings are considered very beautiful. We cannot omit the well deserved encomium Mr. Gilpin passes upon this artist. "Having," said he, "escaped the rage of persecution himself, he made it his study to lessen the sufferings of his distressed brethren by distributing among them the greatest part of his gains."

Joseph Parrocel was a great master of chiaroscuro, and his style was masterly and bold. He executed numerous battle-pieces, but inferior to those of the celebrated Jacques Courtois, better known by the name of Bourguignon. So enthusiastic was he in his studies that his custom was to attend an army and sketch the various skirmishes and sieges. In Italy his pencil procured him great fame, and some of our readers will recognize his Italianized appellation of Cortese or Il Borgognone. Raimond de la Fage of the same period was most happy in his designs and his execution of them. His friend Carlo Maratti had so high an opinion of him that he declared he would give up the art "if La Fage's painting equalled La Fage's drawing."

There is a numerous list of Spanish engravers, who were chiefly of Madrid, Seville, Valencia and Zaragoza, but as we have not space to dwell upon their merits, we will give a quotation, which has already been published, from the *Diccionario dellas Bellas Artes*, by D. Cean Bermudez:—

"The art of copper-plate engraving in Spain may be truly said to date its rise from the Academy of San Fernando. The fathers of the art in that country were directors of the Academy. It is true that the appointment of Engraver to the King's Cabinet had been previously held by meritorious artists, but their manner of executing copper-plate was more the result of their own genius than of any received principles of the art. The first teacher of the elements of engraving was D. Manuel Salvador Carmona, one of the students under the association preparatory to the foundation of the Academy, who was sent to Paris with a pension from the king to learn engraving. At the same time, and with the same encouragement, D. Juan de la Cruz and D. Tomas Lopez were at Paris learning to engrave architecture, geographical maps, and ornamental plates. Besides efforts abroad, the academy received every possible benefit from one of its directors, D. Juan Barnabe Palomino, who without quitting Spain had acquired for himself the art of engraving in a style which combines correctness with great clearness and lightness. He distributed to each of three pupils out of the number under his tuition an annual prize of one hundred and fifty ducats, to be conferred after a fair competition among the candidates; and he added, in 1760, a general premium, according to the advancement of the art, in its application to

works of painting, architecture, and sculpture. Lastly, that no advantage should be wanting to give full effect to these arrangements, and to the progress of the students, two of the academy were in 1763 sent to Paris with a pension from the king to learn the mode of printing from copper-plate, and of preparing and manufacturing every requisite for this important and long neglected object."

From this extract our readers will observe that the Spanish school made no inconsiderable progress in the art, and that much attention and patronage was bestowed upon it.

The English school of engraving is certainly indebted to our foreign neighbours for the early foundation of the bright and lasting fame which it possesses at present. We remarked in our last number, that the efforts of the early English masters who solely employed the burin, were so inferior that we passed them over without any comment. There are many however, like true Englishmen, who have contended, even in the earlier stages of the art, that we were by no means inferior to other nations. Evelyn, in his *Sculptura*, contends that William Lightfoot who was employed as an architect in the building of the Royal Exchange, but whose name as an engraver is not recognized, was nearly equal to Wierinx. The engravers of the time of Pope and Addison were looked upon as men of great talent, although really but mediocre. Our readers will remember the well-known lines that Pope addressed to that inferior artist Charles Jervas, who gave that poet some instruction in drawing and painting.

"Oh! lasting as thy colours may they shine;
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line:
New graces yearly, like thy works display,
Soft without weakness: without glaring, gay."

The lines on Kneller, who could neither draw nor colour, are still stronger. Pope was not fortunate in the "Art of criticism" on painting. We cannot be surprised at a little vanity being implanted in the breast of the artist who was complimented in this style. An anecdote is related of him that he had copied a picture by Titian, and when he had completed it, was so extremely delighted with the fancied superiority of his work over the original, that he exclaimed in a commiserating tone of voice for the *passé* Titian (which we are quite sure must have consoled that master, could he have heard it)—"Ah! poor little Tit! how he would stare!" We however have not time to criticize these little vanities of the early masters, but must turn our attention to the more solid talents of those of a later period. We have more than eighty names of the first class, of whom we will notice the most remarkable. The earliest artist that claims our attention is Wenceslaus Hollar, born at Prague in 1607. He was of an ancient Bohemian family,

and originally brought up for the profession of the law. Disturbances in his own country compelled him to take refuge in Frankfort. The Earl of Arundel, during an embassy to Ferdinand the Second, happened to meet Hollar at Cologne, and became his patron, and on his return to England introduced him to Charles the First. He had a great attachment for his royal master, and interested himself so much in his cause that he was taken prisoner at Basing-house in Hampshire. On his release, he took up his residence at Antwerp, where he employed his time in engraving chiefly from the collection of his former patron the Earl of Arundel, who had also removed to that city. In 1652, he returned to London, and met with greater encouragement, but the plague and the great fire of London again threw him back, and caused still further disappointments. He was employed by government in 1658 to make some drawings of the town of Tangiers, together with the forts, which he afterwards engraved.

During his voyage to England, the vessel was engaged by seven Algerine corsairs off Cadiz, and after a gallant struggle, in which the pirates were beaten off, she continued her voyage. Hollar escaped unwounded, and on his return commemorated the action by a very clever engraving. For his labour of two years he received only a hundred pounds, and that with much delay, and after many humble petitions from the poor engraver. The life of this industrious man ended in penury, and, on his death-bed, the bailiffs who came to seize upon the little remnant of furniture he possessed, were requested by him to leave his bed an hour or two longer, "and then to remove him to the prison of the grave." He executed about two thousand four hundred prints with boldness and freedom, embracing every department of the art. We have another instance of an artist adhering to the fortunes of Charles the First, in William Faithorne, the elder, of London. He was the pupil of Robert Peake, a painter and printseller, afterwards knighted by Charles, and who eventually obtained the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the royal army. He persuaded his pupil to join the service, and they partook to a certain degree of the sorrows of their master. Faithorne's engravings in portraits are admirably executed. George Vertue, born in 1684, was the pupil of Michael Vander Gucht. He studied seven years under this master, and then commenced working on his own account. He continued his studies for some years in the Academy of Painting instituted in 1711, and thence became indefatigable in every branch of the art. All his works are executed with great accuracy, but they want spirit and force. Amongst his varied works are his engravings of the Kings of England, for Rapin's History, and for many years he engraved the Oxford Almanack.

Simon Francis Ravenet, one of Hogarth's assistants, was born at Paris, in 1706. He engraved several portraits after Reynolds, and various historical pieces after Titian, Veronese, Guido, Guercino, A. Caracci, N. Poussin, Rembrandt, and other masters. His style is remarkable for brilliancy of execution. His son as well as pupil, Simon Ravenet, went to Paris and continued his studies under J. Boucher. From thence he visited Parma, where he finally settled. It was here that he executed his magnificent undertaking of engraving the whole of Correggio's works in that city, which he accomplished between the years 1779 and 1785. J. B. Chatelain, born in 1710, was a very bright genius, but unfortunately dissolute and desultory in his habits. His works show a power of design and execution which is quite surprising. He occupied himself chiefly in landscapes, many of them being after Gaspar Poussin. His pupil, Francis Vivares, was rather superior to his master, and became one of the finest landscape engravers of that period. His best are after Claude Lorraine, and we are told that in some of his happiest efforts he never even saw the original picture, and yet from his consummate skill he gave all the light and fresh beauties of that painter. Sir Robert Strange, born at the Orkneys in 1721, is considered the most eminent master of that time. It is remarked of him that he never seemed to have known mediocrity. He made considerable progress in drawing in his early days under Cooper, a drawing-master of Edinburgh. The civil wars of the young Pretender interrupted his studies, and he turned his steps towards Paris. During his journey there, he made some stay in the Academy at Rouen, and carried off a prize for design. On his arrival at Paris he became a pupil of P. Le Bas, and under him became a great proficient in the dry point. More than fifty plates prove with what great success he followed up his studies. In 1751 he returned to London, and ten years after that he visited Italy, and from his great talents was received with acclamations by all the members of the different academies of that country. George the Third appointed him his engraver, and he received the honour of knighthood from his sovereign's hand in 1787. His sovereign participated deeply in the high sentiment that induced Strange to refuse to engrave a picture of the late king which was a low work in point of art, though Lord Bute requested it. He died five years after this. Strange's peculiar talent was the beauty, delicacy, and consistency, and the expression of roundness which he gave to flesh. The life of William Woollet, born at Maidstone in 1795, was a remarkable contrast to many of his brother artists. It passed away in the tranquil pursuit of the art, unmixed with any wild or untoward adventures. He was the pupil of an unknown

artist named Timney, and received no other instruction. He was excellent in every department of the art that he undertook. His admirable plate of the Death of Wolfe, after West, procured him great fame not only in England, but also abroad, and raised the English school on the continent to a higher grade of estimation than it had ever before attained. His landscapes after Wilson show the great power he possessed in the arrangement of his lines. At the same period we find William Byrne, an eminent engraver of landscapes, who executed some beautiful and numerous plates after Domenichino, Claude, Wilson, Kearne, Harrington, &c. We close our notice of the masters of the first class with the name of John Keyse Sherwin, born in 1746. He was appointed engraver to the king, and executed some very fine portraits after Gainsborough, Dance, and Reynolds, besides many historical subjects after Poussin Stodhart.

In the list of the second class, the first name is John Evelyn, born at Wotton, in Surrey, in 1620. We have already mentioned this gentleman's name as the author of the work entitled "*Sculptura*," which is the first English publication on the subject that we possess: it contains much valuable information. In a journey from Rome to Naples, he etched five plates of the scenes which presented themselves as he was on the road, which are considered well executed. Francis Place was another engraver of the same period, who has executed some very fine etchings after Barlow, and also some portraits after Kneller, Vandyke, and others. He was originally brought up to the law, but abandoned his profession for his favourite art. He had great powers of execution, but a sad want of application. Lord Orford, in his "*Anecdotes of Painting*," relates that Place was offered 500*l.* by Charles the Second to draw the royal navy, but refused. Sir James Thornhill, the father-in-law of the great Hogarth, the painter of the dome of St. Paul's, and the greatest decorator of private dwellings in the style of staircase and ceiling pictures, among English artists, executed some very good etchings with much boldness and freedom. F. Zuccherelli, one of the early members of our Royal Academy, employed himself in early life with etching. George Stubbs, the admirable painter of horses of that period, etched all his own plates for "*The Anatomy of the Horse*." We now come to William Hogarth, born at London in 1697. As an engraver he was more remarkable for the characteristic points he threw into his figures, than for his attention to the arrangement of his lines or the delicacy of his lights and shades. From the extraordinary demand for his works, he had several hands to assist him. Scotin, Baron and S. Ravenet, all foreigners, assisted him in his "*Marriage à la Mode*;" C. Grignon, together with La Cave and Aveline, worked

with him at his four plates of "The Election." He also employed some of the ablest English artists. Woollett, in 1759, assisted him in his illustrations of "Tristram Shandy;" and Luke Sullivan, a native of Ireland, an artist of much humour, easily seized the droll points that Hogarth threw with so much force into his admirable characters, and proved a very useful assistant. Edward Brooker was very happy in his engravings of architectural views; amongst his best works is a plate with the sections of St. Paul's cathedral. John Boydell, born at Dorrington in 1719, by his energy and talents, contributed greatly to the improvement of the art. His father brought him up to his own business as a land surveyor, but he was one day so much attracted with the architectural engravings by an artist of the name of Toms, that at the age of twenty-six he repaired to London, and became his pupil for six years. After that, he got on so rapidly that he published a small work containing views near London, and about England and Wales. From this commencement he made rapid progress towards wealth and distinction. He did a great deal of business throughout Europe, in prints, and amassed a great deal of money. It is said that the French Revolution was of great injury to him, so much so that he was obliged to dispose of his celebrated Shakspeare Gallery by lottery, when he had intended to have bequeathed it to his country. He was much respected, not only by his brother artists, but also by his fellow citizens, and in 1770 was made alderman of his ward, and in 1791 rose to the dignity of lord mayor. William Elliot, who was much appreciated as a landscape engraver, executed many plates after Cuyt, Rosa da Tivoli, Pölenberg, and others. James Basire, born at London, in 1740, was a very good historical engraver, and executed some works after Reynolds, Wilson, and West. He is remarkable as having produced the largest plate that was ever executed of that period; a print twenty-seven inches by forty-seven, from the picture at Windsor, representing "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." We have one other name to mention of this period, Hamlet Winstanley, who was a pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller. He visited Italy, and on his return to England applied himself to engraving. He executed a set of prints from the dome of St. Paul's. There are also more than twenty different prints by this artist, after Titian, Tintoretto, P. Veronese, Guido, and C. Maratti, and others. The elder Winstanley was the unfortunate projector and builder of the Eddystone lighthouse; he perished in the ruins during the great storm of 1703, which swept almost every vestige into the deep.

Such were the most famous artists who distinguished themselves in compound chalcography previous to the nineteenth century. We will now describe the other modes of engraving

which have been practised with more or less success; and the first is an old method entitled *Opus Mallei*, which was performed by a punch and mallet, and which is very seldom, if ever, used in any country. It was originally designed to imitate chalk drawings, but the process seldom repaid the artist for the time and trouble he expended in it. The outline was traced on the copper in the usual manner. The artist then proceeded with a series of small steel punches to mark out the various outlines in his picture, and the shadings were beaten in with the punch in the same manner. The number of prints which a plate of this kind would yield is but small; not more than from a slightly etched plate. The printing ink adhering unevenly from the rough surface thrown up by the punch, the impressions are of course by no means clear. M. Bartsch mentions four artists who were worthy of mention in this style of engraving, particularly Giulio Campagnola, of about 1500, who executed a print of "John the Baptist holding a Cup."

The invention of Mezzotinto is ascribed by Lord Orford and Vertue to Prince Rupert; but Baron Heineken considers that the first idea of it was conceived by Ludwig von Siegen, a lieutenant-colonel in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse. He executed a portrait of the Princess of Hesse, which is dated 1643, seventeen years before the discovery is said to have been made by Prince Rupert. It is further said, that Prince Rupert learnt the secret from von Siegen, and brought it with him into this country as his own, when he came over with Charles the Second at the Restoration. Some again contend, that Rembrandt was the author of it, but M. Bartsch, we conceive, shows very clearly that he had no claim to it.

Before we remark upon the progress this portion of the art has made, or upon those masters who have made themselves eminent by following it, we will give a short account of the manner in which it is performed.

The tools which are used in this process are, first, an instrument called a *berceau* or cradle. It consists of a series of points, like the extreme ends of a small-tooth comb, to which a handle is attached at the top. These are not in a line, but form a portion of a circle, of which the radius is six inches: this, therefore, will be similar to the support of a child's cradle, and when used in an upright position, is rocked backwards and forwards on the plate, having the effect of ploughing up the surface; hence its name of cradle. The other tools are scrapers, shading-tools, and roulettes. The last named instruments are similar to the rowel of a spur, and are used to work off any additional part of the surface of the copper. The plate, after being polished in the usual manner, is divided equally by lines of soft chalk parallel to each other, the

distance between each line being equal to one-third of the length of the face of the cradle. This instrument is then placed between the two first lines at the top of the plate, and worked backwards and forwards in the same direction. This must be done very steadily, until the operator has completely ploughed up the surface of the plate. He thus goes on from line to line until the whole of the plate has been operated upon. Other lines are then chalked down at right angles to the former ones, and the same treatment of the plate is pursued in the new direction. A third order of lines is then drawn diagonally, and the same process with the cradle is observed. When this operation is completed, the plate is said to have undergone *one turn*. In order to produce a very dark and uniform ground, the plate must undergo a repetition of this tedious process at least twenty times. M. Bartsch says, that a plate of two feet long and eight inches broad requires three weeks to produce a jet-black impression, and a larger plate sometimes more than a month. In other kinds of engraving the artist has a clear burnished surface to work on, and his business is to work up his intended effect by a series of lines arranged according to what he wishes to represent; but in mezzotinto engraving the process of producing the picture is perfectly the reverse. Here the operator has a perfectly black surface to work upon, and his object is to arrive at the middle tints and extreme lights by removing more or less of the grained surface of the plate. This is effected with scrapers of different sizes. The strongest lights are taken out first, and many parts, where great clearness is required, are burnished. The different degrees of shading are then introduced, and afterwards the reflected lights. We have few instances now of *pure mezzotinto* being executed. The outline of the subject is almost always laid in with a strong bold etching, which gives greater effect, and relieves that extreme softness which has been complained of in this branch of engraving. Its peculiar advantages, however, consist in the soft gradations of light, so that a good mezzotinto print appears as if it were executed with the brush. The number of impressions that can be taken from a plate are about 150; but by working up the plate again, after every 50 copies have been taken off, some 400 or 500 can be obtained. The immediate followers of Von Siegen are Johann Frederick van Eltz, and his pupil Johann Jacob Kremer, of about 1656; also Johann Jacobb, born at Vienna in 1733, with various others, the last of whom is Vinzenz Kininger, professor of mezzotinto in the Academy at Vienna. Wallerant Vaillant, born at Lisle in 1623, accompanied Prince Rupert to England, and he was there instructed by the prince in the art; he afterwards went to Paris, where he obtained great success in portraits. Abraham Blooteling, born at Amsterdam in 1634, came to England in 1670.

and proved himself to be a very clever and industrious artist. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Gerard Valch, who executed so excellent an engraving of the Duchess of Mazarin, that Lord Orford pronounced it to be the finest print he had ever seen. Amongst the Flemish and Dutch artists we may mention John van Hugtenburg, born at Haerlem in 1645, famous for battle scenes. Cornelius Trovet, termed the Dutch Watteau, was born at Amsterdam in 1697, and died in 1750, and Peter Schenck executed the portraits of the British sovereigns, and also about a hundred views near Rome. We pass over, from their paucity in numbers, the Italian and French schools, and we now proceed to the English. The first name of any consequence is that of Henry Lutterel, born at Dublin in 1650. Lord Orford gives a description of the manner in which he acquired the art, in his "*Anecdotes of Painting.*"

"He was bred," says his lordship, "at New Inn, but abandoned the law. He set himself to discover the secret, for so it then was, and laid his grounds by a roller, which succeeded tolerably but not to his satisfaction. He then persuaded his friend Lloyd, who kept a print-shop near the Strand, to bribe one Blois (who laid grounds for Blooleling and was returning to Holland) to disclose the mystery. Lloyd for forty shillings purchased the secret, but refused to make it known to Lutterel, on which they quarrelled. Meantime Isaac Becket, a calico printer, found means of inducing Lloyd (who was ignorant how to put his knowledge into practice) to accept of his services. And Lutterel having made the acquaintance of Paul van Somer learnt from him the whole process. Becket, getting into difficulties, was assisted by Lutterel, and they became intimate; but Becket, on his marriage afterwards to a woman of fortune, set up for himself and employed Lutterel, who was the better draughtsman, to assist him."

This was considered the first introduction of mezzotinto engraving into England. James M'Ardell, born in Ireland in 1710, is considered one of the most eminent artists of that time. He has executed a number of plates after Vandyke, Rubens, Rembrandt and Murillo, and many portraits after Reynolds, Zoffany, and others. Thomas Beard was another Irishman who was a very good artist. Richard Houston showed the same talents as M'Ardell, and executed some excellent portraits after Reynolds, Rembrandt, and others. Valentine Green, born in Warwickshire, in 1739, was brought up to the study of the law, but soon abandoned that profession and applied himself to the study of mezzotinto engraving. Without any other aid than his own talents he rose to a very high grade in the art, and executed many admirable prints after West—the most striking amongst these is his *Hannibal* and *Regulus*. He produced also many portraits after Reynolds, Romney, and Zoffany. He employed himself most successfully

for forty years, and his works amount to nearly four hundred plates. In 1774, he was made one of the six associate engravers to the Royal Academy. Thomas Watson, born at London, in 1750, executed some very clever portraits after Reynolds, Lely, Dance, &c., and also some historical subjects after Rembrandt and Correggio. John Raphael Smith, born near Derby, about 1750, was the son of Thomas, generally called Smith of Derby, who was the celebrated etcher and painter of English landscape. Raphael Smith's portraits, after Reynolds, Northcote, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, are much prized. There are many others whom we might mention, if our limits would allow us, but we must pass them over with the exception of the well-known name of Richard Earlom, whose portraits after Rembrandt, Vandyke, &c. are much valued by collectors. The art also was much indebted to him for the improvements he made in it. He was the first person who introduced lines and dots, which tended to give greater force and character to certain portions of the picture. Before quitting this subject, we must just allude to James Christopher Le Blon's method of printing mezzotinto in colours. He was born at Frankfort in 1670, and was a pupil of Carlo Maratti. After working some time with Bonaventura van Overbeck at Amsterdam upon miniatures, he came to England and finished some large pictures according to his method, which we are about to describe. Lord Orford pronounced them to be "very tolerable copies of the best masters." He however did not meet with success in London, nor was his invention appreciated. He published in 1730 an account of his process, and ten years after ended his life in distress at Paris. His plan was to have for every picture at least three plates, one for red, another for yellow, and a third for blue—sometimes a fourth plate was required for black. The mixture of any of these primitive colours, as our readers well know, would produce others, according to the proportion in which they are mixed. It was requisite also to take great care that the graining of the plate was proportioned to the strength of the colour that the artist wished to impress; for where the graining was too rough the colour would sink in and too dark a tone would appear in the impression. The plates therefore required more care in working up; and the colours used were transparent, so that one would show through the other. As we have already mentioned, although a very ingenious invention, it did not meet with that success that it merited.

Chalk engraving is a French method to imitate drawings in chalk of different studies and subjects. Three French artists are mentioned, who have shared the invention—G. E. Demarteau, born at Liege in 1722, who died at Paris in 1776; Jean Jacques

François, born at Nancy in 1717; and Louis Bonnet, of Paris, born about 1735. This style is more especially adapted for expressing the bold broad lines which the artist produces with his chalk upon paper.

The plate is prepared in the same way as for etching, with the usual ground laid on. Some of our readers may have observed that the stroke made by a chalk pencil consists of a series of dots, for the chalk glances along the surface of the grain of the paper, merely marking the small eminences with which it comes in contact; and the coarser the grain of the paper, the larger are these dots in any bold shading. To imitate this, therefore, the plan is to etch in a series of dots, large or small, according to the boldness of the chalk line the artist is representing in the picture. In the usual manner the prominent parts of the drawing are thus brought out, and the etching ground is removed; should any portions, on examination, prove too faint, the stopping mixture is applied, and the dots are rebitten. After this the other portions of the picture are put in by a constant series of dots. The instruments used for this are the graver and various dotting points. So numerous were the instruments invented for this style, that a complete set amounted to forty. M. Bartsch mentions a single, double and triple etching needle, several mattoix or punches, and various kinds of roulettes, all for the purpose of producing the different kinds of dots that were required. Plates in this style would give four or five hundred good impressions. Common printing ink was used for producing black impressions, and burnt sienna for red. Many prints have so closely resembled the original drawings that it was difficult to distinguish between the two, particularly those in red chalk. The most celebrated artist in this style was a gentleman of Amsterdam, born about the year 1732. His name was Cornelius Ploos van Amstel. He executed, for his own amusement, a very large and interesting collection of plates from the crayon drawings of the most celebrated Dutch masters.

The English method of dotting is only an improvement upon the French; the dots are rounder, smaller, and more closely placed together, as if they were executed with a punch, while those of the French are rough and coarse, and irregularly placed. In short, by the English method the more highly-finished chalk drawings may be imitated with perfect accuracy and great clearness.

M. Bartsch says the invention is due to Jacob Bylaerl, a painter and engraver of Leyden, who published a small treatise upon it. Bartolozzi, however, who then resided in London, was the first to practise it, and added many valuable improvements of his own, and from the very fine plates which he engraved, many have considered him the inventor. The demand for his works was very

great, and he was obliged to employ many of his pupils to finish some of his plates.

William Wynne Ryland made himself eminent in this style of engraving and executed more than two hundred plates with great delicacy and beauty. M. Bartsch mentions some which were printed in coloured inks as being little inferior to miniature painting. Joseph Strutt, born about 1745, the author of *The Dictionary of Engravers*, executed some very beautiful plates.

Aquatinta engraving was invented for the imitation of drawings which have been washed in with Indian ink. It is generally supposed that the invention is due to a French artist, the Abbé de St. Non, who communicated it to his friend Jean Baptiste le Prince, a French painter of some talent. Le Prince offered for a certain sum to sell the secret. No one, however, came forward to claim it, and on his death-bed he communicated the process to his niece and heiress; soon after that the king purchased the secret for the Academy, by settling upon her an annuity. The following is the mode of engraving in aquatinta:—The plate is prepared in the usual manner, and the subject is etched in. After this, the plate is thoroughly cleansed from the etching ground, and a liquid composed of resinous gum dissolved in highly rectified spirits of wine is poured on the plate. A little tintrough is provided with a spout to pour back any superfluous ground, which may be thrown away in case any particles of dust should have adhered to it, which would render it useless to apply to any other plate. The spirits of wine evaporate, and the resinous ground remains. There are some precautions to be observed in laying the ground, and the most important is to prevent what is called *watering*, which is, drops of water forming on the ground as it begins to granulate, and the portion of the ground under each drop is of a coarser nature than the rest; this often results from the spirits of wine being bad. The mode of obviating this is dashing over the plate a bason of cold water, so that every part may be covered at the same time. Another precaution previous to laying the ground is to fill up the lines which are etched with printer's ink, or it frequently happens that a white line appears on the ground, which ultimately produces a very disagreeable effect. The next thing is to varnish over the margin of the plate with a mixture composed of lamp-black or oxide of bismuth and turpentine varnish, merely leaving a little slip free at the bottom, which is for the purpose of seeing the effect of each application of the acid. In the case where the picture has not been previously etched in, the subject is either transferred to the plate by a pencil or by tracing; in the latter case, great care must be taken that there is not too much oil in the preparation of the

coloured paper, for every stroke of the tracing point will *stop out* or make a white line when the plate is bit in: the greatest difficulty is the *stopping out* those parts which the acid is not to touch, and which therefore in the impression will appear as the lights of the picture. This is delicately performed by a sharp-pointed red table brush with oxide of bismuth and turpentine varnish. The various tints are now obtained by different solutions of diluted aquafortis, care being taken to thoroughly wash the plate in clean water between each new application of the acid. As the artist advances he *stops out* those parts which have been sufficiently bit in. An ordinary engraving is done in eight or ten bites. The first generally takes about a minute, the second a minute and a half, the third two minutes and a half, and so on, gradually progressing in time according to the depths of shade that are required in the engraving. A portion of the little slip, which we mentioned, was left on the margin, after every bite is stopped up, so that on the completion of the engraving the artist may clearly perceive the effect of each application of the acid. There are two or three other plans in vogue, but we have described the most common. This style of engraving is chiefly adapted for washed drawings and light subjects, but it would never produce a print of a highly finished picture.

Aquatinta engraving was introduced into England by Paul Sandby, who was born at Nottingham in 1732. At the early age of sixteen he was employed as a draughtsman, under Mr. David West, to complete a survey of the north and west parts of the Highlands of Scotland. While he was employed upon this, he showed his superior talents by making some beautiful sketches of some of the finest and wildest parts of that scenery. His rising genius procured him the patronage and notice of Sir Joseph Banks and Sir Watkin Williams Wynne. He accompanied the former in a tour through North and South Wales; and the latter baronet employed him in making drawings of the most beautiful landscapes of the Welsh scenery. Some little time after the completion of these views, he engraved them in aquatinta. In 1768 he was made one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and in the same year was appointed drawing-master to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, where he remained until his death. J. Bapt. Le Prince was born at Paris in 1733, and after working some time in his native city, he made a journey to Russia, where he remained some years designing all the costumes, and returned to Paris with a very numerous collection, many of which he engraved in the aquatinta style. Robert Kobell, born at Manheim in 1770, executed some very good plates, representing the peculiar style of the Dutch masters. We will

conclude with the name of Carl Kunz, born at Manheim in 1770. His paintings of cattle and landscapes are justly admired; and from his own designs and others he executed some very clever engravings, particularly three large ones, after Henry Roos, Paul Potter, and A. Vandervelde.

Aquarilla engraving is the imitation of drawings washed in different colours. Like Le Blon's invention it requires as many plates as there are simple colours. The outlines of the figures, &c. are etched in, and the plate being cleaned is worked upon with roulettes, care being taken to make the grain very fine: the same process is observed in the other plates, the quality of the grain being proportioned to the quantity of colour to be impressed upon the paper. Great effect can be produced by this method, for not only do we have the abrupt tones of shade as in aquatinta, but also the beautiful and soft gradations of light which give the appearance of a finished drawing. Plates executed in this manner, yield about two hundred copies. The invention is due to Pierre François Charpentier, an engraver of Paris, who was born at Blois in 1730, and first conceived the idea in 1762. The French artists kept it entirely to themselves for a long period. The most remarkable in this style were François Janinet, born at Paris in 1752, and his pupil Charles Melchior Descourtis.

We have now enumerated the various modes in which the graphic art is practised, both on wood and metal. The third and last material, which modern art has called into practice for the purpose of producing impressions, is that of stone, of which we shall give a short account. Lithography was accidentally discovered by Alois Senefelder, about the year 1792. He was the son of Peter Senefelder, an actor in the Theatre Royal of Munich. The father, wishing to bring up his son to the profession of the law, sent him to the university of Lugoldstadt. The strong partiality of young Alois for the stage showed itself in private theatricals. He composed a little comedy in 1789, entitled *Die Mädchenkenner*, which was very much approved of, and had a very good run. Upon his father's death he quitted the university and attached himself to the stage. Another play that he wrote, was unfortunately too late for the Easter book-fair at Leipzig, and the consequence was, that the proceeds hardly paid for the printing. He passed much of his time at the printing office, anxiously trying to hasten the publication, and his attention was then first directed to the business of the pressman. In his work on Lithography he observes, "I thought it so easy that I wished for nothing more than to possess a small printing press, and thus to become the composer, printer, and publisher of my own productions." Being too poor to enter into the expenses of

publishing any more, he tried various methods of writing on copper, so that he might be enabled to print his own compositions. He soon found that a mixture of soap, wax and lamp-black was a very good material for writing, and would resist the action of the aquafortis when dry. As copper was too expensive a material to practise upon, he got some pieces of calcareous stone, which he polished, and which served his purpose very well. One day his mother desired him to write out a washing-bill immediately, and there being neither pens, ink nor paper at that moment in the house, he wrote out the list of the linen on a piece of this stone with his composition of wax and soap. A short time after this he was going to rub it out, when it occurred to him, that if he bit in the stone with aquafortis the letters would stand out in relief, and an impression might be taken from them. He tried the experiment and succeeded, and soon found that it was not necessary to lower the surface of the stone, and that simply wetting the surface was sufficient to prevent the ink from adhering to any parts except those touched by the composition. The result of this was the invention of Lithography. Notwithstanding Senefelder's unremitting attention he was unable to prosecute his invention from poverty, and he took the resolution of entering the service of the Elector (afterwards King) of Bavaria, as a private soldier in the artillery, for which he received a bounty of two hundred florins. With this small sum he boldly resolved to go on with his scheme, but met with many disappointments, until he became acquainted with Gleissner, a musician in the elector's band, who was about to publish some music. Senefelder induced him to try his method, and in less than a fortnight the twelve songs were published, and an hundred and twenty copies taken off at the expense of thirty florins, which were sold for one hundred florins. In 1799 a patent was granted to Senefelder, and soon afterwards he entered into partnership with M. Antoine André, an extensive music publisher. He proposed to take out patents in London, Paris, and Vienna. Senefelder visited London in 1802, and made but little progress. During the time he remained in town (about seven months) he applied himself to acquiring the fundamental principles of chemistry. A very few sketches after West and Fuseli were lithographed, but nothing more was done until its application to military purposes by Colonel Brown, then quarter-master general, and in 1808 a lithographic press was put up in the Horse Guards, and the first map (a sketch of Bantry Bay) was produced by it. Senefelder, on his return from England, dissolved his partnership with André. He obtained at Vienna a patent throughout the Imperial States; but here he was again unfortunate, and to clear himself from his debts he sold his

patent in 1806 to M. Stein. After this he returned to Munich, where, in 1809, to his great satisfaction, he was appointed Lithographer to the Royal Commission of Customs. Being now placed beyond the difficulties and disappointments he had formerly undergone, he applied himself to various improvements in the art, and subsequently published a work on Lithography, in which he generously laid before the public every thing relating to his invention.

The stones most commonly used in lithography are those of a calcareous nature, which readily imbibe watery and oily fluids. The best kind of stone is that which is called the Kehlheim stone, and is used in Germany for floors of churches and courts of palaces. It is found in the district between Dietfurt and Pappenheim, and thence down the Danube towards the town of Kehlheim. These quarries are nearly exhausted, and fresh ones have been opened in the village of Solenhofen, about three or four leagues from the town of Neuburg, on the Danube. This kind of stone is composed of carbonate of lime, and a small portion of oxide of iron is mingled with it, which has a great affinity for grease. So necessary is it to have some portion of iron in the stone, that the French lithographers often use a solution of iron to wash the surface of the stone, which they call *la preparation qui fait jaune*, literally giving it a "yellow facing." In preparing the surface of the stone, two slabs having flat surfaces are laid together, and are rubbed backwards and forwards with some clean silver sand and water, and this operation is continued until the sand is crushed and worn with the surfaces of the stone, and until it assumes the form of a thick paste. This process is continued with fresh water and sand until the surfaces are perfectly smooth. They are then polished with pumice-stone or water of Ayr-stone. They are of different sizes, and about three inches thick. Lithographic ink is generally composed of tallow, virgin wax, shell lac, common soap, in equal parts of two ounces each, to which is added half an ounce of lamp-black. This is generally used for writing or pen-drawing; the other material is lithographic chalk, which is composed of the same materials, only in the following different proportions—common soap one and a quarter ounces, tallow two, virgin wax two and a half, shell lac one, and lamp-black a quarter of an ounce. This last compound is used for drawing. To obviate the tedious necessity of writing backwards on the slab, a transfer paper is prepared by a compound of French chalk, old plaster of Paris and starch, being ground together with gum tragacanth, glue and gamboge, and sufficient water being added to give it an oily consistency, is applied by a brush to thin sized paper. The writing or drawing

being then made on the prepared paper, it is wetted on the back and placed on the stone, which is previously warmed. After passing the slab three or four times under a press, the paper is removed by damping it, and the subject will be found to be transferred to the stone.

When the subject is not transferred, the usual way is to lightly draw the design on the stone with red chalk, which is afterwards traced over with the lithographic chalk. The greatest care must be taken by the artist not to touch the stone, nor to talk over it, as the smallest speck of saliva will prevent the chalk from taking effect. To prevent such accidents a bridge is placed across the stone during the operation of tracing. When the drawing is completed, it is what is termed *etched in*, which is pouring over the stone a solution of aqua fortis of one part to an hundred parts of water. This is done to remove any alkali remaining on the surface, after which it is washed and gum water is poured over, which prevents any of the lines from spreading.

Our limits will not permit us to describe the lithographic press, which, however, is very simple and may be very readily seen, which is better than any description we can give. The duties of the pressman require great care and attention in keeping the stone perfectly clean, and in a judicious application of the ink—care must be taken not to lay on too much, for otherwise it spreads and makes too dark an impression. The application of the dilute aquafortis and gum water is frequently repeated by the pressman. A careful selection of the proper paper is necessary, for if there should be any chalk or alum in it the stone will be injured.

Very beautiful effects are now produced in lithography by the introduction of lights and half-tints, to produce which a second stone must be employed. Zinc, having a very great affinity for grease, has been used with great success instead of stone: its portability is also a great recommendation, but there is an objection to it, which is, that the subject can neither be retouched nor can lights be effaced. Lithography is now making rapid progress throughout Europe. At home our improvement has been very great, and our forefathers would hardly suppose the plates of Nash's beautiful work of "The Old Halls of England" to be impressions from stone—and when we pore over the beauties of the Dresden Gallery, so easy of possession from their comparatively small expense, every bright and glorious touch of the great master is recalled to our memory by the fidelity and force with which they are executed.

We have now brought up the history of the various modes of simple and compound chalcography to the beginning of the nine-

teenth century, and it only remains for us to mention those eminent masters who are still delighting the world with their inventive genius. We would willingly pause in our task, for there are very many in Europe whose talents place them in the first rank of their art, and many many pages might be filled in extolling upon their merits.

In the Italian school of engraving we have but lately lost Raffaello Morghani. The bright and life-like touches he has thrown into his engravings, together with the force and character of his figures, will make his name live amongst us as long as we have affection for the fine arts. His "White Horse" and "The Last Supper" are amongst the finest evidences of his superior genius. Longhi, Anderloni, and Tosschi are fully supporting the fame of their country. Few can forget Tosschi's splendid plate of *Christ's Bearing the Cross*. A companion to this, *The Descent from the Cross*, by the same eminent master, is very shortly to be published. In Germany many beautiful subjects are being given to the world, by artists whose talents and genius are a bright example for their youthful countrymen who are studying in the same schools. Schmutzer and Mandel have lately produced some very striking plates. The latter artist's *Italianische Hirtenknabe*, from the pencil of L. Pollack, is a beautiful specimen of modern compound chalcography. In France the art has been followed up with every success, and the names of Bevic, Tardieu, Desnoyers, Foster, Massard, Lignon and Leroux, will be handed down to posterity, and their well known works will be ever valuable to the collector.

Our own school has advanced with rapid strides. Many have been the improvements in the art during the last century. One of the greatest perhaps of late years was Mr. Perkins's well-known apparatus for the multiplication of engraved steel plates, which was simply engraving the subject on a softened steel plate, which was afterwards hardened. Upon the intaglio impression he revolved a roller of soft steel by immense pressure, and thus obtained the subject in relief. This roller was afterwards hardened, from which any number of plates might be made. But from certain imperfections these plates were obliged to be retouched.

The English masters have raised the British school of engraving to a very high grade. In our present limits it would be impossible, even with the few eminent names that we give, to mention the beautiful works which they have sent forth to the world. Old John Landseer, the father of the great painters, has executed many exquisite landscapes. John Pye, Goodhall, Smith, have added many valuable plates to the portfolio of the collector in the same style. Then we have Burnet, Greatback, Engleheart,

Raimback, Doo, Watt and S. Cousins, all celebrated for their great talent in figures; and we must not neglect to mention C. Heath and Finden, whose general talents are so greatly shown in the many beautiful plates they have executed. Indeed we have only to enter the house of Hodgson and Graves, Colnaghi, or any other large establishment, and we are immediately struck with the immense number of beautiful subjects from the hands of English masters. It is greatly to be deplored that there should not be a certain just limitation to the number of *proofs* from any celebrated plate. Frequently a plate is worked to the utmost merely for proofs, and then retouched, and the usual enormous number of *prints* is then struck off. It is a system by which the print publisher gains a large sum of money, but which gives very little satisfaction to that class of subscribers who really understand what they purchase, and it is one which unfortunately must tend to the depreciation of real genius, and to that purity which should exist in the fine arts, for only those who are fortunate enough to possess one of the *proofs* can judge of the real merits of the print.

In regarding the many beautiful improvements that the art of engraving has undergone, it is natural to connect with these improvements all those inventions which become as branches attached to the main trunk. Before we altogether quit the subject, we will cursorily glance at these beautiful applications. The first which claims our attention, as being more immediately connected with actual chalcography, is that of the engraved views entitled *Excursions Daguerriennes*.

Mons. Lerebours, of Paris, conceived the ingenious idea of engraving facsimile views from those which are taken by the Daguerréotype. The mode in which this instrument is used, is too well known to need any description. We will only remark, therefore, that in the process adopted by M. Lerebours, two plates are used—the former, of the usual material of which the Daguerréotype plates are composed; the latter is a steel one for engraving upon. Everything being favourable, the view is thrown upon the prepared plate in the usual manner. The artist then traces out the outlines of the picture with a dry point upon the steel plate, and subsequently completes the subject with all the lights and shades which nature threw around at the time the picture was taken, and by the skilful command of his graving tool, and carefully comparing his work during the time with the first plate, he at last produces a perfect facsimile, as far as the hand of *man* can attain it. The style of engraving in which they are executed is that of aquatinta, for as M. Lerebours justly remarks in his prospectus, it more nearly resembles nature. Many of these views are taken from all parts of the world, and of course

consist of cities and various remarkable buildings ; for the bright trees of the forest, with their branches stirring in the passing breeze, would be more troublesome to the Daguerreotype than the varying expression of a wayward child to the artist, who only exercises his calling upon the more staid countenances of adults. They are very clear and beautiful, particularly those of Jerusalem, the Grand Place at Florence, the Arch of Titus at Rome, and the Arsenal at Venice. Five numbers are already published, each containing four plates. They are very pleasing, and are more beautiful perhaps when viewed through a powerful lens.

The wonderful and rapid progress of electro-metallurgy, and more especially of electro-type engraving, now occupies great attention. It is not our intention to enter into the interesting scientific details of this subject, nor have we time to weigh the claims of many foreign scientific gentlemen to the discovery of the art. In our own country the invention is due to Mr. Spencer of Liverpool, and we refer our readers to a very able pamphlet of which that gentleman is the author for many minute and curious details. Many have taken it up since, and with great success, particularly Mr. Palmer of Newgate Street, who has been most happy in his application of many of his own beautiful improvements in batteries and necessary apparatus. A very interesting work has been lately published by Mr. Smee, which gives a full account of Mr. Palmer's operations, and a careful history of the origin and his own progress in the art. The public are truly indebted to Mr. Palmer for his especial attention to electro-type engraving, and the important preparation of plates for the engraver.

The ordinary copper plates used by the trade are by no means pure. The copper-plate maker in preparing them picks out many a piece of foreign metal, which he hammers over and thus fills up the gap. Any impurity is a great enemy to the etcher, for the acid is unequal in its biting. Mr. Palmer now produces electro-type plates of copper, precipitated in the usual manner upon a prepared copper plate. The duplicate of course has the same polish as the original, and is of the *purest* copper. It has been found better to hammer these plates, as they become more elastic, and it is considered that these hammered plates will work as well as steel. Mr. Palmer had various specimens of the art worked upon one of these plates, and all the artists at once perceived the superiority of the pure copper. This is alone a most valuable application of the science, for the ease of producing innumerable plates at a very small expense is a great desideratum. Mr. Palmer has been most successful in making duplicates of engraved plates both of a large and small size. They are perfectly identical with the originals, and the impressions are not to be told from each

other. There is a curious remark which the author makes with regard to the impression of the electro-type plate, which is, that the impression of the duplicate is *slightly* superior to that of the original, and he accounts for this from the circumstance of the greater purity of the copper. Mr. Palmer has lately completed a very splendid specimen from the engraving of the interview between John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots. He has not only been successful in line engraving, but has made a beautiful facsimile of a mezzotinto plate, which is a still more striking example of the power and beauty of the art; nor does it seem that the plates are limited to size, for there have been lately executed map plates for printing a sheet of a very large size, termed *double elephant*.

Engravers are afraid that this new art will be of injury to the trade, but we think that they need not have any fears on this head, for greater labour and nicety will be required in plates which are intended to be copied and consequently far better prices will be paid for their labour. Since Perkins's invention of the multiplication of steel plates, the increase of cheap engravings has been enormous, and the demand equally great. The appreciation of the fine arts is certainly increasing amongst all classes of people, and those who are debarred by pecuniary considerations from purchasing the splendid subjects which are now published, will be eager to possess them, when the price is considerably lowered by the comparatively cheap and perfectly accurate manner in which thousands and thousands of impressions will be produced by the new art. Our idea is that mediocre subjects will be laid aside and that a still finer taste and tone will be produced by it. Artists will strain every nerve, and will employ all their deepest feelings and talent to produce a work from which they know *any* number of *perfect proofs* may be produced and which will spread the fame of their genius; and another point is, that the artist's bright and original inspiration remains as a standard of his genius, for such original plates will never require to be retouched, for in case the demand should be so great that all the facsimile plates which have been made should be exhausted, the original may again be subjected to the batteries and plates having the same purity and perfection may be produced.

In following Mr. Smee's remarks upon the subject, we beg our readers to observe that not only will the fine arts be improved and benefited by this great invention, but many of our most important manufactures will be raised to a far higher grade, more especially our potteries and calico printing. The most beautiful designs may be introduced by the former manufacturer, and the latter can afford to employ the best artists for his plates when he has the

power of multiplying the originals to any extent. We regret that our space will not allow us to linger any further upon this interesting subject, which is still in its infancy, and which through the energetic labours of our scientific men will make wonderful and rapid progress.

There is one other beautiful discovery, by Mr. Schonberg, a Pole, which the artist terms *Relief Engraving* or *Agrography*. It is a mode by which he can produce any designs in relief in type metal, giving the same, and in many instances a better effect than that which is attained by the Xylographic art. The invention at present remains a profound secret to the public. The advantages which will accrue from it will be very great, since with such ease and rapidity are the designs produced upon the metal, that in the course of a single day five or six fac-simile plates of the same subject can be prepared, each of which will produce thousands and thousands of clear copies. Another great advantage derivable from this invention is, that the artist's *original* design is immediately impressed (if we may so use such a term) upon the metallic plate. From what we have already said in our observations upon Xylography, we need not point out to our readers that this is not the case in the process of wood engraving—and again in working the subject upon the metal, the artist can produce much greater effect by the disposition of his lines and cross-hatchings, as he is not controlled, as in wood engraving, by the direction of the grain. Mr. Crouch is now illustrating his admirable *Miscellany* of the Tudor Library by the labours of Mr. Schonberg. He has commenced with the first number of the *Spectator*, and we refer our readers to this publication for a specimen of the new art. We have no doubt that Agrography will be very generally adopted, not only from diminution of the expenses incurred in producing the original designs of our artists, but from the important consideration that the letter-press and illustrations are identical and that each will return the same number of copies. Should this invention be perfectly successful, we cannot calculate the influence or the change it may make in the Xylographic art; but we are now in an age when science, advancing with rapid strides, is continually gaining fresh power and yet simplifying all processes, and in which all improvements seem but to tend to supply the rapid and increasing wants, both in mind and body, of an increasing population.

ART. V.—1. *Cruautés horribles des Conquéranrs du Mexique, et des Indiens qui les aidèrent à soumettre cet empire à la couronne d'Espagne, Mémoire de Don Fernando D'Alva Ixtlilxochitl; Supplément à l'Histoire du Père Sahagun; publié et dédié au gouvernement suprême de la Confédération Mexicaine.* Par Charles-Marie de Bustamante. Mexico, 1829. Paris, 1838.

2. *Voyages, Relations, et Mémoires Originaux pour servir à l'Histoire de la Découverte de l'Amérique, publiés pour la première fois en Français.* Par H. Ternaux-Compans. 1840.

At the present time, any work that tells of an untried region comes as the bearer of glad tidings; and there is perhaps no track, either in the old or new world, that has been less hacknied than Mexico. Yet it is an empire abounding with historic interest: its vast extent; the boundless wealth which has lent its aid in demoralising Spain; the condition of its inhabitants, strangely civilized, yet fearfully savage; the desperate wars it has waged; and its present singular political position; all mark it as the theme for romance; while the startling fictions that mingle with truths scarcely less incredible in its records, render these equally interesting to the historian. But the details hitherto published have afforded little satisfaction to the researches of the curious. We read with incredulity of a vast and warlike empire conquered by a handful of adventurers, while hints of allies which might dissipate our suspicions, only serve by their obscurity to exaggerate our doubts. Poems and romances have sprung plentifully from the exulting conquerors, involving the subject in an impenetrable cloud of fable, while British writers, intimidated perhaps by conscious or hopeless ignorance, have generally avoided the scene as a land of danger, and left it undisputed in the hands of the discoverers. The days of Mexican dreams have passed, and with them doubtless much of the romance; but the work before us, though it removes the marvels that have hung so long like an obscuring cloud over the land, and admits a ray of clearer light than has been elicited before, yet leaves abundant scope for the play of fancy, and opens an untried range for the poet and novelist. Don F. Ixtlilxochitl, the author of the work before us, was the grandson of one of the native princes of Mexico; and his account was taken from the pictorial histories of his countrymen, from traditionary statements, and from the details of eye-witnesses who were living at the time he wrote. His history has been twice translated, once into Spanish, and lately into French, by M. Bustamante, and its revival from the obscurity into which it had fallen may be considered as an era of the utmost importance in the records of the conquest of Mexico.

From the second title that heads our present article, and the first at page 56 of our last number, the reader will easily recognize the volumes as one of that series which M. Bertrand of Paris is fast bringing before the public eye, and which, whether consisting of republications, like the two here specified, or of narratives heretofore absolutely unknown to the press, like some that are announced to follow, include a vast mass of the most important materials for the early history of the new world, and of such incalculable range and boundless variety, as to carry the whole series, if persevered in according to the original design, to an extent of some hundreds of volumes; their materials being principally derived from records preserved in public or private archives, both of Mexico and Spain; and of which even Lord Kingsborough's magnificent publication gives but a faint idea.

To return to the work more immediately before us, we give the narrative in a condensed form, that the reader may compare it with existing histories and determine for himself its relative value in elucidation.

The unprepossessing title of this narrative might induce a supposition that the author was a descendant of some injured leader of the conquered country; and that his ancestor and namesake, whose deeds he endeavours to immortalize, had devoted his life to the protection of his native kingdom, and perished at length by the hands of the merciless invaders.

Such however is not the case; Ixtlilxochitl was indeed allied by blood to the sovereign of Mexico, and bound by every tie to resist to extremity the dominion of the Spaniards; yet we find him among the first to join the forces of the enemy, and aiding with such ruthless ardour in the subversion of his country, that we can scarcely wonder at the emphatic exclamation of his Mexican editor, "May curses light upon his odious memory." The principal aim of our author obviously was to extol the virtues and bravery of his ancestor; nor does he appear anxious either to palliate or exaggerate the cruelty of the conquerors. He in truth evidently noted the acts of Cortez principally as they concerned his allies; and thus wherever the princely writer himself was concerned, much that is interesting and novel is elicited; while the circumstances which regard the Spaniards alone are full of omissions, and probably incorrectnesses. An important instance of the latter occurs in the very commencement. We learn from the accounts of Gomara, and Bernard Diaz, that soon after the landing of Cortez he was joined by the king of Zempoala, who furnished him with supplies and an auxiliary army; and that two Zempoalan nobles were dispatched with overtures to the Tlaxcalans, in the hope of bringing them to join the Chris-

tians; but this fierce and warlike people, distrusting their countrymen and hating the Spaniards, with small regard for the rights of nations, and the inviolability of the sacred persons of ambassadors, proceeded to kill and eat those two functionaries, and then give battle to the invaders. Three resolute engagements followed, in which the arms and discipline of the Spaniards enabled them, without losing a single man, to kill thousands of the natives, though the obstinate bravery of the latter gave the followers of Cortez a foretaste of the difficulties they were to meet with in the interior of the country. Our author's account is, that the Christians marched from Zempoala to Tlascala, where they were everywhere received with joy, and where no disputes arose but such as were provoked by the Spaniards themselves.

We shall pass over the arrival of Cortez in the chief city of Mexico as well as the arrest, by his order, of the emperor Motecuhzoma (Montezuma). These transactions not being connected with our present hero, are but slightly noticed in the work before us: but soon after, an event happened which sufficiently demonstrated the intentions of the Spaniards, and appears to have been the first of those acts of cruelty which have made the infamy of Cortez even more familiar to us than his glory. About forty days after his arrival in the capital the Spanish commander, wishing to visit the neighbouring town of Tezcuco, applied to Cacama, the king of that city, to grant him a safe conduct with his native subjects. Cacama sent him two of his brothers, who rejoiced (much more, we suspect, than the reader,) in the formidable names of Netzahualquentzin and Tetlahuehuezquitzin; but soon after their arrival in Tezcuco, a Spanish soldier, observing the former talking with the Mexican ambassador, in suspicion and ignorance of the language, struck him with his staff and dragged him before Cortez; and he, without inquiry, caused the unoffending prince to be hanged.

Shortly after this, the Spanish general was compelled once more to quit the town of Mexico, to march against the forces of Narvuez which had been despatched by Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, to deprive him of his command. The manner in which he defeated his rival, and the facility with which the governor's forces deserted their commander and ranged themselves under the banner of his enemy, are well known. Upon his departure from Mexico, Cortez had left behind him one of his captains, named Alvarado, in charge of the person of the captured emperor; and this officer hastened to heap upon the Mexicans every outrage which bigotry and avarice could suggest. A great feast was to be held in the town at this period, in accordance with an ancient custom, and Alvarado readily consented that it should proceed

without molestation: but when he saw the multitudes that thronged the principal temple, and that all were unarmed and wore the richest ornaments, his avarice got the better of his prudence: rushing into the temple with his followers, he slaughtered all the worshippers, threw down the idols, and possessed himself of all the gold that adorned them.

A general rising of the people followed; but Alvarado brought forth the unhappy Motecuhzoma, and compelled him to minister to his own captivity by appeasing the tumult among his subjects. This was easily done by a monarch who was almost deified by his people; but the deed of sacrilege and cruelty was not forgotten, and it added, doubtless, to the accumulating vengeance which burst so fearfully on the Spaniards in their retreat from Mexico.

Cortez returned soon after to the capital, having increased his force, which had originally consisted of about 600, to nearly 1500 fighting men, with those of Narvuez. Immediately upon the entrance of the Spaniards into their old quarters the Mexicans again revolted, attacking the invaders with the utmost fury. After many hours' severe conflict, Cortez was compelled to produce Motecuhzoma; but when that unhappy captive prince attempted once more to appease the people, they burst into a torrent of execrations, called him an enemy to his country and the gods, and concluded their rebellious demonstrations by a shower of arrows and stones.

The emperor was wounded in two places by the arrows, and stunned by a blow from a stone: his people, seeing him fall, were seized with remorse and fear, and dispersed without attempting any further violence. Cortez endeavoured to console the wounded monarch, but the proud spirit of Motecuhzoma had bent already to its utmost, and this last outrage burst the bonds of life: he haughtily rejected every consolation, refused all intercourse with his captors, and resolutely starved himself to death.

The situation of the Spaniards now became extremely perilous: the death of the emperor was speedily known; the people elected Cuitlahuatzin in his stead, and it was evident that on all sides secret but extensive preparations were making for war. To remain in the capital was certain destruction; to retreat was hardly less dangerous: for the town of Mexico was situated in the midst of a lake, connected with the main land only by narrow strips intersected by chasms. These were usually crossed by means of bridges, which would be easily broken down, and escape from the town rendered hardly practicable. It was resolved, therefore, that the attempt should be made at midnight,

when it was hoped that the superstition of the natives would prevent an attack. In obedience to the orders of the commander the utmost secrecy was observed in the preparations; and the Spaniards, having loaded themselves with the spoils they had collected, commenced their perilous retreat. As they passed through the town the silence that reigned on all sides was in itself ominous: it seemed rather suited to a deserted than a sleeping city: but as they proceeded, the skirts of the town and the narrow neck of land over which they were to pass appeared perfectly untenanted; their hopes revived, and by the time they had neared the interesting chasm all fear had deserted the fugitive host. Their leader, however, well knew that the real danger was only now to begin, and his doubts were confirmed by finding that the bridge had been carefully destroyed. Scarcely was the alarming discovery made when the shouts of the natives burst forth on all sides, and the torches which seemed to spring by magic into light displayed the shores of the lake absolutely swarming with armed men. The lake itself was covered with canoes, and innumerable warriors were rushing upon their enemy from both sides of the causeway. The extirpation of the Spaniards seemed now inevitable; but Cortez charged vigorously at the head of his few cavalry, and after a desperate contest succeeded in forcing his way to the ships which had been built on the lake: here part of his followers embarked and gained the shore; a few escaped by the causeway; many were drowned in attempting to swim to land, and more than half the troops perished or fell into the hands of the Mexicans. Such was the memorable retreat from Mexico, by which the designs of Cortez were for a time effectually crippled. The Mexicans sacrificed their prisoners to the sun, according to their usual custom; and Cortez, unwilling that his enemies should monopolize the character of cruelty, ordered the king, Cacamatzin, three of his sisters, and two of his brothers, to be put to death. This dreadful retaliation might, it is true, be but an act of necessity, forced upon their leader by the fury of his suffering troops, and intended to deter the enemy from their usual sacrifices. Torquemada is however not supported in this story by other historians, who report that Cacamatzin died in the flight.

The emperor Cuitlahuazin or Quetlavara, by whom this skillful and successful attack had been led, commenced vigorously raising and arming his subjects for the purpose of expelling or extirpating the Spaniards; but his warlike designs were stopped almost as soon as begun, for he died of the small-pox, one among the scourges introduced by the invaders. Quantemoctzin (Guatinozin) was elected in his stead, and Cohuanacochtzin was chosen

king of Tezcuco. In the mean while Cortez marched with his shattered forces to Tlaxcala: the inhabitants of that town, after several battles with the Spaniards, had, it is true, agreed to terms and become their allies; but Cortez feared that when he returned amongst them, defeated and helpless, they might break the treaty and renew hostilities. In this he was deceived: the Tlaxcalans proved to him as faithful friends as they had been fearless enemies; and after remaining amongst them a considerable time, and gaining several new allies, he again marched with his own forces and an immense army of natives towards Mexico.

On his arrival before Tezcuco a number of noblemen and princes came forth to meet the Spaniards, and among others Ixtlilxochitl, the hero of the work before us.

The first night after his arrival in Tezcuco Cortez was alarmed by a report that the natives were leaving the town and retreating to Mexico. To prevent this dangerous defection he hastened to make known that he would acknowledge whomsoever the inhabitants might choose as king of their province. Their fears on this point being quieted, the citizens returned and elected Tecocoltzin, who immediately declared himself the ally of the Spaniards. Cortez now marched against Ixtlapalapan, a town of great strength in the vicinity of Mexico; but the inhabitants gallantly defended their city, which, being nearly surrounded by water, was by no means easy of access. After a day of severe exertion the besiegers were compelled to desist by the approach of darkness: however they guarded their post and resolved to remain there till daylight. About midnight the inhabitants sallied from the town, cut the dykes which restrained the water, and had the besiegers not fled with the utmost speed they would all have been drowned. As it was the natives attacked them in their retreat, killing, however, but one Spaniard, with an immense number of their allies.

Ixtlilxochitl, it seems, distinguished himself in this affair; but the emperor was so little pleased to find his immediate relations joined against him, that he called a council of his bravest chiefs, and offered high honours and a large reward to whoever would bring the traitor prisoner to Mexico. One great chief, with a name as formidable as his arms, surpassing human memory to retain, undertook the perilous enterprize: he sent a challenge to Ixtlilxochitl, who readily accepted it, and agreed to meet him singly in the plains of Ixtlapalapan. Ixtlilxochitl disarmed and secured his adversary, and then, with less of sympathy among the brave than poets delight to describe, he caused his prisoner to be burned to death. Shortly after this affair Tecocoltzin, the king of Tezcuco, died: his reign had been short, but very useful to the Spaniards, from the energy with which he col-

lected supplies and raised his subjects in their behalf: he was the first native baptized. The inhabitants of Tezcuco elected Atruaxpitzactzin in his stead, but the reign of this prince was even shorter than that of his predecessor, for he was immediately deposed by Cortez, and Ixtlilxochitl was made king. Up to this time the history before us has been extremely uncertain and superficial, the most important events being scarcely noticed, and indeed the whole record appearing to have been taken from report; but after the election of his ancestor our author evidently writes on sure ground. The most trivial circumstances are duly detailed; even conversations (though probably apocryphal, as in the commencement of all history) are recorded, and every omission made by other historians is satisfactorily supplied.

The army of the Spaniards and their allies was now so numerous as to justify a regular siege of the town of Mexico. With this view Cortez had caused three brigantines to be built in the mountains, and transported piecemeal to the neighbourhood of the lake, while his allies raised and armed their subjects to an extent hitherto unheard of in Mexico. Cohuanucoxtzin meanwhile was not inactive: he disputed every advance of the Spaniards with the utmost resolution, and even the most unimportant villages could not be taken without a desperate resistance and great slaughter. The carpenters and natives employed in building the brigantines were exposed to constant attacks; and as they transported their charge to the shore they were watched by a large party of the enemy, who hung about them ready for any opportunity that might offer; but being defended by several thousand warriors and some horsemen, and keeping a good lookout, they succeeded in their important task without much loss. Everything being ready for the siege of the capital, Cortez proceeded on the day after Whitsuntide to review the troops and dispose them for commencement of the attack. They consisted of 200,000 warriors and 50,000 workmen, subjects of Ixtlilxochitl, and 300,000 warriors of other states: the whole, with the Spaniards, forming an army of nearly 600,000 men. These he disposed in different quarters round the lake, intending to attack the town on all sides at once. Cortez himself took the command of the brigantines, while Ixtlilxochitl accompanied him with a flotilla of 16,000 canoes, containing 50,000 warriors and 8,000 chiefs of great name. To oppose this vast armament Cohuanucoxtzin could only gather about 300,000 men; but he employed himself in fortifying the town as well as his knowledge would permit, and in arming and encouraging his subjects.

In the mean time he sent repeated messages to Ixtlilxochitl, reproaching him for his treachery to his country and family, and

exhorting him to return to his allegiance. Ixtlilxochitl replied that he wished to be the friend of the Spaniards; that he loved the faith they had introduced; and to sum up all, that he would die for them. The emperor was then summoned to surrender, the messenger pointing out to him the determination of Ixtlilxochitl, the dreadful power of the Spanish weapons, and the multitude of their forces; but Cohuanucoxtzin replied that he would rather die the defender of his country than live the subject of the Spanish king. Meanwhile Alvarado, the principal officer of Cortez, commenced an attack, and, after a desperate resistance from the Mexicans, succeeded in cutting off the aqueducts, and thus depriving the city of water.

On the 10th of May the order was given for a general attack, and Cortez proceeded in the brigantines to take the great rock which rose from the lake near the city: after a severe conflict the warriors who defended it were either killed or compelled to retreat to Mexico. The canoes of the emperor now advanced from the city towards the brigantines; but a breeze sprung up in a direction that impelled the brigantines towards Mexico, while it forced the flotilla to retreat to the city. The vessels of the Spaniards advanced in great numbers, and the Mexicans were obliged to quicken their flight, till in their hurry they became entangled with each other: the cannon of the invaders poured showers of shot upon them, the forces of Ixtlilxochitl attacked them on all sides, and in spite of a gallant resistance on the Mexican side the slaughter was so great that the lake appeared one sea of blood. Meantime Alvarado and Christophe de Olid had forced their way over the causeways, and being joined by Cortez and his friends, forced the entrance of a temple and a large tower, and after a sanguinary conflict effected a lodgment in the interior and drove out the enemy. After a variety of petty successes during the space of several days, the party of the Spaniards made their way to the principal street of the town, and commenced the destruction of the houses. This was not effected without extreme difficulty and considerable loss: the inhabitants defended their houses resolutely, never relinquishing the ground till it was covered with dead, and launching showers of arrows upon the invaders from the neighbouring roofs. At length the latter forced their way to the great temple of Heutzilopoxhtly, and here a desperate battle took place. The Spaniards were almost impenetrable to the weapons of their enemies, but the slaughter among their allies was tremendous. They however forced the defenders from their posts, and having gained the roof, proceeded to throw down the idols and to pillage the temple of its ornaments. Cortez seized the mask of gold from the principal figure, while Ixtlilxochitl

destroyed the images he had worshipped a short time before. In the midst of this scene the Mexicans rallied, charged their enemies with irresistible fury, and drove them from the temple. Cortez tried in vain to rally his followers: the assailants pressed so hard upon them that although they faced their pursuers they were driven down the street; and had not the prudence of Cortez placed reinforcements in some of the houses, the whole band would have been sacrificed. In the end, however, they repulsed the enemy with considerable slaughter, and effected their retreat. From this time the Spaniards gradually gained ground; but not a foot was yielded without a desperate struggle, and the siege was protracted to the period of eighty days.

The courage and perseverance of this long resistance must be estimated by the vast difference in the resources of the combatants. The Mexicans numbered in all 300,000 warriors, armed with clubs or wooden swords, arrows pointed with stone, and spears of wood hardened in the fire to form a point; and their only means of traversing the lake was by canoes of bark. The army of the invaders consisted, in the first place, of about 1000 Spanish troops clothed in quilted jackets, arrow proof, and nearly impenetrable to the wooden spears; many bore arquebusses or muskets; all carried swords and pistols; and some hundreds were horsemen, regularly disciplined and led by officers of military skill. The allies numbered nearly 600,000 men, armed in the same manner as their enemies, or in some cases with the weapons of the Christians. Cortez also possessed a considerable number of canoes and several brigantines, which necessarily gave him the command of the lake. Notwithstanding these overwhelming advantages on the side of the enemy, the emperor continued his defence with a gallantry worthy of a better fate, and to the hour of his death retained the noble pride which he had displayed from the commencement.

On the 12th of August a general attack was commenced on the last stronghold of the Mexicans; they had been driven closer and closer by the advances of the invader, till scarcely a remnant of the city remained in their power; and they now defended this spot with a resolution suitable to men whose all was staked on the result. At length the weakness of the defenders and the necessity of opposing with a considerable force the assaults of the Spaniards, compelled the former to leave a part of their works undefended; a number of the allies took advantage of this, and carried the strife within the walls: the Mexicans made a vigorous effort to repair the calamity, but their resistance necessarily weakened the defence of the walls; the allies stormed them at all points, poured in overwhelming numbers upon the defenders, and

changed the battle into a massacre. The horrors that ensued were such as even a captured town has seldom seen. Men, women, and children were slaughtered without mercy, and even Ixtlilxochitl confesses that the cruelties of the conquerors were such as the world has never witnessed. The few that remained of the Mexicans endeavoured to effect their retreat by means of the lake, and the Spaniards received information that the emperor was among the fugitives. A brigantine immediately sailed in pursuit and overtook the canoe in which he had taken refuge. Cuahtimoctzin, when he found himself discovered, ordered his boatmen to turn and give battle to the enemy; but when he perceived the great superiority of his pursuers, and that resistance could only produce a useless loss of life, he surrendered himself to the Spaniards and was taken before the general. Cortez, struck with the native loftiness of his captive, received him with great courtesy; but the emperor took the dagger from the Spaniard's side, and presenting it to him, said, "I have done my utmost to protect my kingdom and to save it from your power; but fortune has been against me: now take my life, and you will do well. You will put an end to the dynasty of Mexico, after having destroyed its capital and massacred its subjects." Cortez addressed some words of comfort to the monarch, and begged him to prevent more bloodshed by commanding some of his people, who still resisted, to surrender. Cuahtemoctzin gave the requisite orders, when about 60,000 warriors yielded themselves prisoners, being the sole remnant of 300,000 who had defended Mexico.

We have hitherto seen Cortez principally in the character of a soldier; and though some traits of an unscrupulous nature have appeared, they have been in some degree justified either by necessity or by the conduct of his enemies. But after the reduction of the capital he seems to have thrown off a mask which interest alone had compelled him to wear, and to have appeared in his native character of treachery, rapacity, and cruelty. From the presents sent to them on their first landing the Spaniards had formed high and romantic notions of the boundless wealth of the country they had come to subdue, and various incidents which had happened during the war had tended to confirm these hopes. The capital was naturally supposed to be the centre of the opulence of the empire, and each soldier looked upon it as a mine from the veins of which all his dangers and labours were to be recompensed. What therefore was their disappointment on discovering that a few ornaments of little value constituted the whole exchequer of the much-coveted city! All supposed that the emperor had concealed his wealth either in the waters of the lake

or in some place of equal security; and as inquiries were found insufficient to draw the secret from the captive, torture, the last and worst resource of tyranny, was employed.

Historians in general relate, that one of the highest officers of Cuahtemotzin was selected to be his companion in suffering; and while the limbs of the emperor were shattered by an iron bar, those of his servant were consumed by fire. In the midst of his agony the latter cried aloud to his master, entreating him to reveal the required secret, but Cuahtemotzin, turning his head towards his officer, coolly asked him if he thought his king was on a bed of roses? Steeled by this reproof, the heroic native closed his lips, and died in silence. Cortez, induced by remorse, or perhaps by the intercession of his allies, at length gave orders to spare what little of life remained to the emperor.

Such is the version given by most historians of this revolting transaction: but our author asserts, that the interference of Ixtlilxochitl saved the lives of both the servant and his master. The prince also, it appears, endeavoured to gain the liberation of Cuahtemotzin, but Cortez required so large a ransom that Ixtlilxochitl was compelled not only to relinquish the spoils he had obtained for himself, but to collect all the gold in the possession of his family, before he could satisfy his rapacious friend. The emperor was removed to Tezcuco, where he was cured by the care of his subjects. Our author proceeds with a minute description of the proceedings of the conquerors in the subjugation of the various provinces of the empire, in all of which he was assisted by the prince; indeed, from the account of his grandson it would appear, that Ixtlilxochitl was in the habit of following his ally like a shadow, and the author seems remarkably fond of enlarging upon the affection which subsisted between them; often speaking of them as Cortez and his dear Ixtlilxochitl, though the former takes every opportunity of hanging the brothers of the latter, a singular proof of affection.

It is to be remarked that the Spanish historians have taken so little notice of our hero, that in some of the best records his name is not even mentioned; this is owing, it appears, to the policy of Cortez and his countrymen, who conceived that their deeds would sound much better if performed by their unassisted valour; than with the effective aid of 600,000 allies. On the other hand, we must not receive too readily the various statements of an author anxious to extol the character of his ancestor; and the tone assumed by the prince through the whole work is scarcely consistent either with the tenor of his own acts, or the character of the Spanish general. Cortez was not the man to permit the independent authority which appears in Ixtlilxochitl, nor are there

wanting in the actions of the latter proofs of a weak and vacillating spirit, somewhat at variance with the character described by his biographers : as these however will be better shown by the sequel, we proceed with the narrative.

Having assisted to the utmost in destroying the city of Mexico, Ixtlilxochitl now thought fit to rebuild it, and accordingly employed 100,000 masons to complete the task. About the same time Cortez sent information of what had happened to the Emperor Ferdinand, and received in return a vessel bearing a cargo of ammunition and holy friars, and his master's approval of all that he had done. Cortez then informed Ixtlilxochitl, that in the name of the emperor he conferred upon him and his successors three provinces, Otumba, Ptzenheohuac, and Cholula ; to which gracious speech Ixtlilxochitl replied, that they already belonged to him and his successors, with many other provinces. Cortez, according to our author, was struck with the truth of what his friend had said, and answered not a single word.

Shortly after this, several noblemen, who had escaped from Mexico, hearing that their emperor had been tortured, took up arms against the Spaniards, but were appeased, though with great difficulty, by the prince : several fell into the hands of Cortez, who condemned most of them to the gibbet ; but being somewhat of a Utilitarian, he caused the remainder to be thrown to the dogs. Among the latter was Cuanecoxtzin, the brother of Ixtlilxochitl ; and this prince, being naturally displeased, caused his people to drag off the animals.

A large party of Spaniards had been placed in a town called Pamico, to prevent the inhabitants from revolting, and causing fresh difficulties to the conquerors ; but the garrison, instead of conciliating the citizens, pillaged their houses, seized their valuables, and in fact put upon them every insult and injury that could be devised.

The Paysician were not a people to submit long to this treatment, like most of the Mexicans they were of a fierce and resolute temper, and by no means well inclined to the Spanish yoke ; accordingly they rose suddenly upon the oppressors, and in one night killed nearly 400 Christians. Cortez despatched Sandoval and Ixtlilxochitl to subdue and punish the rebels ; their force consisted of 150 Spaniards and 50,000 natives, with which they defeated the Mexicans in two engagements, and arrived at the town in time to save about 100 Spaniards, who were to have been sacrificed the next day. The allies took a large number of prisoners, 450 of whom were burned to death by order of Cortez.

In the middle of the year 1524, the Pope's Vicar, Martin de
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Valence, and two priests entered the country of Chicucacn and Teepuk for the purpose of converting and baptizing the natives : they were the first by whom the evangelical law was promulgated among the natives. Immediately Ixtlilxochitl and his brother Quatemoc heard of their mission, they despatched messengers to supply them with all they required, and to invite them to Texcuco. On their arrival in this town, the princes came forth to meet them, and conducted them to apartments in the royal palace which had been set aside for their use. Ixtlilxochitl supplied them with ornaments and tapestry for the chapel ; and having set up a small crucifix and a figure of the Virgin, they celebrated mass and chaunted vespers for the first time in that country.

Cortez and the Spaniards assisted at the ceremony as well as the principal Indian chiefs ; and Father Pedro de Gante having explained the nature of his faith, Ixtlilxochitl demanded to be baptized. He received the name of Fernando, Cortez standing as his godfather, after which, Cohuanacotzin and the principal nobles received the outward forms of that faith to which they had for some time belonged. The queen, Tlacoahuabzin, the mother of our hero, was however bigoted in her idolatry, and refused to become a Christian : she took refuge in a temple, and when her son followed in the hope of prevailing with her, she bitterly reproached him with his defection from his country and gods. Even the meek spirit of the new convert took fire at last, and entering furiously into the temple, he declared that he would cause her to be burned alive. This and other filial remonstrances prevailed at last over the obdurate old lady, and she became a Christian, under the name of Marie. She was the first Mexican female baptized.

In the month of October the expedition of Ihuera's commenced. Ixtlilxochitl joined Cortez with a force of about 20,000 men, leaving his kingdom in the custody of Joquiquani, one of his officers ; while Cortez appointed Alonza de Estrada and Rodrigo de Albornos governors of Mexico in his absence. Scarcely had the expedition departed, when the new governors discovered several dangerous conspiracies among their countrymen : the disaffection spread through the whole of the Spaniards, and they vented their spleen on the unoffending natives, maltreating and defrauding them in every possible manner, till the sufferers ended the matter by rising and killing every Christian they could find. The priests, who had tried in vain to prevent the Spaniards from ill-treating the natives, now tried as vainly to appease the insurgents. The latter declared that Cortez had left the town with their countrymen and princes merely that he might treacherously destroy them ; while the Spaniards

were in great wrath with the churchmen for having taken the part of the Mexicans. On one occasion, a pious monk having in his sermon reproved the Spaniards for their backslidings the brutal soldiers rose against the old man, and would have cast him out of the pulpit, but for the interventions of Martin de Valence, who exhorted them not to reduce themselves to the level of barbarians. These tidings soon overtook Ixtlilxochitl, who directed, that if the holy fathers were not well treated in their present residence, they should retire to Tezcuco, where a guard should protect them day and night, and every preparation be made for their convenience; Cortez, to put a stop to the outrages, despatched two officers to supersede the actual governors, but this remedy only increased the disorder, for the old governors resisted the authority of the absent general, and commenced a civil war, There are few antitheses that have no one point of resemblance, and accordingly, both parties agreed in pillaging and insulting the Mexicans.

Meanwhile Cortez and his party pursued their journey. So long as they remained in the countries where the recent transactions were known, but little difficulty was experienced; for the people, obedient to their sovereign, Ixtlilxochitl, provided them with every requisite in abundance. But as they travelled farther from the capital, the natives appeared less submissive to their monarch, and by no means favourable to the Spaniards. Hence the greatest distress was experienced, and food and water became so scarce that many of the allies perished of famine. At length they arrived in a country where they were so entirely unknown that the inhabitants burst into laughter at the sight of the Spaniards. Finding however that the new comers meant them no harm, they brought an abundance of provisions and other presents both to Cortez and the princes.

Leaving this hospitable province, they journeyed towards Acalan, to gain which they were compelled to pass through a dense forest, which occupied many days in the passage. Here the sufferings of the allies were dreadful; even the princes were in danger of starvation, while the Spaniards, having supplied themselves with maize, had abundance of provisions not only for themselves but their horses. The conduct of the natives in this distress is a singular proof of their simple but devoted loyalty. While the Spaniards were feeding their horses, the Mexicans watched around, picked up the grains which fell to the ground, and, though famishing themselves, presented the food to their princes.

In the month of February, 1525, the travellers arrived at Teotihuacan, celebrated as the scene of one of the basest of those acts of

treachery which characterized the Mexican war. It was the period for the celebration of the festival carnival; and in accordance with ancient usage the princes and their subjects made preparations for the enjoyment of the day. It was a time of unusual rejoicing, in consequence of the termination of the sufferings they had sustained through the journey; and the two kings, Quatemoc and Cohuanacotzin, stood jesting together on recent events. They were joined by Tetzpanquetputzin, and afterwards by an officer of high rank, named Temelotzin. Cortez, seeing them conversing cheerfully together, conceived that they must be hatching plots against the Spaniards; and our author naively remarks, "The thief believes all men to be thieves." Being unable to understand them himself, Cortez employed a man named Costemoxi to act as his spy, and repeat all that the princes said. It may be well to observe here that this man was afterwards tortured by order of Ixtlilxochitl, and declared to the last that the words he repeated were the same he had heard, and were of a nature perfectly harmless. Be this as it may, Cortez pretended that they had been laying a plot for the assassination of the Spaniards, and the next morning he caused them all to be arrested and hanged. Quatemoc (Guatemoc) was the first; then Tetzpanquetputzin and the whole of his suite, and Cohuanacotzin was the last. As this prince was dragged to execution the intelligence of the murder of his brothers was conveyed to Ixtlilxochitl: he flew at once to his quarters, led out his people, and was on the point of attacking the Spaniards, when Cortez became aware of his danger. The extremity of the case demanded great concessions; the general hastened to cut down the last sufferer, and ran forth alone to meet the infuriated Mexicans. The natives would have torn him to pieces, but their prince restrained them, and Cortez by a skilful address appeased his deeply injured adversary. The pretext of Cortez that he believed the princes to be planning his destruction was evidently a mere subterfuge to stay the wrath of Ixtlilxochitl: the real motive for this as well as many other acts that might at first seem inexplicable may be traced to his fixed determination utterly to destroy the royal family of the conquered country, in the hope that, all traces of former freedom being removed, he might become the sole master of that vast empire, without danger of opposition or revolt. But Ixtlilxochitl would appear to have had no inducement to submit patiently to this merciless extirpation of his family; the force under his command was sufficient to have annihilated at once the handful of Spaniards by whom these suicides were perpetrated, nor does he appear at all likely to have been influenced by a slavish fear of his allies. It is therefore most probable, either

that he wished the destruction of his brothers, in the hope of succeeding to the throne, or that Cortez had gained so complete an ascendancy over the weaker mind of his friend that the latter was unable to act in direct opposition to the will of the Spaniard. Be this as it may, they were speedily reconciled, and concluded their journey without further disagreements. The ill-fated Co-huanacotzin, who had been cut down by Cortez, died soon after of the injuries he had received.

Ixtlilxochitl next proceeded to take the necessary measures for handing his name down to posterity, well aware that nothing he had hitherto done would deserve so lasting an honour. His plans were extremely simple and primitive: they consisted in desiring the king of APOCHPUTAN to employ his artists in carving the figure of the aspirant for immortality on a vast rock in the neighbourhood of the town, where it is said to be visible to this day, and in the arms and costume which the prince then wore.

And let not the reader smile at this artless mode of perpetuating renown, nor wonder that our hero should desire to hand down a name defiled with fratricide and treason. If our author may be believed, these sinister actions arose from praiseworthy motives: he slaughtered his countrymen that he might save them from death; he excited war that he might introduce peace; and in short the whole of his existence was to wade to heaven through a sea of blood.

After thus stamping his image on the most remote province of his empire, Ixtlilxochitl and his friends retraced their steps towards the capital. But great mortifications awaited his arrival: the three governors, whom he had left in charge of his three principal cities, had not treated the people with the consideration due to the subjects of so great a monarch: on the contrary they had shown, like Cassius, a grievous tendency to an itching palm; and what was still worse, they had imitated their master in an inclination to oblige the Spaniards at the expense of their countrymen, propensities which caused our hero the greatest uneasiness. They had not only plundered the natives of all their jewels and valuables, and appropriated them to their own use, but had given many of the most respectable inhabitants as slaves to the conquerors. Among these unfortunates were a few of Ixtlilxochitl's inexhaustible stock of brothers. The prince was now so accustomed to see his family hanged and burned, that the disposal of a few into slavery does not seem to have made much impression on his mind. In fact our author, having described at great length the building of a church by his ancestors, closes his narrative rather abruptly, without even informing his readers whether he punished the refractory governors.

Abruptness, however, may be considered a distinguishing characteristic of the work before us. The author has aimed straight at the object in view, namely, a history of the deeds of his ancestor. With this intent he strikes into the commencement of his story without a word of introduction, and goes from incident to incident with no other interruption than occasionally a pathetic appeal to the justice of the conquerors. But, as we have said, beauty of composition is not requisite in a work of this description. Robertson and others have eloquently described the war, and the Spanish writers have lent it the aid of poetic diction: but Ixtlilxochitl has supplied a blank that all others had left, and has given a faithful detail of the actions and power of the allies, whom preceding historians had scarcely mentioned, and to whom the conquest of Mexico is mainly to be attributed.

ART. VI.—1. *Œuvres Complètes de J. J. Rousseau, avec des Notes Historiques.* 4 Tom. 8vo. Paris. 1837.

2. *Œuvres de V. Hugo.* 11 Tom. 8vo. Bruxelles. 1840.

3. *Œuvres de George Sand.* 11 et demi Tom. 8vo. Bruxelles. 1840.

NOTHING once cast into the wide abyss of time is ever lost. This observation, which ought in this age to have become a truism, is equally correct in all its manifold bearings, whether physical, spiritual, moral or political, and perhaps even more so in the three latter than in the first. Theories however abstract, unless violently checked at first, will not only reach their highest degree of development, and go far beyond what their authors intended, but they will also clothe themselves in palpable living forms: for this is an integral part of their nature. They will even in process of time become, as it were, whole nations, and muster forth mighty legions, which in most cases will "shoot black horror" into the fair abode of man. The ancients, who knew many things much better than we do now, aware of the wonderful or fatal power of human speech, worshipped, by way of palliation, the idol of Silence. However objectionable any idol worship may be, still that of Silence was by far preferable to the idol of Mammon, "the least erected spirit that fell from Heaven;" or to the idol of Scribbling, both of which are adored by the present generation. For our own parts, we are well inclined to go so far as to propose the re-establishment of the worship of Silence; being entirely of the opinion of a contemporary of ours, who laments that in this age every body writes, and nobody takes the

trouble of thinking. From so corrupt a source many evils must necessarily spring up in the appointed hour; as is already the case amongst our French neighbours, who, together with all continental Europe, would have been spared "a universe of death" had their so-called *philosophes* of the last century, the heroes of the Encyclopedia, worshipped the idol of Silence, and bethought themselves well of what they were about to do, before they made use of their envenomed tongue.

In order to trace the origin of the unbelief and sophistry which spread so generally during the last century amongst all classes of society, from the philosophising prince on the throne to the *prolétaire*, it will be sufficient to catch the thread of that opinion at one extremity of Europe, by which to unravel the intricate web of the whole system. Take France for Europe, Paris for France, and for Paris one saloon, that of the Baron d'Holbach, the focus of that philosophy, whence, as from a centre, it spread far and wide, blasting, like the Roman mal-aria, whatever it met with on its way—religion, morals, generous sentiments, and every venerable social custom. The respective characters of the frequenters (*les habitués*) of this saloon, their station in society, their mutual relations, are reflected in every part of their doctrine. It may be said indeed that the drama enacted by these heroes of the Encyclopedia was framed with strict accuracy as regards the scene of action, the time and the *dramatis personæ*. A few characters sufficed for the plot. The chief character, the monarch of the piece, was Voltaire, a man of genius, but of a malignant and scornful disposition;—a philosopher who looked askance on nature, though a favourite of fortune; an open enemy of Christianity, though he had never suffered persecution in Christian countries; a destroyer of the monarchical principle, and yet finding admirers and friends amongst crowned heads; scorning at nobility and birth, and yet servile to the great and covetous of the prerogatives which it was his trade to bring into contempt. Voltaire was the personification of that superficial, unprincipled sect of reformers who depreciate what others possess from lust to appropriate it to themselves; in short, of that egotism and materialism which were the Alpha and Omega of French philosophy in the eighteenth century, disguised under the long *toga* of the philosophers of ancient times. Besides this idol of the Salon d'Holbach, who, whether present or absent, always presided there in spirit, the daily company was made up of Diderot, an enthusiast by nature, a cynic and a sophist by profession; of d'Alembert; of the malicious Marmontel; of the philosopher Helvetius, proud of dining with gentlemen and ladies of *bon ton*; of the would-be sentimentalist Grimm; and finally of the baron himself, the host of *la raison encyclopedique*. Se-

condary parts were taken by affiliated members, such as Hume, Gibbon, Bolingbroke, Walpole, and Tronchin, a Swiss. The female characters were acted by ladies whose respective saloons were so many offices for the sale of wit. These were Mesdames Geoffrin, Du Déffand, and Mlle. de l'Espinasse—the admirers of Ninon de l'Enclos, the modern Aspasia. Mesdames d'Houdetôt and de l'Epinnai, *la belle et bonne*, had the more sentimental parts allotted to them. Frederick the Great was the Mars of the piece. The chorusses were easily got up of the women and idlers wandering in the streets of Paris, or of any other capital; and amongst them were even some aristocrats and courtiers, who considered it *bon ton* and a pleasant pastime to ridicule their own privileges, little suspecting that all this would one day lead to a serious result. Finally the spectators, and enthusiastic spectators too, of this drama, were the whole population of France, rushing rapidly, though unconscious of it, into a most horrible revolution.

Whilst the sect d'Holbach were preaching with unheard-of arrogance their dogmas of materialism and atheism, they discovered one day, to their great astonishment, a false brother amongst them, a heretic to their new creed. This heretic was Jean Jacques Rousseau. Having with great difficulty emerged from the most obscure condition, being already forty years of age, poor and timid, he arrived in Paris a perfect stranger, and soon came in contact with some adepts of the sect d'Holbach. He was drawn towards them no less by his large sympathies of literary plebeism than by being in common with them of a low origin, in a capital of aristocracy and monarchy. But these ties were broken on the appearance of the first work of Rousseau, in which the d'Holbach coterie at once detected a spirit hostile to their own. They flattered themselves that they had tuned the opinion of all Europe to their philosophical strain, when suddenly they heard a voice proceed from amongst themselves, the strange sound of which struck them with horror. Their conduct towards him was at first full of cunning, such as well beseemed the French philosophers of the eighteenth century. They did not cast off the mask of friendship, but endeavoured rather to destroy his talent in the bud. They resolved, by directing the sensitive mind of the enthusiast, to convert to their own use its weakness and aberration. Accordingly it was decreed amongst them that Rousseau should act the part of the clown of the English stage. They skilfully confirmed him in his misanthropic mood, and used every means to drive him into a most audacious cynicism. But when in spite of their baneful influence, the genius of Rousseau rose by its own energy, and shone bright through the clouds of gloom in which

they had involved him, and when his opinions proved more and more inimical to the tenets of their sect, their malignity burst forth, and from pretended friends they declared themselves his irreconcilable enemies. Had the Holy Inquisition been in the hands of these enemies of the Catholic Church, Rousseau would have been an *auto-da-fé*. "Ardent missionaries of atheism," says he, "and very imperious dogmatists, they could not bear without anger that upon any point whatever a man should dare to think otherwise than themselves."* Rousseau was worthy to fall a martyr to the fanatical egotism of these honey-tongued tyrants. His native profound genius overleapt at one bound the narrow limits of their doctrine. His heart, no less than his understanding, forced him to acknowledge that religion, of which they presumed to speak irreverently, as the foundation-stone of all morality and truth. He perceived at once the fatal results which the dissolute morals, and contempt of every duty and virtue, inculcated by the new philosophy, must inevitably produce. He predicted to them, at the very moment when they had reached the zenith of their success, the epoch when their fame and philosophy should be scattered to the winds. Rousseau in fact was in advance of his age: he forms the first link of that spiritual philosophy which was destined to overthrow the materialism of the eighteenth century. Philosophers and poets after him combatted materialism, but they came in their appointed time: he was before his. From this cause, notwithstanding his great genius and good intentions, sprung many of his sophisms and errors, as also the envy which he excited and the persecution which he suffered and the misfortunes which persecuted him even to the grave.

Thrown into the midst of a society of unbelievers, who repudiated the idea of the divine origin of any institution, he discovered one day with amazement and terror that not an individual amongst them either believed, or felt, or thought like himself. He had thus no alternative left him but to fancy himself mad, or to arm himself as with "triple steel" with the faith which, for his misfortune, he did not possess in full measure. Plato, who himself lived in an age of sophists and unbelievers, said, that a man under similar circumstances could not be saved without a miracle, and that his very virtues would be the means of his destruction. "For," adds he, "man can neither become great nor good without a great and good society to nurture him."† But, on the other hand, this untimely appearance of Rousseau—the source of his errors and misfortunes—makes of his life and memory one of the most touching and sublime episodes in the spiritual history of

* *Les Réveries du Promeneur Solitaire*.

† Plato's *Republic*, book viii.

man. His eloquent commendation of good morals and of domestic virtues in an age of philosophical profligacy;—his secret partiality for religious sentiments when boastful impiety was rife;—his deep reverence for the Gospel and its divine Author at the time that the most blasphemous aspersions of Christianity teemed around him;—whilst they show the depth of his intellectual capacity, have in themselves something pathetic and sublime.

“ . . . He kept his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth or change his constant mind,
Though single ———”

It is as though we heard in a strange country some one just voice, pleading for those whom we love in our far distant native land. It ought not therefore to excite wonder that, according to the testimony of Rousseau himself,* some enlightened members of our Established Church, seeing in him the only defender of Deism, in the midst of the general Atheism that prevailed throughout France, were inclined to consider as a believer, the eloquent and persecuted philosopher, the citizen of that Geneva whence issued the first reformers of our Church. With his eloquent, nay, according to a modern historian,† with the most eloquent voice ever vouchsafed to a mortal, he pleaded the cause of religion and truth; at least of what he sincerely believed to be so; and if his voice was like a voice in the empty wilderness, as respected his own times, it was not without its effect upon succeeding generations. As the tree is judged by its fruit, so let Rousseau be judged at least by one of his pupils—Chateaubriand, who, whilst wandering in the wild forests of America, found in the works of Rousseau not only a solace for his exile, but imbibed from them that deep religious sentiment by which he is distinguished above all his countrymen. Many individuals subsequently rallied around him, and a religious party was formed by which alone the destinies of France may perhaps be saved. Voltaire, on the contrary, and his followers, not only wrapt for a quarter of a century the whole of Europe in smoke and flame, but transmitted to posterity a yet greater curse;—the French literature of the present day, well denominated by a critic “*La Littérature Extravagante*,” to which, the human mind has never yet produced any thing equally monstrous:—

“ Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd.”

* Rousseau's Letter to M. Peyrou, written from England 14th March, 1766.

† Hören's Geschichte der neueren Zeit.

The parallel which we intend to draw between a single work of Rousseau, *La Nouvelle Heloise*, and *La Littérature Extravagante*, will best justify the foregoing assertion. It will show what a frightful progress in immorality has been made in France since the time of Rousseau.

Whilst the philosophers of Paris, maddened with sophistry, were destroying every germ of poetry, Rousseau, concealed in the groves of Montmorency, created for himself a world of his own, peopling it with beings such as he might have looked for in vain in that around him. We have his own account of this genuine inspiration of solitude and woods, the more singular as it occurred in the age of Voltaire's "Candide," in words as glowing as those in which any inspired poet ever told his visions.

"Devoured by the necessity of loving, without ever having been able to satisfy it fully, I beheld myself at the threshold of old age, and about to die without having yet lived. . . . The impossibility of finding the beings of my fancy in real life, drove me into the land of chimeras, and seeing no one in existence worthy of my phrensy, I cherished it in an ideal world which my creative imagination quickly peopled with inhabitants after my own heart. Never did this resource present itself at a more fitting time, nor did it ever prove so fertile. In uninterrupted ecstasy I drank to intoxication deep draughts of the most exquisite sentiments that ever entered into the heart of man. Forgetting altogether the human race, I called up around me a society of perfect beings, as celestial by their virtues as by their loveliness,—of friends firm, faithful and tender, such as I never found here below. I took such delight in thus floating in the empyrean amongst the attractive beings by whom I had surrounded myself, that I passed in this manner uncounted hours and days, and losing the remembrance of all beside, I had no sooner swallowed a hasty meal, than I longed to escape again into my charmed groves.

"I pictured to myself love, friendship, my heart's two idols, under the most enchanting forms. I delighted to invest them with all the charms of that sex which had ever been the object of my adoration. I supposed two female friends, rather than of the other sex, because, if examples of such friendship are more rare, they are also more attractive. I endowed them with characters analogous, yet differing; with countenances, not perfect, but such as were in accordance with my own taste, animated with benevolence and sensibility. I made one dark, the other fair; one full of vivacity, the other of gentleness; one firm, the other yielding, but in whose weakness there was something so touching, that virtue seemed almost to gain by it. To one of them I gave a lover, of whom the other was the tender friend, and even somewhat more; but I admitted no rivalry, no quarrels, no jealousy, for every ungentle sentiment is painful for me to conceive, and I was unwilling to dim my brilliant picture by aught that degrades nature.

"Enamoured of my enchanting models, I identified myself as much as possible with the lover and friend, but I made him attractive and

young, giving him besides the virtues and defects which I was conscious that I myself possessed.

"To find a fitting locality for my characters, I called to mind successively all the most beautiful spots I had seen in my travels. At length I fixed upon that part of the shores of the lake where my fancy's wish had long since placed my own residence, in the bosom of that imaginary happiness to which fate has restricted me. The contrasts, the richness and variety of the islands, the magnificence, the majesty of the whole, which enchants the senses, stirs the heart, elevates the soul, combined to determine me, and I established at Vevey my youthful pupils."*

Thus in an age of conventional taste and literary pretension, we meet with a work, the inspiration of solitude, delighting its author during its composition, who long dwelt in the society of the ideal companions he had conjured up; beings not created for the world, but to fill up the vacuity of his heart. Even subsequently, when Rousseau had resolved to introduce them to the world, he was far from sharing the impatience of modern authors, who advertise their novels before they begin to write them. He, on the contrary, after he has finished the letters of two lovers at the foot of the Alps, copies them again and again, either for Madame d'Houdetôt or the Princess de Luxembourg, on delicate satin paper, binds together his sheets with a silken cord of divers colours, delays their publication as long as he can, and *enjoys* his work, for it is not that of an author by profession. No, he has put into it his heart, which he had relieved by telling, under the veil of fiction, all the mysterious burning and unsatisfied longings of his soul: thus confirming the old saying, that a composition, to be perfect, must be as true as an absolute fact with regard to its author, who ought actually to feel what he writes. Such was the invariable practice of the modern poet Goethe, who never wrote except to deliver his soul of an imperious sentiment. It is of such men that Plato said, they feel an irresistible impulse to create, because their soul is pregnant.*

Accordingly, of all the productions of French literature during the last century, this alone seems to have been born with the mark of immortality. Strange as it may appear, we are nevertheless inclined to consider the *Nouvelle Heloise* as a philosophical epic of the eighteenth century. Let not the word "philosophical" mislead any one. The French novel writers of the present day overwhelm us with philosophy by *wholesale*. Their works teem with pseudo-philosophical and pseudo-metaphysical speculations about every thing. Even Balzac, the novelist of the

* Les Confessions, livre ix.

† Banquet of Plato.

fashionable world, calls his tales, *Les Contes Philosophiques*; *Les Nouveaux Contes Philosophiques*, and here and there smuggles into them such treatises as, *de la philosophie de la debauché*; *de la philosophie de l'évresse*, &c. It is an author's stratagem, in order to sell to his fair readers, under the mask of some pages unintelligible to them, his detestable pictures as the product of his deep learning. We will not insult the memory of Rousseau, by allowing it to be supposed for a moment that for such a philosophy we called his work a philosophical epic. The unfortunate Jean Jacques was, in fact, one of the deepest thinkers of either ancient or modern times; but he lived in an age when the tree of knowledge, instead of its genuine fruits, had produced a sickly and monstrous excrescence. Serious theories upon all social questions constantly occupied him, and many of those which fermented in his brain he developed in his novel. St. Preux, Wolmar, Lord Edward, even Julia and Clara, philosophize and assist him to unravel his system. Without this philosophical spirit, his work would not be an epic of the eighteenth century, since every epic must be of its own age. Further, should all the records of the second part of the last century perish, a faithful picture of it would be exhibited in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. There we see the civilization and the corruption of Paris contrasted with the poverty and virtue of the Swiss mountaineers; we meet there the English carrying about their *ennui* and their philosophy, and we listen to Albion parliamenting in monarchical France and fixing the attention of innumerable innovators on the eve of a revolution. All these characteristics should be collected in an epic, and we find them in this novel. In short we possess, emanating from the concluding part of an age which promised no poetry, a most poetic composition—an ideal creation, to which the author imparted that reality which was so strongly felt and well expressed by Byron:

“ ’Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affection: but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings: 'twas the ground
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallowed it with loveliness; 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound
And sense and sight of sweetness: here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne.”

None will ever visit the castle of Clarens

“ Clarens! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love!”

without looking there for Julia and Clara, though, as Rousseau

observes, they ought not to be sought there. "The country and the people," says he, "with whom it is covered, never seemed to me to have been made for each other."*

Of this composition, so important as a work of art, let us now consider the moral tendency—the view which the author had in publishing it. He starts from the point, that works on morality will produce no effect upon the inhabitants of great cities. The most virtuous works will only glide over their minds, from which one impression ever effaces another, and in which none takes deep root. Persons secluded from the world, on the contrary, the inhabitants of country places living in their family circle, might derive benefit from a well-written book; the authors therefore of works on morality ought to have these last in view. The desire of Rousseau to give to works of imagination such a tendency, and to exercise thus a salutary influence on public education, shows at once a spirit infinitely at variance with that which then prevailed in France. Did he accomplish what he promised? Is his composition to be considered as moral or immoral? This is what we are about to examine.

Let it not be forgotten, that Rousseau lived in France during the eighteenth century. He formed his opinion of the morality of the age according to what he saw around him, and in accordance with that, he estimated the duties of a moralist. If his system was sometimes erroneous, it was not so much his fault as that of his age. Hence it was, that he who loudly proclaimed that it was a crime to disturb an established creed by imprudent inquiries, indulged himself in bold opinions on the dogmas of Christianity; dreading lest the universal impiety both in France and other parts of the continent, joined to a false philosophy, should wither all religious sentiment in the human heart; and deeming, at the same time, that it was allowable to save the root of the tree at the expense of its branches. In the same way, the melancholy aspect of public morals seemed to urge him to rescue at least so much out of them as was most vitally connected with the existence of society.

"Had Heloise," says he, "had nothing to reproach herself for, her example would be much less instructive. In times of the greatest corruption, people still admire a perfect morality, as this excuses them from adopting it as a model of their conduct, and thus at an easy rate, by mere idle reading, they satisfy the remnant of their taste for virtue. Sublime authors! make your models a little less exalted if you wish to see them imitated. To whom do you extol a perfect virtue? Talk to us rather of that which may yet be recovered; perhaps some one may be found who will profit by such an example."

* *Les Confessions*, livre iv.

Finally, he regrets that he did not live in an age when he must have burnt his work.* With this conviction, Rousseau chose for the subject of his work, not that virtue which had never parted, but that which rising after a fall, makes amends for a fault committed in youth, by sacrifices of the heart, of all life, in the strict fulfilment of duties. His theme is that passion and crime disturb existence, and entail upon it a long series of sufferings and misfortunes; after which rest, peace, and happiness are recovered in the bosom of virtue. Rousseau pays, at the expense of the tumults of stormy passion, a high tribute to the serenity produced by a virtuous life. Is there in this a moral sense?

The story is simple and so well known that it need not be long dwelt on here. The daughter of virtuous parents is seduced by a man of inferior condition to her own, and they will not sanction their union. The lovers are painted in the most attractive colours, and the author tries even to throw the charm of innocence over their criminal love, and to find excuses for her in the imprudence of her mother, who had allowed them to associate, in circumstances, and in the blindness of passion. Truth and morality, however, do not suffer by this attempt, for it is the spectators and not the actors themselves who thus look upon the drama; since the maiden feels her degradation and the lover knows that he is a vile seducer whom the law may visit with rigorous justice. Their peace is gone; they pass through an ordeal of painful trials, aggravated yet more by remorse. This is the mere prologue. Julia, who is the chief personage, separated from her lover, but not from love, at length arrives at the critical moment for her happiness—and the novel at the critical point of its morality. The first is now to be decided, the second to be made manifest. On one side of the misguided Julia stand, virtue, duty, filial piety for her father; for the mother, the cause of her daughter's aberration, has just died; on the other her faithful and unhappy lover, and love with all its allurements. To which side will Julia pass? She had been weak, she was degraded, but in the arms of guilt she felt her degradation, and therefore did not irrevocably fall a victim to it. Lord Edward, the friend of her lover, proposes their elopement, and offers a safe and splendid asylum for their love. But Julia must then desert her father,—and she refuses the offer. Her father urges her to marry a man whom she does not love; her heart shrinks; but she complies with the request of her parent. The sacrifice appears to her as a just expiation by an offending daughter; the just punishment of a guilty child. But then comes the wonder. No sooner has Julia broken the

* Preface to the *Nouvelle Héloïse*.

last illusion of love, than what she had viewed as her death-stroke becomes a new life to her. In the atmosphere of virtue and of the recovered affection of her father, and in the esteem of her husband, she feels that she is rising from her degraded state, and that she has been born into a new existence. Henceforth the life of Julia is like a clear stream emerged for ever from its muddy source. A virtuous wife, she confesses to her husband the fault of her youth, and gains his entire confidence without diminishing his affection; she is a sensible and enlightened mother, an affectionate daughter, and a woman fond of domestic life. Full of religion she lives without a shade of error, and dies a victim to her maternal piety; and her very death cures at length her husband of his false philosophy; he is vanquished by such a life and such a death which can be those of a Christian only.

Is it necessary to say anything more to prove the moral tendency of such a picture? Unquestionably a woman always virtuous would be a more perfect model. The beau-ideal of woman is a life pure and transparent in both her conditions of maiden and wife. No spot should be perceptible on that crystal, in order that virtue, like a golden sunray, might irradiate the whole of its many coloured surface. Such perfection alone constitutes that most beautiful of nature's types which bears the name of woman. But descending from this absolute idea to the melancholy exceptions in corrupt society, it must be conceived that it was a good thought of the philosopher to exhibit a picture of suffering in crime, and of peace by a return to virtue. The utmost extent of palliation that we offer for Rousseau's tale is, that it was the work of a dark moral period, and that he painted a woman rather better than women then were, and certainly better than the monstrous school now. The structure of such a story in England would necessarily involve its exclusion, since a higher morality precludes his Julia from interest, and his own depravities would assuredly at present banish the author from the pale of civilization—depravities of the most heartless character, though of course countenanced by that frightful school into which Rousseau had entered unaware of its exact tendency: under their instruction, for example, his children were systematically placed one after the other in the *Enfants Trouvés*. And though *La Nouvelle Heloise* possess their sickly sentimentality, yet "The Confessions" contain scenes of the most revolting debauchery of the school of *Candide* openly expressed; and to them may be traced in a degree the *naïf* modern school, who say any thing and speak of doing any thing without disguise. No doubt the sentimental Rousseau would have shuddered at the depravity of his literary as well as physical offspring, but it does not rid him of their

parentage, any more than Sin's deformity precludes her relation to Satan.

The principal objection usually made to the *Nouvelle Heloise* is, that the first part of it may do more harm than the second can do good. If it be so, this is not the author's fault. If in the first part he has shown passion and its follies in the most favourable form, he has also painted in yet more attractive colours virtue and happiness, derived from the strict fulfilment of duties and the charms of a retired and respectable life. With perfect good faith he has imparted the richness of his talent to both sides of his picture. The question therefore seems to be, is it good for young people to read novels at all? and this question has been long since answered in the negative. A work of passion, composed with a purely moral view, does not suit youthful minds yet untried by experience. Besides the unfavourable influence which all novels may be suspected of exercising over the soft minds of the young, is it fair to overcast with gloom their light hearts and to convulse them with storms unsuited to their age? No one knew better the mischief of this than Rousseau, who said too that "*La fille chaste n'a jamais lu des romans*;" and the very title of his novel, and his preface to it, are proof sufficient that he never intended it for a work on education for the young. But when the question is no longer, whether it be proper to read novels, but whether all novels without exception shall be read, it is then desirable to distinguish between the monstrous compositions of the present day and this of Rousseau, which being run through rather than read, or read by young people, may give cause for scandal; but which being read by persons of matured judgment will stand the test for morality, and rank with the works described by Julia herself. "I know not," says she, "of any other mode of appreciating the books I read, than of observing the state of mind into which they bring me; and I cannot imagine what kind of merit a work can possess if it does not inspire its readers with the love of what is good."

Now having once more awakened the eloquent voice of Rousseau, it may be well to point out the difference between the reform of which he dreamed, and of that preached by the French writers of the present day. A bold Utopist of the eighteenth century, he saw corruption of morals only in the capital amongst the higher classes and the philosophers. He wished therefore to limit it to these cankered members of society, and to preserve to the classes not yet deprived of moral worth and of faith the possession of their treasure: to teach them not to aspire to the follies and dazzling misery of those placed in higher stations: to make them acquainted with their own dignity and happiness. This was what

he sought to express by his exaggerated phrase of returning to the state of nature. Between the position he assumed and that of the present reformers, there lies an impassable gulf. The Jacobins soon found out this, and the remains of Rousseau, placed in the Pantheon by the revolutionists, were cast out from it as those of an aristocrat. The evil, however, went on increasing; and the wrecks of morals, upon which he built his Utopia, are now exposed to the battering engine of the *Littérature Extravagante*. As he made use of a novel as a popular means by which to recommend the worth of social duties and conjugal fidelity, so the moralists and philosophers of the present day have also chosen the same form to bring the same objects into universal contempt, as irrational and incompatible with the liberty of man. This is the beginning and the end—the fundamental idea of the so justly called *Littérature Extravagante*, or Mad Literature. In fact, Rousseau with his sermons on social duties and conjugal virtue, which he considered as the pillars of human society, would be now regarded as a *Rococo* of the first order, the appellation given to whatever does not chime in with the present fashionable notions; which last, in their turn, have received the apt name of “*décousu*.” Will it be admitted for a moment that any society can possibly endure of which the members do not acknowledge any kind of duty? Or by what ingenuity will it be proved that society can be benefited by the banishment of those high principles by which man's actions are subjected to the immutable laws of morality, by which alone deep wounds may be healed and reconciliation be effected between those who have injured each other during the course of life?

One beautiful episode in the *Nouvelle Heloise* is that of the intimate friendly intercourse in the castle of Clarens between the lover of Julia and the old baron, her father. St. Preux has not forgotten that it was the baron who deprived him of his beloved Julia, and who gave her to Wolmar. Nevertheless his first grief being subdued, he lives friendly with him, has indulgence for his prejudices, and respect for his years. Let us now suppose the same subject treated by a modern French novelist. What a vast field would have been open to him for showing that hatred and revenge are exalted virtues—the imperative duties of every man who knows how to respect himself. With what contempt would the age of the old man be assailed! What declamation should we hear against aristocracy! We should behold the mad St. Preux with the rage of a lion, of a tiger, of a hyena, rail against the father of Julia, plunge a poniard in his heart, and trample him under his feet. Or he might probably restrain himself for a time, feign oblivion, and then we should hear of

his sleepless nights spent in holding councils with himself by what means he might most effectually wound the old man's heart. Perhaps he would take a fancy to punish him in his paternal affection by murdering before his eyes his daughter, and his own once beloved one. After all, this would be nothing extraordinary, for in the *Littérature Extravagante* we have met with yet more ingenious contrivances. According to the doctrines of this school it would seem that all the sacred duties of man must be reduced to the two extremes of love and hatred.

The subject of modern novels is not, as with Rousseau, the weakness of a young inexperienced girl, for this would not excite any interest. Their writers look for something more at war with morality and decency. Madame Sophie Gay's novel "*Un Mariage de l'Empire*," for instance, is generally considered quite an innocent book, yet the following are its incidents. A rich young heiress is compelled by Napoleon, in pursuance of his "*système de fusion*," to marry an officer in the army, the scion of a noble family. Owing to the French custom, which dispenses with the necessity of young ladies, educated in convents or in a public institution, becoming previously acquainted with their destined husbands, who are chosen by the parents (in the present case by the emperor), there is nothing new in the couple in question knowing nothing of each other before their marriage; but that which is new, and entirely the invention of Madame Gay, is, that they remain strangers even after it. Nevertheless they love each other, though owing to some odd circumstances, they cannot come to a mutual understanding. They quarrel in consequence without any apparent cause, and the young wife carries her ill humour (*la bouderie et le dépit*) so far that she allows herself to have a child by the friend of her husband. Strange to say, this remarkable couple are soon after reconciled, and the child of the friend is adopted by the injured husband. Some slight reminiscences however disturb the heroine, but fortunately the child dies, and thus nothing remains (in the opinion of the authoress) to prevent her from being considered as a pattern wife and a most virtuous woman.*

But the task of advocating the absolute emancipation of woman from all moral and social obligations, and the destruction of the marriage tie, has devolved upon Madame Dudevant, the well known George Sand. The heroines of her novels, Indiana,

* It would seem at first that this novel is but another edition of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. They differ, however, widely. Heloise half-mad, passion "begone," failed before marriage, and repented for it during the remainder of her life; whilst the other heroine sins from ill-humour, and feels quite easy about it, being in addition a married woman.

Rose and Blanche, are yet but poor samples of this theme in comparison with her Lelia. The two leading characters of this novel are, Lelia herself, a woman placed on the lowest degree of the social hierarchy, and Trenmor, a gambler by profession, who having been convicted of fraud and condemned to the galleys, is again at large after having undergone the punishment. It is impossible to read without supreme disgust their disquisitions upon social questions of the highest importance. Two of the most degraded members of society, and outcasts from it, they successively attack every one of its laws, all of which they have themselves violated. An openly avowed hostility to marriage, borne out by a divorce from her husband, the adoption of male attire, a cigar in her mouth, a whip in her hand, and her conversation with young men carried on in the familiar terms of *tu* and *George*, have invested the talent of Madame Dudevant with a kind of apodectical authority, and given to her works a moral political cast. According to her system some violent passion usually seizes upon married women, very frequently mothers of a family. When her first youth has passed away, and her children are growing up, the superannuated heroine begins to perceive that maternal affection is not sufficient for her. She therefore sets about looking for the ideal of her *soul*, and has usually little trouble in finding it. Then begins a struggle, but not with a sense of duty, not with attachment to husband and children, not in the least!—but a struggle with society, because a Mariette has happened to marry a respectable man, and not a *proletaire* or an adventurer, who alone knows how to love. From Madame Dudevant's writings it would appear that if the institution of marriage be permitted to exist at all, society should contrive a kind of noviciate from which it would be permitted to withdraw,—several probatory degrees of marriage. Other authors, as Bibliophile in his novel, *Vertu et Temperament*, try to prove that a chaste woman is naturally bad, but that a dissolute one must necessarily possess a tender heart and the most exalted sentiments. Bibliophile however has accidentally committed a strange inconsistency. The lover of one of these tender-hearted personages cannot bear her noble actions and blows out his brains in consequence; but it is only fair to state on the other hand, that the author represents the young man as not a genuine *jeune France*, but as a man behind his age (*stationnaire*), in short a *rococo*.

The playwright Scribe labours to prove that in order to enjoy peace and happiness at home, a man must have an unfaithful wife, otherwise quarrels and ill humour will embitter every hour. But the most frightfully important part of all this is, that these cynic jests and obscene pictures are so many conclusions derived from

the doctrine of the equality of man and woman. Not only have clubs been established, having this as their watch-word, and not only do popular novelists boast of advocating this reform as an act of justice, but they even find amongst the misguided public many to applaud them. The controversy is carried on in the name of reason, and who would be willing to contradict what is brought forward as reasonable. Whilst this war for the pretended rehabilitation of woman is carried on, the novel writers have found out that in a certain state of civilization many shameful actions do not bring dishonour upon men, and have hence come to the conclusion that the same holds good with regard to women. But logic and reason are by no means one and the same thing, and nothing can better prove this than the consequences drawn from the principle of the equality of man and woman, which consequences are, for the most part, only so many satires upon reason. This doctrine of theirs by equalizing only degrades both. With regard to shame, for instance; there are some emotions, as timidity, which are disgraceful in man but not so in women, and *vice versa*. It may be more justly affirmed that, as in many other things, there should exist an equilibrium, but not an equality, between the sexes. The desire on the part of woman to enjoy the rights of man, is as rational as it would be for man to wish to acquire all feminine charms. Providence has bestowed its gifts impartially on both sexes, but has granted to each different qualities. Besides, Christianity nearly two thousand years ago, secured to woman as much social equality as is compatible with her destiny; to go beyond this is an unreasonable attempt, and pregnant with evil. The self-styled emancipators of woman, the asserters of her rights, whether male or female, will accomplish nothing beyond reducing that beautiful creation of maiden, wife, and mother, to a mere impure being. The French novels of the present day are but narrations of the metamorphosis of woman into that vile type; representing, as it were, a second fall of Eve from tasting a new fruit of knowledge. Warning and animadversions on these French doctrines are the more called for at present, inasmuch as the contagion has already begun to spread amongst ourselves. In addition to Mr. Owen's mad theories, female authors have also raised their voices; some demanding for women equal political rights with men; others trying to prove, not the equality of woman to man, but her superiority to him, and setting forth how she has been invariably oppressed by him. Some too come forward to teach woman her mission, of which, it is to be concluded, she has known nothing up to the present day. Learned authors, beware of what you are about; you are per-

haps unconscious that your voices may be as tempting unto evil as that of the first seducer of our parents. *Eritis sicut Deus.*

The fatal influence of such a low standard of morality may be best exemplified by the works of Victor Hugo. His "Cromwell" and "Hernani," dramas of considerable merit, deserve to be excepted from the *Littérature Extravagante*, but not so his drama of Marion Delorme, and all his subsequent compositions. Victor Hugo, a poet, is at the same time a theorist, and he has made up a particular system for himself, which, not relying on the sagacity of his readers to discover, he has developed in the prefaces to his dramatic works. He says plainly that the surest way of producing dramatic effect consists in mixing up with physical or moral deformity, no matter how great, abominable and vile, some pure and sublime sentiment, and the result of this contrast will be the making such physical or moral deformity appear interesting, touching, nay almost lovely. In accordance with this theory Marion Delorme, a degraded woman, appears on the stage purified by a bit of love; "the author," these are his own words, "will not bring Marion Delorme upon the stage without purifying the courtesan with a little love."*

The horrid dwarf Triboulet, a court jester and the minister to the king's profligacy, is the model of a good father. The abominable Lucretia Borgia is the affectionate mother of a son born of incest. His three dramas, Marion Delorme, *Le Roi s'amuse*, and Lucrece Borgia, were composed expressly to develop this theory, of which to speak in the most moderate terms, it can only be said that it is the theory of a quack rather than of a poet. He degrades all the sentiments which ought to remain for ever sacred, and violates all sympathies both of nature and reason. He strives to beautify what is deformed, and seeks out with the utmost industry the least appropriate and the least expected means of deceiving the public into making common cause with crime, and this is, in fact, the cardinal sin of the extravagant school.

Whilst Victor Hugo was endeavouring to discover some new secret of art, which only ended in bringing forth a monster, a powerful rival to him arose in the person of A. Dumas. The latter also, like V. Hugo, began his career better than he has continued it, as if the French atmosphere at present were poisonous to talent, rendering dizzy every brain. His first drama, *Henri III.*, is full of truth and beauty, for which it is vain to look in his subsequent compositions. "*La Tour de Nesle*" is full of exag-

* "L'auteur ne mettra pas Marion Delorme sur la scène sans purifier la courtisane avec un peu d'amour."

gerated horrors ; and in his pieces, Antony, Angela, Thereza, and Richard D'Arlington, rape, incest, and murder, are the every-day occupations of the crowds that frequent the boulevards of Paris and the saloons. Had these two men, with their superior talents, followed a right course, they might have ruled the spirit of their age. But they chose rather to become its slaves. Their servility is conspicuous in all their works. When, for instance, V. Hugo declares to an applauding audience, "that the Countess of Shrewsbury" has the honour to marry a workman, not because he is an honest man, or a skilful mechanic, but merely because he is a workman, it must be confessed that no courtier ever more unblushingly flattered his master. Their sole aim seems to be to invent continually new modes of flattering the public ; it is with the view of pleasing the public that they blacken all the former history of their nation, at the same time that they represent this same public and the whole present generation as inflamed with some mad fury and shameless cynicism, and tormented as with so many ulcers in its social organization—by perjury in marriage, adultery, incest, desertion of children, &c. Can there be, in fact, any natural sympathy between society in a certain state and deformity and crime ? For the honour of man we would rather think that this is but the aberration of these two misguided minds.

Whilst V. Hugo and Dumas drag upon the stage all the turpitude they can rake up from the ancient history of France, Paul Lacroix, under the pseudo name of Bibliophile Jacob, does the same in his historical novels, as *La Danse Macabre*, *La Loi des Ribaud*, &c. Like his predecessors forty years ago, Bibliophile during this reign of literary terrorism may be said to *guillotine* all the history of ancient France. He tears from the grave the misfortunes, the prejudices, the ignorance, every loathsome detail of the life of a wretched people ; all the deformities of kings and princes, and triumphantly sets them before the eyes of the public, as by way of apology for the past having been repudiated and covered with ignominy. It would seem that of the various departments of political radicalism, which the French authors have seized upon, Bibliophile had appropriated that of calumniating to the people the ancient institutions of his country, affecting to paint them with all the accuracy and minuteness of an antiquarian ; whilst at the same time no pictures can be more at variance with historical truth than are his.

Amongst the French novelists there is one class who especially affect nautical subjects. The boundless ocean and not the ever-trodden land is with them the theatre of new and unheard-of horrors and of tragic incidents. Eugene Sue holds the trident of *Littérature Extravagante*, and one example will suffice to show the

measure of his talent. In his novel, entitled "*La Salamandre*," he has conceived a strange character in the person of M. de Schaffie. This hero is a kind of Satan whose mission seems to be that of tormenting all that come within his reach, and for this purpose is happily gifted with an iron will for whatever is evil. Neither pain nor misfortunes can make any impression upon him; neither innocence nor virtue have power to influence him. When *La Salamandre* has been wrecked, and the unhappy victims of hunger devour each other, M. de Schaffie, acting upon a systematic desire of wreaking his vengeance on the human race, looks coolly on amid the terrors of a stormy sea, whilst a son feeds on the limbs of his father, a sailor murders his comrade in order to eat his flesh, until at length they sink in the boiling abyss; although at the very time he is possessed of the means whereby to satisfy their cravings for food. Thus has M. E. Sue outdone both the shipwreck of Byron and Dante's celebrated death of Ugolino. The *Littérature Extravagante* can also boast of its Quintilian in the person of M. Jules Janin, the judge, from whose sentence there is no appeal, of many thousand dramas, *folies* and novels. As a consistent system of any kind is not *à l'ordre du jour* in French literature, Jules Janin, himself the author of some curious tales, as, for instance, "A Donkey killed and a Woman guillotined," "Sold-Retail," &c., occasionally appears as the censurer of the extravagant school, though he powerfully contributes to support it by his criticisms of its products. Thus not long since, he passed an enthusiastic eulogium on a tale by a young author, which describes the *ennui* and regrets of a man imprisoned by Napoleon, and who discovers through the grating of his dungeon a flower growing in the midst of a paved court-yard. Having no object wherewith to occupy his heart, he is smitten with a violent passion for the flower; curses the winter which withers it; calls on the spring to revive it; in short, *faute de mieux*, he becomes its empassioned and devoted lover. In giving an account of this phenomenon of sentimentality, M. Jules Janin congratulates himself that the madness of literary terrorism is passing away, and that young authors are returning to *true sentiment* and to the portraying of what is real. This avowal deserves attention, for it proves better than any thing else, how far the judgment of the critic must have been distorted by the horrors of the *Littérature Extravagante* for him to consider such sickening sentimentality as a true and moral sentiment.

Simultaneously with this commendation of genuine sentiment M. Jules Janin gave to the world his celebrated novel "*Un Cœur pour deux Amours*." We shall cite some of its contents because it is desirable that our readers should know to what a pitch of ex-

cellence in composition the first critic of France has been able to elevate himself; he who asserts that he has thoroughly learned all the mysteries of his art. The story is as follows: During the time that the Siamese twins were exhibited in Paris, the author went frequently to see that extraordinary phenomenon, the caprice or fortuitous mistake of nature. Amongst the numerous visitors was a young man of sad and pensive demeanour, and of handsome face and figure, whom the terrible condition of the two brothers thus grown together seemed to fill with painful sensations; and who whilst predicting to them an early death, sought to console them with the sweet hope of being united to two sisters in the same predicament who had gone before to heaven. The melancholy of the young man, and the bitter recollections by which he seemed to be oppressed, made a strong impression on our author; he contrived to become acquainted with him, and the narration of the latter constitutes the whole of Jules Janin's strange tale.

Don Martinez Juan Rodriguez Scribbler, a Spanish grandee of the first class (this was the name of the young man), inquired of our author the cause of his impertinent curiosity and desire to hear a tale full of strong and horrible facts. "Ah if you knew," replies the author, "what horrible events we constantly hear of, what strange improbabilities are told to us for truth, what descriptions are sent to us of women branded on the forehead, or immured alive by their jealous husbands, in short what monstrous imaginings we now see and read; you would perhaps not refuse to gratify me with an authentic tale, however extraordinary or dreadful." Then after mentioning some of the leading characters and incidents in the novels of Balzac, M. Jules Janin pronounces an anathema against them, as improbable and untrue: let us now see how he has avoided in his tale the faults which he proscribes.

The Spaniard proceeds to relate, that in a certain provincial town in France, he happened to be present at the sale of some fine and rare wild beasts, such as hyenas, lions, tigers, &c. When the sale of the beasts was concluded, the seller brought forward two young girls between twelve and fifteen years of age, poor and sickly, and in rags that scarcely covered them. These two unhappy beings were bargained for as if they had been tigers or byenas, when the irritated Spaniard run up the price and bought them. He then first became aware that these two creatures were united and made up only one person. Having restored them to health, he had them baptized, giving them the names of Anna and Louisa, the same which had been borne by his mother. He acted as a father to them, and the poor children repaid him with affection and true piety. Owing to some mysterious cause these two beings always felt alike; both suffered grief or partook of

joy together. In course of time they accidentally came in contact with their former owner, and this circumstance recalling to their minds their past misery, powerfully affected them. In order to remove them from the vicinity of a man whose presence awakened in them such painful recollections, and to change the scene altogether, the Spaniard carried them to Italy.

There Anna and Louisa devoted themselves with renewed eagerness to study, and their progress was astonishing. Although so closely united in body, their faces were dissimilar; the expression of their countenances were at variance; the outline of their features wholly different. Anna was fair, Louisa had raven hair. Their moral dispositions were no less diverse: Anna liked calmness and sentiment, and took delight in verses of a sweet and tender character; whilst Louisa admired the stormy days of revolution, the striking features of the new school of literature, and was charmed by enterprises marked by enthusiasm and audacity. When they read Don Quixote, Anna laughed whilst Louisa pitied the knight of the rueful countenance. In their religious opinions, Anna believed with the resignation of a Christian, Louisa was sceptical. Their studies went on rapidly: in a short time they rendered themselves thoroughly acquainted with history, literature, the fine arts, and philosophy in all its branches. In short, whatever they applied themselves to, their minds seemed at once to absorb: they knew it from beginning to end; they exhausted it to its very source. What philosophical discourses does not our author put into the mouth of these unhappy creatures! What pseudo-profound inquiries *à la Jules Janin*, full of sarcastic smiles of light scorn, of ingenious comparisons, are they not made to exhibit!

During this narration, the author indulges himself in his known garrulity; he describes the *Divina Comedia* of Dante, discourses of Italy, is enchanted with the odes of Horace, and puts them in the lips of the helpless Anna and Louisa.

The two poor sisters having read and learned everything, begin to feel an intolerable satiety and *ennui*. The Spaniard wished to check them in their career of acquirement, which whilst it seemed to have no distinct object, was destroying their peculiar organization. But Louisa, *la femme forte*, wondering how that which they knew, could be called learning, replied to him; "These miserable rags of opinion, which we gather as children pick up the pieces of a broken toy, do you call these learning?"

One day seeing Louisa amusing herself with a flower and Anna wrapt in the contemplation of the heavens, he asked the former what she was doing with that flower? "I contemplate the constitution of the heavens," said Louisa; "And I," replied

the other, on being similarly questioned as to her occupation—"am amusing myself with botany." The Spaniard was lost in wonder and admiration at this double creative power of mind, at their faculty of seeing all at once, and at their common simultaneous analysis, of subjects so sublime as astronomy and so complicated as the science of plants.

The Spaniard was relieved from his perplexing situation by the suggestion of a Russian prince residing in Italy, who advised him to *distrain* the sisters by introducing them into the bustle of the world, by taking them to balls, by awakening in them the seductive idea of pleasing others, by interesting them with the novelty of society, and finally by the all-powerful charm of love. In furtherance of this ingenious plan the prince gave a magnificent ball, where the infinite variety of costumes, faces and features of foreigners from all parts visiting Italy, the pomp displayed by the wealthy prince, the attractive appearance of the young people of both sexes assembled there, rendered this fête one of the most splendid which the fashionable and uniform sky of Italy ever covered, as with a panoply of gold and pearls. Anna and Louisa drew the eyes of all present upon them—no wonder—and the affair ended by the prince falling in love with the former, and the Spaniard with the latter. Now came the puzzle. How was the limit to be marked, where the sentiment of the one was to terminate and that of the other to begin? How was the individuality of the one to be separated from that of the other? For no sooner does one of the lovers declare his passion to one sister, than the other is attained by the same shaft. Thence arises jealousy, an intolerable, terrible jealousy. The lovers unable to endure so extraordinary a situation, quarrel and fight a duel. The Spaniard is wounded and falls, upon which the prince takes flight. The Spaniard being thus left without a rival, after a lingering recovery devotes all his love to Louisa, and the unhappy Anna isolates herself from her sister, though by what means the author has not thought proper to inform us. Her individuality fortunately ceases to communicate with that of her sister, just at the very moment the Spaniard would have it so, but she is consumed by a lonely love, is desolate, forsaken, and her strength gradually fails. At length when her illness has reached its height, it communicates itself to her sister, and they both expire in the arms of the Spaniard. It is true, that the celebrated Dupuytren—God knows how he got there—had proposed the separation of Louisa from her sister, but the Spaniard chose rather to see them die together, than to take advantage of the life of one of them.

It would be difficult to imagine a more flimsy composition

than this production of the Quintilian of the *Littérature Extravagante*. What are those pseudo-discussions of Anna and Louisa about botany and astronomy, Dante and Horace, but the most manifest counterfeits? And in keeping with the philosophy is the whole story—the love of two men for the two halves of an unfortunate monster; the jealousy of the lovers, and the crowning conclusion by the Spaniard refusing to acquiesce in the separation. It would appear as if Jules Janin had written this in mockery of the good sense and moral feeling of his readers; or it may perhaps be more proper to say, that the living French authors have so undermined all good sense, that they themselves, in perfect good faith, offer, as something profound and wise, an absurd fiction without a single sound thought or truth in it, whilst the deluded public entirely partakes their opinion.

If more were needed to justify our censure of the *Littérature Extravagante*, we could multiply similar extracts almost without end, not excepting from our quotations even Balsac himself. Indeed, "*La Fille aux Yeux d'Or*" of this author, one of the tales in his celebrated "*Histoire des Treize*," is one of the most obscene and immoral productions that ever came before the public. Balsac in general is the novelist of the boudoir, and he most usually describes the intrigues of the fashionable world, particularly that of Paris. In this respect he stands quite apart, and enjoys a greater degree of popularity than any of his brethren. Whilst they make excursions either into history, or extravagant poetry, in political, moral or religious speculations, Balsac keeps the ground accessible to all, namely, that of domestic gossip (*la chronique scandaleuse*), and successfully cultivates this kind of novel, the most popular in France. In accordance with the recent political changes of his country, he introduces now and then into his novels, persons of the lowest rank, seasons his tales with liberal and philosophical discourses, and spares neither blood nor license, whilst at the same time he always paints the refined society of saloons, adventures of the ball and promenade, and keeps his readers constantly in the midst of that company to which they are pleased to look up as to a model of *bon ton*, and of the highest civilization. It is therefore considered as essential to good breeding and a mark of fashion, to be either in ecstasy about the firmness, or in sadness over the fall of some heroine of the *Contes bruns*, or the *Contes drolatiques*, and to be well acquainted with Madame de Bauseant, the Baroness Musingen, Lady Brandon, the Princess de Langlais, Messrs. de Monniveaux, Ban, Guerroles, Rastignac, Henri de Marsay, and others of the notorious company of the "*Histoire des Treize*." It would take too much time to review all the works of Balsac, for their number

is great; but it is easy to appreciate their tendency, as all have been written under the influence of one ruling idea. They present in fact the very essence of that corrupt society, which seeks only for sensual pleasures—a society from which all generous sentiments have been driven out, and over which egotism hovers like the angel of death, pouring, from its baleful cornucopia, scepticism, infidelity, and moral degradation.

From many French authors we have selected only such as differ very much from each other, in order the more easily to present a view at once of the monstrosities respectively invented by them, and concentrated in the wild and intricate region of the *Littérature Extravagante*. These leading authors may be considered as so many sorcerers, each of whom sends forth a particular cloud over the intellectual horizon of his country, and spreads there a different kind of contagion. No wonder therefore that a union of so many clouds spreads over France a "palpable obscure," and that the combination of so many poisons produces so much phrensy. On all sides dark spectres are rising; satiety of life, hostility towards society, and a desire to destroy all sacred ties.

There have been already many youthful victims, who having learned from the novels of Sue, Hugo and others, how heavy a burthen is life in the midst of a heartless society, and how easy and sublime it is to throw off the load when it becomes intolerable, have destroyed themselves with a strange and melancholy cruelty, varying and as it were, poetizing their modes of self-destruction. Some have suffocated themselves with the fumes of charcoal; others have poisoned themselves with prussic acid; whilst some have thrown themselves from the steeple of *Nôtre Dame de Paris*, as if to point to the source whence they drew their desperate resolution. Others have recorded in writing their sufferings up to the last moment, and the operation of the charcoal on their frames; and whilst initiating the public in their last struggle of life, seemed to wish to acquaint it with the horrible results of their terrific aberration. These experiments on the most tender members of the social body, give cause for serious reflection; the operation of the poison has as yet manifested itself on the epidermis alone, but it is sinking every day deeper and deeper into the system.

- ART. VII.—1. *Histoire des Rois et des Ducs de Bretagne.* Par Mons. De Roujoux. Paris. 1828—9. 4 vols. 8vo.
 2. *Memoires de l'Académie Celtique.* Paris. 1807—10. 6 tom.
 3. *Mélanges sur les Langues, Dialectes, et Patois.* Par Bottin. 8vo. Paris. 1831.

THERE is within a few hours' sail of the south-western coast of England a part of the kingdom of France, the history of which is most closely interwoven with much that is deeply interesting in our own. It abounds with scenery of the most beautiful, as well as of the grandest kind.* Its southern division contains a people primitive, and therefore most curious in their customs; who do not speak the language of France in general, but one of the most ancient in Europe. Its antiquities, Celtic and Druidical, both in extent and number, are such as no other country can boast. Its churches contain specimens of architecture, equal in beauty to those of its sister province, Normandy. The remains of its feudal fastnesses are of such grandeur and magnificence as to astonish all who behold them. The wars, to preserve its freedom, gave rise to deeds of heroism, rarely if ever surpassed. Its history presents to our notice facts as full of interest as ever fiction feigned; and it numbers among its warriors some of the greatest names in the records of France. And yet, notwithstanding these strong claims to our notice, if we speak of the subject, even to a tolerably well-informed Englishman, he knows but little either of the past or present condition of Brittany or the Bretons.† What is the reason of this neglect we know not, but such is the fact. We shall now proceed to prove to our readers that this eulogy upon Brittany is not undeserved, and we have no doubt that they will not regret that the subject should again be placed before them. In our second number we very briefly noticed the History of Brittany by Mons. Daru; we shall in this article enter a little more at large upon the same subject, and shall touch upon some other points which could not with propriety have been introduced there.

The Breton historians are extremely anxious to satisfy themselves, and to prove satisfactorily to their readers, that their province was for a very long time perfectly independent of the crown of France; and that even for some centuries before its incorpo-

* The neighbourhood of Clisson may be selected as a specimen of the former, while Concarneau and Douaruenex are unrivalled for wildness and sublimity.

† Mr. Trollope has lately published his *Travels in Brittany*, but as that gentleman visited the province neither as antiquary nor historian, his book possesses but few charms. He missed indeed the places which were most worth seeing, and if he chanced to be where the historical associations were of great interest, he was either ignorant of them, or deemed them not worth notice.

ration with that kingdom by the marriage of Anne of Britanny with Charles VIII., the homage which its dukes paid to the reigning king of France was more of a nominal than of a real character. This is no doubt true in the history of Britanny before the power of France became concentrated and settled. At that time powerful dukes, like those of Burgundy and Britanny, might laugh at the pretence of any real submission to their suzerain, though for political purposes they deemed it necessary to go through the form of doing homage for their territories. Like a feudal baron in the early parts of our own history, who did service indeed to the king, while he was fully conscious that whenever he pleased he could set his sovereign's power at defiance. So in the history of Britanny, we find that not only the nobles, but the clergy set at nought the authority of the duke, who was frequently obliged to make concessions; while he, in his turn, acted without any regard either to the wishes or the commands of the king.

The first account which we have of any intention on the part of the Bretons to put themselves under the power of the French, was in the reign of Clovis; when the inhabitants of Nantes and its neighbourhood, and the western part of the province, anxious to protect themselves against the constant incursions from the north, proposed an alliance. This was eagerly entered into by the French, who indeed, according to Lobineau, in his *Histoire de Bretagne*, made the first advances towards a union. The feeble remains of the Roman garrisons also surrendered themselves, stipulating only that they should be allowed to keep their own arms, their standards, their peculiar discipline, and that in battle they were to adhere to their own mode of fighting. This union was of a very uncertain and partial character; for in the reign of Childebert, who endeavoured to exercise some authority over the chiefs of Britanny, we find that they denied his power and refused him any allegiance. The state of the province in the middle of the sixth century may be easily deduced from the following portion of its history: Britanny had been divided between the five sons of Hoel, or rather we should say, between three sons, as two of them had entered upon a religious life. Canao, the eldest, had Rennes and the country northward to the sea. Waroch had the Comté de Vennes; and West Britanny was divided between Macliau and Budic. Canao* had already killed three of his brothers, and had seized on Macliau, an ambitious and unscrupulous man, and had confined him in prison, fully de-

* This Canao, from having destroyed several wives, is supposed to be the original Blue Beard. Part of a tower, the only remain of his chateau, near Nantes, is still called Blue Beard's Castle; at least it was when we were there in 1832.

terminated to put him to death also. He was dissuaded from his purpose, though with very great difficulty, by the eloquent entreaties of Felix, bishop of Nantes. At the desire of his brother, Macliau swore fidelity to him, and declared that he would be content with such a proportion of his father's property as Canao might think fit to assign to him. No sooner, however, was he released, than he disregarded the oaths which he had taken, and fled for protection to Comor, Comte de Leon. Canao, on learning this, instantly sent to demand his surrender. Comor, unable to resist the power of Canao, had recourse to artifice to protect the fugitive. He caused a tomb to be built in which he secreted the living Macliau, leaving openings sufficient for the admission of air. On the arrival of the envoys he showed them the tomb. "Macliau is no more," said he, "I cannot give him to you; behold the spot where we have interred him. Tell Canao he has nothing more to fear from his brother." The messengers were so delighted at his supposed death, that they ordered their food and wine to be placed upon the tomb, and ate and drank there. Soon after Macliau retired to Vannes, which had submitted to the French; and in order to be more safe from the attacks of his brother, he made a pretext of renouncing the world, cut off his hair, put away his wife, and took holy orders. So great was the influence of his assumed piety, that he was elected Bishop of Vannes. At his brother's death he threw off the mask, assumed the title and dignity of Comte de Cornuaille—kept possession of the bishopric without performing any one office of a bishop—laid aside his clerical dress, and lived again with his wife. He was excommunicated by the bishops of the province, but this gave him no concern. His brother Budic had made an agreement with him, that whichever of the two should survive, was to be the guardian of the other's children. Budic died first, and Macliau proclaimed himself the protector of his brother's son Theodoric, who, mistrusting the protection offered to him, made his escape. He was well received by the neighbouring princes, who assisted him with some troops, at the head of which he attacked Macliau and killed him.

The history does not present much worthy of particular notice till we arrive at the thirteenth century. This period is remarkable for the increasing power of the popes. Innocent III. put the kingdom of France under an interdict, excommunicated Henry II. of England, and caused the crusade to be undertaken against the Albigenses. Honorius III. anathematised the Count of Toulon. Gregory IX. and Innocent IV. excommunicated Frederick II. four times, and distributed his possessions to others, who, however, dared not take them. Alexander IV. established

the Inquisition in France; and Urban IV. took the throne of Naples from the house of Suabia, and gave it to Charles of Anjou. The bishops imitated the head of the Church, put their dioceses under interdict, excommunicated their princes, and made use, without scruple, of the power and influence which their office gave them to carry out their own measures, and to enrich and aggrandise themselves and their friends. The bishops of Nantes, Dol, Quimper and St. Malo, were lords in their respective cities, and divided the power with the reigning sovereign; they struck money, and gave letters of nobility. When required to abate somewhat from their pretensions, the invariable answer was, that they were merely servants of the court of Rome, and could not make the slightest concession without its authority. Pierre de Dreux, who was Duke of Britanny in 1213, endeavoured to curb the power of the different prelates of his province. He attacked successively the Bishops of Nantes, of Dol, and of Rennes. His own nobles too united with him, as they were become fearful of a power which threatened to be greater than their own. The duke was excommunicated; this he heeded not. The province was then put under an interdict; the consequences of this were of a most appalling nature—no public prayers, no baptisms, no marriages, no prayers or offices for the sick, and no burials. In one place where the priest refused to bury, the duke sent a body of men, with strict orders that if the refusal should be persisted in, they were to inter the priest in the same grave with the body which he would not bury; which was immediately done. For this and for his continual contentions with his clergy, they surnamed him *Mauclerc* (*mauvais clerc*). All his resistance, however, was in vain; the paralysing effects of the interdict compelled him to yield. He was ordered by the pope to restore such of the clergy as he had deprived of their livings, and to rebuild or repair the churches which had been injured or destroyed.

The close of the fourteenth and the whole of the fifteenth centuries are full of interest. John IV. (better known to the readers of Froissart as Jean de Montfort), surnamed the Conqueror, from his having obtained the dukedom by the defeat and death of Charles de Blois, passed the thirty-four years of his reign in constant wars and troubles. Ungrateful to his best friends—unfaithful to his allies—twice compelled to leave the province—abandoned by both France and England—deprived of his dukedom by the judgment of his peers, and which deprivation would, in all probability, have been lasting, had not Charles V. endeavoured to introduce the gabelle into the province. This odious tax aroused the anger of the Breton nobles, who invited the duke to

return. He landed from England at St. Malo, made a treaty with the King of France, at the very making of which he protested secretly against it, and passed the remainder of his life amidst interdicts from the clergy and quarrels with the nobles,* and died at last not without suspicion of having been poisoned. His widow married Henry IV. of England. His son and successor, John V. was only eleven years old at his father's death: in the following year, he made his public entry into Rennes, the chief city of the province. The form of his doing, and the mode of investiture, are thus related by Lobineau: On his approach to the gate by which the town was entered, he was met by the bishop and nobles; the most holy relics were also brought, by which he swore "to defend the Catholic faith, and to maintain the church of Britanny in all its lawful rights—to preserve the counts, barons, and nobles of the country in the possession of all their liberties—to render justice to every one—to defend the prerogatives and *royal* privileges of Britanny—to restore what time had weakened, and to keep up what had been restored." After this he entered the town, went directly to the cathedral, where he remained all night before the altar of St. Peter. The next day, before the celebration of high mass, he was knighted by Olivier de Clisson, the Constable of France; after which he performed the same ceremony to his brothers Arthur and Gilles. Before mass the duke was clad with the *royal* (this word is used in both places in the original) vestments, by the counts and barons in attendance; a circle of gold was also put upon his head, and a drawn sword in his hand, which he held during the whole service: after which he rode through the town, attended by all the nobles present. During his reign the battle of Agincourt was fought, in which his uncle, Comte de Richemont, afterwards Constable of France, was wounded and taken prisoner. The duke himself had been bribed by an offer of one hundred thousand francs, and the promise of the town of St. Malo, to send forces to the assistance of the King of France. Six thousand men were accordingly sent, but did not arrive till after the battle. The duke died in 1440, and was succeeded by his brother, Francis I., who married Isabella of Scotland. His memory is stained by his cruel and unjust treatment of his younger brother, Gilles, a prince of great talent, much esteemed by his uncle, the Constable of France, and by many of the most powerful nobles of Britanny. He was of a generous though hasty temper, and not free from the vices of his age. His history is so peculiar, that we shall give a little space to the detail of it. The first

* His treatment of Clisson is full of the liveliest interest, and well deserves perusal.

mention which we have of him is in the very beginning of his brother's reign, when he was sent on an embassy to England. It is said that he was selected on this occasion because he was known to be a favourite with Henry VI. Shortly after his return, he began to speak publicly, and with great bitterness and discontent, of the portion which his father had left him—being only the lordship of Chantocé, and a small sum from the public revenues. These speeches were repeated to the duke by his enemies, with every aggravating circumstance, which had the natural effect of incensing the duke violently against him. They had several interviews upon the subject, and in all these the duke endeavoured to persuade his brother to be satisfied with the partition made by his father. This kind of advice was by no means acceptable to the prince, who at last quitted his brother's court in great dudgeon. The constable, who entertained great affection for Gilles, was exceedingly chagrined at this quarrel, and by means of his influence an apparent reconciliation was effected.

However poorly Gilles might have been left by his father's will, he held very large possessions in right of a young child whom he called his wife—the castles and lordships of Chateaubriand, Montafilant, Beaumanoir, Bain, la Hardouinae and Guildo. This child, *Françoise de Dinan*, was the daughter of *Bertrand de Dinan* and *Catherine de Rohan*, and had been by them promised in marriage to the *Sire du Gavre*, eldest son of the Count and Countess of Laval. A written contract had also been drawn up, with the consent, such as it was, of the child herself. But at the death of her father, which happened not long after, Gilles had carried her off, kept possession of her person, and avowed his intention of marrying her as soon as her age would allow. This marriage, if we may so call it, was perhaps the main cause of all his misfortunes; as his most persevering enemy was *Artur de Montauban*, who had determined, if possible, to have the young *Françoise* for his wife. She, however, always declared that she loved *du Gavre*, and would marry no one else. This affection increased with her years, though she had no opportunity of seeing the object of her love. The following curious document is quoted from the original by *Lobineau*, as proving the fair lady's determination; it must be observed, the declaration was made after the death of Gilles. She first states the promise made by her parents: “ Et pour ce que de present suis en age suffisant de pouvoir contraicter et accorder de moy mesmes mondit mariage avec mondit Seigneur du Gavre; comme j'ay tousjours eu bonne volenté et encor ay de ce faire, ce que bonnement ne puis de present, pour ce que suis detenue

de Monseigneur le Duc de Bretagne;* je François dessusdite fais veu à Dieu et à Nostre Dame, et jure aux saintes Evangelles de Dieu, et prometz par la foy et serrement de mon corps, et par ces presentes à mondit Seigneur du Gavre: que jamais tant qu'il vivra, n'auré autre mary ne espoux que lui; et dés à present le prens pour espoux et mary, luy promettant que toutes et quantefois que je seray en ma franchise et liberté, seray preste et content de l'espouser et consumer ledit mariage en sainte mere Eglise, et accomplir de ma part lesdites promesses et convenances d'entre nos seigneurs et dames, nos peres et meres, et ratifie et approuve par cesdites presentes lesdites promesses et convenances par eulx faictes, sans jamais aler à l'encontre. Et en temoing de ce, et affin qu'il cognoisse mieulx ma bonne volonté, j'ai signé ceste presente cedula de mon seing manuel cy mis. A — le — jour de May, 1450. Françoisse.”†

But to return to Gilles. In 1446, the before-mentioned Montauban,‡ Jean Hingant, an officer of the duke's court, who had been personally insulted by the prince, and Jaques d'Espinai,§ Bishop of St. Malo, and afterwards of Rennes, all three in the confidence of the duke, and much esteemed by him, determined to work the prince's ruin. To effect this they took every opportunity of spreading reports to his prejudice. The prince, indeed, could easily have removed these calumnies, if he could but have persuaded himself to live with the duke; but being unable to control his temper, he kept at a distance from the court, and thus left the field open to his enemies, who failed not to avail themselves of the advantage. Gilles was passionately fond of shooting with the bow; and, in order to attain greater excellence, he sent to Normandy for some English archers, that he might avail himself of their instruction and superior skill. This was immediately turned to account by his enemies, who represented to the duke, and afterwards to the King of France, that Gilles had boasted he could bring over the English whenever he pleased, and that he had already garrisoned one of his strong places on the sea-coast with English archers. This was more readily believed, because the prince was known to be in great favour with

* Pierre II., who succeeded Francis, kept her as a kind of prisoner, that he might enjoy her revenues. She sued him afterwards, and obtained some restitution.

† Lobineau, *Hist. de Bretagne*, tom. ii. p. 1125.

‡ Alain Bouchard, an almost contemporary historian, says the duke was attached to Montauban, “plus que raison et nature ne permettoient.” To such an extent did he carry his confidence, that he took no offence at his wife's embracing Montauban publicly. She openly avowed the greatest fondness for him, and made common cause with him against his enemies.

§ In 1456, when articles were exhibited against d'Espinai, we find among other charges, “propterea quod suspectus non immerito habitus est mortis Egidii fratris Ducum Francisci et Petri.”—Lobineau, *Hist. de Bret.* tom. ii. 1173.

Henry, who, according to report, had offered to make him Constable of England. It was agreed upon by the king* and the duke, at a conference at Chinon, that as soon as the latter had taken his departure, the king would send a party of soldiers into Brittany to seize the prince, and to deliver him up into the hands of his brother as a prisoner. The duke thought by this mode of proceeding to remove all obloquy from himself, and that as Gilles was made prisoner by the soldiers of the King of France, he would be looked upon by the people as a state criminal, and consequently that no reproach would attach itself to him on account of any treatment which the prince might afterwards receive. After the arrival of the duke in Brittany, the king sent four hundred lances, under the command of De Coetivi, the Admiral of France. These reached the Chateau de Guildo† on a Sunday, while Gilles was amusing himself at tennis, with some of his squires. On hearing that the soldiers were those of the King of France, he ordered the gates of the castle to be thrown open; he himself went to greet Coetivi, and asked what tidings he brought of the king. The only reply given was, "We are come to take you prisoner." They then seized the keys of the castle, laid hands on all the gold, silver, and jewels which they could find, not heeding that the latter were the property of his betrothed wife and her mother, and carried him off to Dinan, where his brother was.

The Constable knew nothing of this plot against his nephew till after the departure of the four hundred lances, when the king informed him of it. He then remonstrated so strongly on the cruelty of putting Gilles into the power of his brother, who was known to entertain such unfriendly feelings towards him, that the king was moved by his representation, and said to him, "*Beau cousin, pourvoiez-y, et faites diligence, autrement la chose ira mal.*" The Constable set forward with all speed, but did not arrive at Guildo till after the prince had been taken. He, however, went with Gilles to Dinan, and begged of the duke at least to see his brother. Not liking to refuse the Constable so reasonable a request, he consented to an interview. Gilles was conducted to the chateau, accompanied by the Constable and his own brother Pierre, who succeeded Francis in the dukedom. These knelt to the duke, and entreated with tears that Gilles should be forgiven, saying that he was more unfortunate than guilty. To the solicitations of his brother, the duke replied with

* The king was quite willing to take any means to put an end to the ducal family of Brittany, which at that time consisted only of five persons, all without children; the reigning duke, his brothers Pierre and Gilles, their uncle the Constable, and their cousin Francis—because, at their deaths without heirs, the province would become his.

† The ruins of this castle still form a beautiful object.

scornful reproaches; to the others he gave weak and evasive reasons, but expressed his full determination to keep the prince a prisoner, and to bring him to trial as soon as the necessary preparations could be made. In the meantime, Gilles, under the guard of Montauban,* was continually removed to different places of confinement. The duke commanded Olivier du Breil, Procureur General of Britanny, to prepare charges against the prince. It was not till he was threatened with deprivation of his office, that he proceeded with the odious task. Heavy accusations were laid against the prince, for the violation of different young girls and women. "Soit que cela fust vrai," says Lobineau, "soit qu'elles eussent esté païées pour mentir, aux depens de leur honneur et de leur conscience." The duke then summoned his council, which was composed chiefly of his brother's enemies, to take the charges into consideration. Letters from England, which had been found at Guildo, were produced, read, and commented upon, and his own servants were examined against him. But upon all the evidence of every sort which could be obtained, Olivier du Breil merely brought forward a general accusation, without specifying any particular crime. This greatly enraged the duke, who by threats and menaces at last compelled Du Breil to lay a charge of treason and lese majesté against him. The subject was then brought before an assembly of the states. The Constable, accompanied by a number of his friends, attended at the trial; when, notwithstanding all the efforts of the duke, no condemnation followed. Still Gilles remained a prisoner. A second attempt was made to procure his condemnation, but in vain; while every opportunity was taken to prejudice the king against him. The duke finding that he had no hopes of procuring his brother's death in this way, spoke to Jean Hingant and Olivier du Meel of getting rid of him by some other means. He calculated with great certainty upon the co-operation of the former, because he had always apparently been devoted to his interests; and also because he knew him to be the declared enemy of Gilles. The enormity of the crime, however, alarmed him; and in his hesitation and agony, he sent for Du Breil, to whom he made known the wishes of the duke. Du Breil reproached him with being one, if not the chief instigator of the quarrel between the brothers, and advised him, if his remorseful feelings were indeed sincere, to quit the province for a while, and thus put himself out of the way of persuasion. This he did;† and

* "Au Sire de Montauban à valloir sur son ordonnance pour la garde de Monsieur Gilles cinq cens livres." Extrait du compte de Morice de la Noë, Trésorier et Receveur Général.—*Lob. Hist. de Brit.*

† His absence was not for any great length of time; as we find afterwards that the duke employed him to conduct his duchess from Vannes, when that city was visited by the plague.

the duke upon being told of his departure, merely said, "Let him go, he is a coward, and good for nothing." Olivier du Meel fell into the plans of the duke without hesitation; and, after consulting with Robert Roussel, the chief of the duke's household, they concluded that the most easy as well as the most effectual way of removing the prince would be by poison.* One Jean Rageant was sent to Lombardy, to procure some for their purpose. On his return well furnished with the necessary drugs, some experiments were made with them upon animals, all of which succeeded admirably, to the great satisfaction of Du Meel. They were then tried upon the prince, being mixed in the soup which was served to him at dinner. As it was their intention to bring about a gradual death, it is probable that the doses were not sufficiently strong; or it may be, that the strength of the prince's constitution enabled him to withstand their pernicious effects; at any rate the attempt proved vain. In the meantime his friends continued to make great efforts to procure his release. They took an opportunity of informing the king, that the unfriendly feelings of the duke towards his brother took their rise from a demand which the prince had made for a larger portion of his father's property than the duke was willing to give—that his quarrel had been fomented and increased by Montauban and his accomplices for their own purposes—that the prince, by the violence of his temper, had given offence to some of his brother's favourites, who missed no occasion of irritating the duke against him—and, above all, that his future wife was extremely rich, and had excited the cupidity of them all. While these representations were made to the king, the friends of Gilles were busied in endeavouring to influence the council; and Guillaume de Rosynviken promised the members of it ten thousand crowns, if they procured the liberty of the prince. Induced by this bribe and by the influence of others, the council advised the king to send the Admiral of France, Pregent di Coetivi, to bear an order to the duke to release Gilles.

The admiral hastened to Vannes, and had an interview with the duke, who, not being able to oppose the commands of the king, gave the necessary papers to set the prince at liberty. Immediately on receiving them, De Coetivi set out for Montcontour, where Gilles was then confined. In this matter the duke is accused of dissimulation, and the admiral is strongly suspected of having been bribed by the enemies of the prince, who, on hearing what had been done by the council, took fresh measures to prevent his release. Scarcely had the admiral quitted Vannes,

* It is not improbable that Montauban himself might have been of this council. He was of the family of Visconti by the mother's side, and is supposed to have inherited from her the Lombard vices of the age, poisoning, assassination, &c.

when a letter was given to the duke, purporting to come from Henry VI., King of England, demanding the liberty of the prince, and threatening, in case of a refusal, to send an army to enforce compliance. This letter was forged by one Pierre de la Rose, who had been a long time in England, and knew the style of the despatches of that court. No sooner was this received, than the duke forwarded it to the king, and sent off messengers to contradict the order for his brother's release. The admiral feigned great surprise at this change in the duke's intentions, but left the poor prince in the custody of his keepers, who immediately removed him to the more retired Chateau de la Hardouinae.

His enemies now began to be weary of delay. They had tried an accusation, which, had it been successful, would have deprived him of his honour, as well as of his life—in this they failed. Then they had recourse to poison, which did not operate upon him. Even the lengthened and close confinement to which he was kept, with all its attendant discomforts, so insupportable as they thought to a prince of his rank and age, did not appear to affect him so prejudicially as to give them hopes of seeing him die soon enough for their purposes. At last they resolved to put him to death by violent means. The fear of the consequences, however, made them anxious, if possible, to procure the sanction of the duke. The prince had repeatedly written to his brother in respectful language, promising submission to him, denying and renouncing all alliance with the English. These letters never reached their destination, but in their stead others were substituted full of defiance and reproaches. Irritated on the receipt of one of these forgeries, the duke gave utterance to language which was easily interpreted into a wish for his brother's death. The chancellor, Louis de Rohan, who had married a niece of Montauban, drew up, as if coming from the king, an order to put the prince to death, and took it to Eon le Boudoin, the keeper of the seals, to have the seal of the chancery put to it. This Eon refused to do, whereupon the chancellor himself affixed the seal, and sent it to the Chateau de la Hardouinae. The duke, in all probability, knew nothing of this. When his keepers received the order they deliberated how to put it into execution; and fearing any appearance of violence, they resolved to starve the prince. To accomplish this they shut him in the lowest part of a tower of the chateau, forbidding every one to take him either bread or water. There was a grated window in this chamber which opened towards the ditch which surrounded the building. The cries of the prince entreating the passers by for food were continually heard, but no one dared to give him any. At last a poor woman, who lived near the chateau, taking pity on him, let herself secretly down into the ditch, and daily placed upon

his window such food as her means enabled her to procure. For six long weeks was the prince thus supported, but feeling himself becoming daily weaker and weaker, he begged of the woman to request a priest to visit him, that he might confess, and obtain the absolution of the church before he died. A cordelier was induced to come, to whom the prince confessed through the window. He could not refrain from telling his confessor of the cruel and unjust treatment which he had received from his brother, who had always refused to listen to his complaints and his vindication. He charged the priest to find the duke, to tell him the state in which he left him, and to say, that since he was refused justice in this world, he appealed to the judgment of God, and summoned the duke to appear before that judgment-seat. In order to make this citation of more effect, it is said that he procured the means of reducing it to writing, and fixed the term for the duke's appearance within forty days; "*par cette impression de l'Esprit de Dieu, qui fait quelques fois penetrer les mourans dans l'avenir,*" adds the Benedictine Lobineau.

Astonished at his continuing alive, and anxious that he should be dead before the return of the duke from Normandy, when they knew that renewed efforts would be made for his release, his guards, or, as Lobineau well calls them, his executioners, resolved to smother him. They accordingly entered his room very early in the morning, and finding him in bed, and very weak from his poor supply of food, they put a towel round his neck and tried to strangle him. Failing in this, from the struggles of the prince, they effected their purpose at last by smothering him between two mattresses. As soon as they had perpetrated the deed, they stopped up his nose and ears that no blood might flow, and placed him in a handsome bed in another room, that it might appear he had died from natural causes. They then went to hunt with a party, which had been purposely invited for that morning; in order that they might easily prove their absence from the chateau when the death of the prince was made known. During the chase a man came in great haste to tell them that the prince had been found dead in his bed. They put on the appearance of being deeply affected at the news, and entreated the party present to return with them to the chateau, to see what had taken place, which, however, all refused to do. A common grave was prepared, and the abbot and monks of a neighbouring abbey of Boquien performed the funeral rites, and a simple tomb of slate, inscribed with his name, was all the memorial of the unfortunate prince Gilles.* During this time the duke, who was carrying

* The writer of this article spent some hours in endeavouring to find the few remains which exist both of the chateau and the abbey, but, from the ignorance of his guide, was unable to discover them.

on the war in Normandy, had taken Avranches, and was on his way to Mont St. Michel, where he intended to sleep. While passing over the sands towards the mount, he was accosted by a monk who wished to speak with him in private. The duke stopped; the monk told him of the state in which his brother was, and in the name of the prince cited him to appear before the tribunal of God within the space of forty days. The monk retired. The duke, naturally of a weak mind, was alarmed at the awful nature of the summons, and before the time had elapsed sickened and died.

We must now pass from the history to the original language of Brittany. The language of Brittany; the ancient, but now lost one of Cornwall; the Welsh, the Irish, and the Gaelic, are all derived from one common Celtic stock. The two latter preserve the pure and primitive forms of the original and more ancient Celtic, which was spoken by those first tribes which passed from the East by way of the Euxine, and along the Danube, into Gaul. These were succeeded by the Cymri, who followed in their rear, and gradually displaced them in England and Armorica, where their own language was substituted instead of the earlier Celtic. The Celtic and the Cymraig differ too much to be considered as dialects of the same tongue; but they resemble each other quite enough to be called sister languages, having the same origin from some more ancient and mother tongue. "The Celtic and Cymraig," says Murray, "though probably little corrupted by ancient revolutions, have both undergone those changes which affect the purest dialects. Excepting in the terms which it has borrowed from the Latin and English, the Celtic possesses an unrivalled and striking originality in its words, a resemblance to the oldest varieties of language, and internal evidence that it is derived from the earliest speech of Europe. At the same time it has suffered from a barbarous mode of pronunciation. Many words have been corrupted by the unnecessary introduction of aspirates and guttural sounds. The Cymraig being exposed for so many centuries to the influence of Latin, Saxon and Norman, is not so pure as the Celtic. The power of corrupt pronunciation has been felt by the Welsh, as well as by the Irish, dialects. The orthography of the Welsh has been absurdly changed, with a view to adopt a written to a spoken language. The Irish has escaped this needless depravation. The Welsh is least corrupted when well spoken. The Irish is least corrupted when well written. Ireland enjoyed the use of writing very early. The dialect of the Irish written monuments is far more original and authentic than the vernacular Scotch, or even Irish Celtic. The Scottish dialect must be viewed as a distinct, but at the same time modern, variety of the Irish."* To enable our readers to

* "History of the European Languages," vol. ii, p. 318.

see at a glance the resemblance between the Irish and the Scottish Gaelic, we will transcribe the first two verses of the parable of the prodigal son.

IRISH.

"Do bhadar dias mac ag duine airighe.

"Agus a dubhairt an ti dob óige aca ré na athair: Athair, tabhair dhomha a'chuid-roinn a thig orm do d'mhaoin. Agus roinn e eatorra a mhaoin eatorra."

Tiomna nuadh, &c. Re Huilliam o Domhnuill, Shacklewell, 1813.

GAELIC.

"Bha aig duine araidh dithis mhac.

"Agus thubhairt am mac a be óige dhiubh r'a athair: Athair, thoir dhomha a'chuid-roinn a thig orm do d'mhaoin. Agus roinn e eatorra a bheathachadh."—Tiomnadh nuadh, &c. Edinb., 1813.

We shall quote the same verses in two several dialects of Britanny, and point out the words that are common to the Cornish and the Welsh. The words in Italics are pure Cornish, the authority for which is "Pryce's Archæologia Cornu-Britannica." Where the letter D. is added, the authority is "Davies' Welsh and Latin Dictionary."

DIALECT OF LEON, OR DEPARTMENT OF FINISTERRE.

"A man he had two sons: and the younger of them said

"Eunn *den*¹ en doa daou vab²:* hag³ ar⁴ iaouanka⁵ anezo⁶ a *lavaras*⁷ to his father: my father give to me the portion of fortune which d' he dad⁸: va zad⁹ roid¹⁰ d' in al loden zanvez a falls to me. And his father gave his portion to him." zigoves in. Hag he dad a *roaz* he lod d' ezhan."

DIALECT OF TREGUIER, OR DEPARTMENT OF COTES DU NORD.

"A man he had two sons: and the younger of them

"Eunn *den*¹ an efoa daou vab²: hag³ ar⁴ iaounonkan⁵ anee⁶ said to his father: my father give to me the portion of goods a *laras*⁷ d' he dad⁸: ma zad⁹ *reid*¹⁰ d' in al loden mado which falls to me: And he divided." a *deu* d' in: Hag ho rannas¹¹."

* *vab* is here put for *mab*. This change in the initial letter depends upon a rule of euphony belonging to the Breton language: thus *t*, in the word *tad*, is sometimes replaced by *d*, sometimes by *z*, according to the word or particle which precedes it. The same is common to the Welsh.

¹ *dyn*, Welsh D. ² *deau mab*, Corn.; *dau*, Welsh. ³ *ac*, Welsh. ⁴ *a'r*, Welsh. ⁵ *ienangaf*, Welsh. ⁶ *anedho*, *anedhe*, Corn. ⁷ *llefaru*, Welsh D. ⁸ *tat*, Corn. ⁹ *nhad*, Welsh. ¹⁰ *rhoi*, Welsh. ¹¹ *rannys*, Corn.; *rannodd*, Welsh.

Rostrenen, in the preface to his "*Dictionnaire François-Celtique*," mentions a very old Breton manuscript preserved in the King's Library in Paris, entitled "*Des Prédications de Guinclin, Astronome Breton*. Il marque au commencement de ses prédictions qu'il écrivoit l'an de salut 240, demeurant entre Roc'h-hellas et le Porz-guem, entre Morlaix et Treguier." The very great age ascribed to this is, we fear, sufficient to warrant a disbelief of its genuineness. He quotes also "*Les Statuts Synodaux du diocèse de Léon du 13^{me}, 14^{me}, 15^{me} siècle, écrits en Latin, mais dont une partie étoit traduite en Breton en faveur de ceux qui n'entendroient pas le Latin*." This is a MS. The first printed book in the language that we have been able to meet with, is "*Une tragédie en vers Bretons de la passion et la résurrection de Jésus-Christ et du trépas de la Sainte Vierge*—imprimée à Paris, en caractère gothique, 1530, chez Yves Quilbeveré, Rue de la Bucherie."

The Breton language had the honour of persecution. The Council of Rheims, held in 813, declared all who continued obstinately to use it, "*barbares, ante-chrétiens, et inhabiles aux fonctions publiques*."

As a specimen of the poetry of the Bas-Bretons, we will place before our readers a ballad of the sixteenth century, which has been published by M. Frémenville, with a translation into modern French. The name of the author is unknown: it is still, however, a great favourite with the peasants, who sing it to a simple Breton air, perhaps contemporaneous with the poem. The heroine of the ballad is Marie de Keroulas, the only daughter of François de Keroulas and Catherine de Lanuzouarn. The mother, being left a widow, compels her daughter, contrary to her inclinations, to marry the Marquis de Mesle, of the noble house of Du Chatel. The affections of Marie, however, had been bestowed upon another, and she employed tears and entreaties to obtain permission to be married to him. The mother remained obdurate; her vanity being flattered by an alliance with the rich and powerful marquis. Marie, submissive and obedient, yields, gives her hand to François du Chatel, and dies of grief a short time after.

The ballad opens with the supposed happiness of Marie in being so richly dressed, and in being permitted to join in the dance with the gentlemen; for the Marquis de Mesle had arrived at her mother's with a large train. Marie, however, hears of his arrival with pain, thinks that it forbodes ill to her, and wishes that she was a pigeon-blue that she might listen to the conversation of her mother and the Marquis. She speaks also of her love for Kerthomas (who was a younger son of the house of Gouzillon),

who also is alarmed at this visit of the Marquis. Marie tells her mother how much disturbed she had been ever since the arrival of the Marquis, entreats to be allowed to marry Kerthomas, whose addresses had hitherto been sanctioned by her mother, and whose feelings she tries to enlist on her side by describing the grandeur of the mansion of Kerthomas. But all in vain; her mother bids her abandon such thoughts, as she was promised to the Marquis. She then returns the presents which had been made to her by Kerthomas. The verses in which she does this we shall quote, with Frémenville's translation :

“ Eur gaolen aour ag eur signet,
Gant Kerthomas oent din roet ;
Ho comeris en eur gana,
Ag ho restaulin en eur woela.
Dalc 'hit, Kerthomas, ho koalen aour,
Ho signet gant carcaniou aour ;
Na ven ket leset ho kemeret,
Miret ho re ne zlean ket.”

“ Un anneau et un signet d'or,
M'avoient été donnés par Kerthomas ;
Je les acceptai avec des marques de joie,
Et je les lui remettrai en pleurant.
Reprenez, Kerthomas, votre anneau,
Votre signet avec sa chaîne d'or ;
Puisqu'il n'est pas permis de vous accepter,
Je ne dois pas garder vos dons.”

The ballad goes on to describe the great regret felt at her departure—her own farewell—the affecting leave which she takes of all—the kiss she bestows upon the door. She bids the poor be comforted, and to come to her new abode at Chateaugal, where she will distribute daily alms—an exercise of charity which does not please the Marquis. Shortly after her arrival at the chateau of her husband she anxiously inquires for some one who will take a letter to her mother. A page hastens with it. As soon as her mother receives it she sets forth immediately for Chateaugal, and on her arrival learns that her daughter is dead. She reproaches herself bitterly for her cruelty in compelling the marriage, and retires to a nunnery. The whole story is told with simplicity and pathos. The rhymes of the original are very artificial, the same word being allowed at the end of each verse of the couplet; and a recurrence of the same syllable, sometimes only of the same letter, is all that seems to have been required.

From the language we naturally turn to the monuments of very remote antiquity, which abound in the province; but of these we shall at present describe only the Roche aux Fées, and the far-

famed stones of Carnac. The Roche aux Fées* is about six leagues S. E. of Rennes, and a mile and half S. of Essé, and is situated in a field which takes its name from the monument, and is called the field of the Roche aux Fées. When perfect it was composed of forty-two stones, thirty-three of which, fixed upright in the ground, formed the sides of the gallery, if we may so call it: the other nine formed the roof. Some of the upright stones, from not being sufficiently strong to bear the superincumbent weight of the others, have lost their perpendicularity; some have given way altogether, and the covering stones have in consequence fallen. Three of the stones, which form the south-eastern entrance, appear to have been roughly squared on the principal face; the rest have never been touched by any tool. The direction of this curious work is from south-east to north-west. It is divided into two distinct chambers:† the one towards the south-east is small, and covered with a single stone, and is much lower than the others; that towards the north-west is much larger. Conjecture has, of course, been busy to endeavour to ascertain what was the object for which it was erected. Ogée, in his *Dictionnaire de Bretagne*, supposes it to have been the tomb of a Roman general:—a supposition which has nothing to bear it out. Deric, in his *Ecclesiastical History of Britanny*, speaks of it as a building which had been dedicated to pagan ceremonies, and thinks that the smaller chamber was a sanctuary. Others ascribe it to the Druids. Either of the latter hypotheses may be true. Formerly a forest surrounded it. It was at one time preserved with great care; but since the revolution, much injury has been done to it by the wanton folly of the peasantry, who imagined that a treasure lay buried under it.

But of all parts of Britanny, of France, and we might say of all parts of the world, there is no place so full of objects interesting to the student of Celtic antiquities as the department of Morbihan. Cromlechs, Kistvaens, Menhirs, meet our view at almost every step. And in that department so rich in these remains, the richest spot is in the neighbourhood of Lochmaria-

* There are many monuments of a similar kind in different parts of France ascribed to the same agents, the Fairies. La Cubane des Fées in the department of Creuse, La Tloule de las Fadas in the department of Cantal, La Motte aux Fées in the department of the Maine and Loire, La Tour aux Fées in the wood of Marshain, not far from Le Mans; besides many single stones in Britanny and elsewhere which are called Pierres des Fées. The only rival in the British dominions to the Roche aux Fées is the sepulchral monument at New Grange, near Drogheda.

† La Grotte des Fées, about three leagues from Tours, is similar to the Roche aux Fées, but much smaller: it is about the same height, and is covered in the same manner; and there is the like division into a smaller and a larger chamber. Fragments of stone have been turned up by the plough in its neighbourhood, though there is no quarry near, as if there had been stone huts about it.

ker, within a short distance of which village there are at least thirty objects well deserving the closest examination. But far superior to every thing else, both there and elsewhere, standing without the slightest approach to rivalry, and compared with which all other monuments, not even excepting the pride of our own country, Stonehenge, sink into comparative insignificance, are the Stones of Carnac, as they are called. What shall we say of a remain which can be distinctly traced in its windings for upwards of *seven miles*, and which almost beyond a doubt extended yet further, which is composed of eleven parallel rows of stones varying in height from five to seventeen feet; the number of which, at no extravagant computation, must have consisted of at least ten thousand,* and the whole width of the avenues varies from two hundred to three hundred and fifty feet. In connection with it, we find two perfect tumuli, one near Crukenho, the other near Kerdescant, with the ruin of a third not far from Kerzerho, besides the very large one near Carnac, on which a chapel is built dedicated to St. Michael; one curvilinear area, near Le Maenec, with traces of a second; two kistvaens, the table stone of one of which is thirteen feet long, and eight feet wide; of the other, fifteen feet long, ten wide, and four feet thick; besides natural mounds, on all which one or more cromlechs are placed. Taking all these things into consideration, we may well join with Godfrey Higgins in saying that this monument "certainly sets all history, and almost (?) all theory at defiance."

From this account of it we can excuse our readers even if they indulge a little incredulity. We ourselves plead guilty to the charge; for when Monsieur Loroy was describing it with all the enthusiasm of a Frenchman, we could not help thinking that the obliging and gentlemanly prefect was at least painting it somewhat poetically. But on visiting the monument, all doubt and misgiving was swallowed up in surprise and astonishment. Those of our readers who may wish for a very detailed account of the whole of this monument, may consult volume xxv. of the *Archæologia*, where a beautiful plan is given by the Rev. J. B. Deane, from a survey made under his own inspection. From this paper we shall make two extracts, one describing the view from a mound about three quarters of a mile from Kerzerho, the other,

* This is according to the computation of M. Sauvagère, a French engineer, who estimated the number of stones between Le Maenec and Kerdescant at four thousand, the distance between the two places being $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles; if then the stones were uniformly disposed, the whole number would be above ten thousand. Many have been used to build the chateaus of Kergonant, Plouharmel and Du Lac. Cottages and walls, and perhaps the village of Carnac, have been formed from its stores. Mr. Deane was told by a man at Anray, the master of the Hotel-en-bas, that from 1500 to 2000 had been removed between Carnac and St. Barbe.

the description of a stone, the fourteenth of the monument situated on the road from Erdeven to Carnac.* Speaking of the former, Mr. Deane, says,—

“I cannot imagine a scene more interesting. A heathen temple surviving the storms of at least two thousand years, retaining for the space of eleven furlongs almost its original unity, and the whole spread out like a picture at the spectator's feet, while each extremity points to a distant Christian church (those of Erdeven and Carnac), built perhaps out of the ruins of some portion of this once magnificent temple : a lake below, the sea beyond, barren plains and rocky hills, form a combination of art, nature, and religion, which cannot be regarded by a contemplative mind without feelings of peculiar pleasure.”—*Archæologia*, vol. xxv. p. 217.

Upon the sloping surface of the stone, to which we have alluded—

“There is an artificial cavity, having every appearance of being designed to receive the body of a human victim preparatory to sacrifice. There is, however, another stone exactly similar, and more distinctly marked, and perfect upon a rock altar, on the east side of the Lake of La Trinité, at a short distance from the path leading from the ferry to Lockmariaker. Lying down upon the stone, I found that the shoulders were received by a cavity just sufficient to contain them; while the neck reclining in a narrow trench, was bent over a small ridge, and the head descended into a deep, circular groove beyond it. From the narrow trench which received the neck, was chiselled a small channel down the inclined plane of the stone. This being on the *left* side of the recumbent victim, was well adapted to carry off the blood which flowed from the jugular vein. A person lying in these cavities is quite helpless, and in such a position a child may sacrifice the strongest man. Cæsar and Strabo† both speak of the homicidal sacrifices of the Celtic nations. The latter describes with pictorial effect the chief Druidess cutting the throats of the victims one after the other, and receiving the trickling blood in basins, and pronouncing omens according to the manner in which the stream flowed.”

Extraordinary and immense as the monument at Carnac is, no record whatever exists to show its object and design. The Breton peasants preserve a tradition, taught perhaps by the first preachers of Christianity among them, that these stones represent a heathen army which pursued St. Cornelius, because he had renounced paganism, and that being hemmed in and unable to escape, he had recourse to prayer, upon which they all were turned into stones. Others have ascribed it to the work of super-

* Among the stones of the monument near Carnac, the botanist may find the *Lobelia urens* in great abundance.

† Strabo, tom. 1, p. 451, B. Casanbon, Amstel. 1707.

natural dwarfs, who to show their own strength, compared with the feebleness of ordinary men, brought the stones from the neighbouring quarries, and fixed them where they are. With others Cæsar was the architect. Some who view all ancient monuments, the object of which is buried in oblivion, as connected with astronomy, believe that the parallelitha represent the eleven signs of the primitive zodiac. Mr. Deane, in an extremely interesting book on the Divine worship of the Serpent, is of opinion that it was a *Dracontium*, or Temple dedicated to the serpent; and supposes its windings to represent the sinuosities of the reptile's path.

He remarks in the paper in the *Archæologia* already quoted,

"The sinuosities are evidently designed, and not accidental. In many places the ground is so level that it might easily have been carried on in a straight line, had straight lines only been required. But even in the levels, the deviations are frequent; and in other places hills are ascended which not only might have been avoided, but which are actually out of course."

The last hypothesis which we shall mention is that of Godfrey Higgins.

"I take the liberty of suggesting, whether it may not have been used as an instrument to mark the passing years, like the Etrurian nails. May it not have been made when the Bull with his horn opened the vernal year, and the instrument itself have been formed at first of a number of stones, equal to what the Druids suppose to be the number of years, which had passed from the creation or any other grand epoch, as tradition says (?) they annually added a stone to it."*

Whatever may have been its object, there it now stands, the wonder of the world. And we feel some, we hope, pardonable pride, that Mr. Deane, an Englishman, should have been the first to survey it as it deserves, and to hand down to posterity a full and correct plan of it. We think that even in this brief notice we have said enough to satisfy our readers that *Britanny* is well worthy of the full investigation of the Celtic antiquary. And we wish that some zealous, well informed, but not visionary traveller, would devote the same attention to the other parts of *Morbihan*, which Mr. Deane has given to *Carnac*, and to the neighbourhood of *Locmariaker*. A little inconvenience he must make up his mind to bear, from a want of some of those things which he has been accustomed perhaps to consider as necessary to his comfort; but he will find a people, kind, simple-hearted, reserved indeed, but perfectly willing to render him any service in their power; while from the authorities he will meet with the greatest attention, and the promptest readiness to assist him in his researches. Time is of course gradually working his slow

* Higgin's *Celtic Druids*, LXXXVIII; *Anacalypsis*, vol. i., p. 340.

progress of decay with these monuments, but the wanton hand of man is far more destructive. As the only records of the earliest traces of civilization in Europe, and of the earliest worship of our common ancestors, it would be matter of great regret not to possess the most accurate accounts, the most minute details of them, and glad should we be if any remarks of ours should lead to so desirable and to so good a result.

ART. VIII.—*Industrie Française. Rapports sur l'Exposition de 1839.*—(French Manufactures. Reports on the Exhibition of 1839.) By J. B. A. M. Jobard. Paris, 1841.

M. JOBARD commences his labours with a flattering dedication to the King of the Belgians on the immense progress of art in Belgium, and especially her railroads. These encomiums certainly appear well merited by the nation; but the king has in reality very little to do with the matter. This writer, in an introduction of great merit, next proceeds to contrast ancient and modern inventions, in which his tendencies naturally lead him to immensely exaggerated statements of the power of the latter; and an enumeration of the progress of manufactures in France then follows. We shall proceed step by step with these stages of the introduction, and then lay before our readers such topics from his review of the Exposition of 1839 in Paris as may command general interest. It is with us matter of deep regret that something similar and equally comprehensive in its objects with the Exposition in France does not exist in England and Belgium, for the Society of Arts is, alas, a poor approximation to it, and is nearly unknown to the country at large. Such an exhibition of the entire progress in arts and manufactures of the country, opening the eyes of the public to the value of an article, possessing them with right notions on the important question of its production, either at a lower rate, or of superior quality or duration, constituting a check on the extortionate tradesman, encouraging the industry of our artizans also by proportionate rewards, would at least be as edifying a spectacle as the Smithfield show of fat oxen, sheep, and pigs. The intimate knowledge acquired of the value and improved process of manufacture, the close inspection into the gradual progress of art, the ingenious devices to attain particular objects, the immense impetus given to the thinking principle, and the resources which chemistry especially is everywhere displaying, could not but produce amongst our countrymen results of the highest importance to civilization. But we must not hope, we fear, especially under present circumstances, that England will receive any intuition towards bettering her social condition from

France; nor, we fear, is France likely to amend her still more numerous defects by the example of England. The proper interest of each country appears likely to be buried in the turmoil of military preparations, and their relative retardation in improvement will be of course in proportion to the years consumed on belligerent matters. War is the bane to civilization among the equally civilized, though the sword may become the propagator of science in the case of inequality of natural endowments. M. Jobard falls foul at the onset of the Greeks, denying to them even the name of industrious: certainly to no ancient nation could he have done less injury by such an observation. Since were we to describe a nation whose technical skill appears far in advance of the surrounding powers, we should assign this honour to them. Even Juvenal, though he charged them with quackery, admits their varied talents.

“Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit.”

Costume, dice, needles, pins, combs, all fall under one sweeping censure. Yet M. Jobard might remember that the clogged dice found in Pompeii would seem to indicate, in the second article at least, considerable mechanical skill; and, when we consider that the needle is a quotation, and a fair one, of high excellency in art, needing the rare combinations of temper, sharpness, pliancy, in a most wondrously small compass, and that, probably, that fatal implement wielded in the time of that martyr to good housewifery, who is reported to have died by its prick, scarce matched the Greek, the boasted modern improvement seems rather questionable. We are, we confess, of that unpopular class that lean to periods of revival and decline:

“Alter erit tunc Tiphys, et altera quæ vehat Argo
Delectos heroas: erunt etiam altera bella,
Atque iterum Trojæ magnus mittetur Achilles.”

We admit the clumsiness of much of what is Greek; we know the ancients did not possess the principle that velocity may supersede power. The cannon ball surpasses their battering ram. But we cannot think the screw of Archimedes so low an invention as M. Jobard appears to rate it. If not a water mill, it at least is a valuable instrument for the raising of water, and he who reduced the quadrature of the circle to the determination of the ratio between the diameter and circumference at least deserves respectful mention by those who have as yet never trisected the obtuse angle, nor arrived at the duplication of the cube after a trial of 2,000 years. The clock we allow to be one of the most superb trophies of modern invention, though clock-work was probably known to Homer; but

the clepsydra might be adjusted with some accuracy. We are pleased to find M. Jobard allowing to the ancients at least praise for their pottery, that of Egypt has never been rivalled, and probably never will; and Wedgwood has to acknowledge every excellence in his varied art to Etruscan vases, and might even improve his elegant shapes by some yet resting in the collection, the unsold collection, of Athanasi, which contains vases perfectly novel, even to eyes long accustomed to Greek and Egyptian forms. The woven wind of Juvenal is also no inelegant description of thin and exquisite workmanship in linen if not silk. The quotation of Epaminondas, in proof of the paucity of dresses of the ancients, we think unlucky as an illustration, first as a Theban, next as a poor man, not being the first of the latter unhappy genus who has been confined to his bed while his clothes have been in the suds. From the days of Robert of Normandy these crosses have alighted on both gentle and simple, suzerain and villain, when the auri sacra fames was on them, but ungratified. There is, too, another circumstance, that the applications of all nations have been invariably to particular branches, whether in literature, art, or manufacture. M. Jobard concedes to Greece the mastership in philosophy, literature, architecture, and sculpture, and to us the humble office of being scholars and imitators in these branches; but he exclaims they never discovered printing, steam, powder, spinning, railroads, gas lights, double sluices, balloons, the telegraph, post, compass and America, chemistry, anatomy, surgery, algebra, *descriptive* geometry, the decimal system, geology, statistics, notes, founts of type, zinc, platina, nickel, mirrors, and coals, heliography, galvanism, felt, fire-ships, the cutting of the diamond, the telescope, the microscope, the rotundity of the earth, and all that exists upon its surface.

Arago would except steam from the above, which was known, he considers, to the ancient Egyptians. Railroads, also, we are prepared to contend are ancient, or, at least, questionable: gas we concede.

Balloons also, but the flight of Dædalus looks wondrous like aerostation. The telegraph, the post, the compass (yet the properties of the magnet were known), though not applied to naval tactics, and the singular story of Abaris carried on an arrow round the world, Herodot. 4, 35, seems to hint at the compass in his ship, and he is also represented as *divining* by the arrow. The ships of Alcinous, which were animated by such an intelligence that they needed not on the darkest night to stay their way, look wonderfully like compass-steered vessels. Jamblichus also tells us of Abaris, that Pythagoras stole from him the golden arrow with which he directed his way; probably, simply

a gilded magnet. China has been acquainted with the compass from remotest time. When shall we have a history of this singular people from a competent judge of their language, and a deep antiquarian and orientalist?

America is questionable, for who peopled her? If the antiquity of Mexican remains attain the tenth of what has been claimed for them, their origin would induce a belief of a navigation of higher power than the ancient trireme, and yet where did not the Phœnicians penetrate, even with that simple style of naval architecture only? In chemistry the Egyptians, however, could not have been unskilled; and the atomic theory, its great triumph, is, most probably, of a highly remote antiquity. Anatomy, as far as outward observation of the just configuration of the muscles, the Elgin marbles prove; and the Egyptian could not be ignorant of the same, since even embalming must have led to some proximate causes highly favourable to further investigation. The simple surgery of Homer could not be much amended on the battle plain. Algebra is the clear production of the Arabians. The Diophantine problems have certainly worked our brains for one of Granta's children, and the mutilated form in which they remain contained evidently higher points than even these, which however carry us to the simple quadratic. Our triumph here with what is lost, not before us, even in this single writer, is not so highly eminent or perfectly conclusive. In mixed geometry we possess unquestionable advance, but in the pure our progress is exceeding low. Decimals, and to these might have been added logarithms, are a great step assuredly. Geology has to attain fixity before it can much advantage us. It requires also such a combination of excellencies to form the perfect geologist, that we doubt extremely whether the conclusions of this science will be trustworthy for some time. Statistics were followed to a limited extent compared with our own researches, and the philanthropy of statistics, a principle originated by Christianity, is certainly the unique product of our æra. The bill of exchange, the product of Jewish invention, possibly the result of persecution, which induced them to give money this shadowy shape, must have been known to the Phœnician in all countries. He could not have used gold or silver in all cases, and barter must have quickly led to bills of parcels, and these to bills of exchange or something analogous. Printing with moveable types is the greatest modern discovery, and may certainly be considered purely modern, always excepting block printing, which, as we have recently shown, is of the remotest antiquity. Zinc, platina, and nickel, the evidence in favour of these, is extremely doubtful as points of discovery confined to the moderns. Glass the Egyptians

manufactured in vast profusion, but certainly do not seem to have applied it to mirrors. Coals are very questionable. Theophrastus certainly mentions *ἀνθράκες ἐκ τῆς γῆς*, cap. 136. Heliography, perfectly unique, of slight value, but curious in physical fact, since writing with sunbeams up to the present age has been rather a fanciful allusion than a living reality. Of Galvanism we do not possess any knowledge sufficiently accurate to enable us to state the extent of ancient information; but the probability is that it was unknown in the galvano-plastic form.

With respect to electricity, it is clear that Numa possessed the art attributed to Franklin of eliciting the lightning from the clouds, whence arose the worship of Jupiter Elicius; and that Tullus Hostilius, less happy in his practical knowledge than his predecessor, perished by a similar death to that of Reichman in his trial of Franklin's experiments. It was through a failure in his physical process that Hostilius perished, his war-hand was out of practice in philosophy. Livy says, lib. i. 31, "*Ipsam regem tradunt volentem commentarios Numæ cum ibi quædam occulta solemnia sacrificia Jovi Elicio facta invenisset operatum his sacris se abdidisse: sed non rite initum aut curatum id sacrum esse; nec solum nullam ei oblatam speciem sed ira Jovis sollicitati prava religione fulmine ictum cum domo conflagrasse.*"

Felt we fully concede as far as known. Fire-ships also.

Diamond cutting, probably not known; yet the perfection of the ancient intaglio seems to presume great excellence in working a material very nearly approaching in hardness this precious stone. The telescope, purely modern we believe, but still difficult to conceive as such in any thing like a long progress of ages. The microscope, modern inventor unknown; but instruments somewhat analogous must have been in use in those minute works of the Ilias shut up in a nut shell, and the ivory ants of Callicrates, so minute that others could not distinguish their members, which appear to indicate high artificial resources; and even the powers assigned to the Nauscopite of the Mauritius seem scarce superior to his who could number the galleys issuing from the harbour of Carthage at Lilybæum, distant 125 miles. The mighty inventor of the burning lenses had doubtless drawn the deduction as to their other powers; and if so, the microscope is but a brief remove. The rotundity of the earth was certainly known by the Hebrews; and, we conceive, was a doctrine of very remote antiquity, familiar to the Babylonian calculator of eclipses, and Thales, who predicted a solar eclipse. It is somewhat surprising in the above enumeration, that the electrical telegraph should not have been specified, and the whole reasoning of M. Jobard is the reverse of his expressed opinion. He maintains the direct

negative on this question, and conceives that we have to relearn what was once known to the ancients, and that most modern discoveries are the simple reaction of principles that formerly prevailed. Probably this is paradoxical as a general principle; but it is true in numerous individual instances assuredly, and should somewhat humble the arrogant pretensions of the moderns, who, whether in the Battle of the Books or Sciences, maintain an empire of very inferior extent compared to the enormous proportion to the past claimed by themselves. M. Jobard appears to appeal triumphantly in favour of modern progress, to the impossible case of civilization being checked; but does the reign of the Czar over Paris appear an event less improbable in the chapter of accidents than Alaric at Rome? Would the city of the modiste and the mantua-maker, the cuisinier and the restaurateur, remain, then, in all its exquisite refinement? It would retrograde assuredly in these points and numerous others; for no ambitious state, no highly belligerent power, no empire that has universal rule for its object, can attend highly to the arts and sciences. Virgil says of his countrymen,—

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra :
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus :
Orabunt causas melius, coelique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent :
(Hæc tibi erunt artes) pacique imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

And so it must be. Ambition knows no rival in the heart: she may pride herself on statues and pictured trophies of her victories, the arts may be invoked to embellish them and perpetuate; but this is placing them in a false position—they should be loved for their own lustre, not for transmitted light. On this principle, had Charlemagne been as ignorant as M. Jobard, on the erroneous statements of Gibbon, supposes, to us it had not been wondrous in the king of the Romans; but the pupil of Alcuin could assuredly write. Eginhard, the very authority appealed to in proof of this monstrous assertion, informs us that Charlemagne wrote the history of the ancient kings in verse; and Lambecius declares that the imperial library still contains a MS. corrected by the hand of Charlemagne himself. Accounts, too, vary most wondrously, if M. Jobard be right, who states that the people and the priests were clothed in skins wild as the Cossacks, and that on days of ceremony they simply threw over them a covering of linen, surplice (*superpelles*). We doubt this statement excessively; since we find Clovis so struck with the external pomp of the Roman Church, with the splendid apparel and ceremonies at his baptism, that he simply demands, and manifests certainly no small igno-

rance in the question, whether what he saw was the kingdom of God, which had been promised him. No, replies the eloquent St. Remi, it is but the beginning of the road which conducts thither. We fully concede the question of the opposition of the chivalric spirit to the handicraft or serf, simply the Roman and the servile revived and therefore but the adumbration of the above theory. Years rolled on, and monarchs rose amid them, Louis XI. and Henry IV. found the value of other pursuits as well as military matters. To the latter monarch France is indebted for her carpets, glass after the pattern of the Venetian, and the digging of her mines. Colbert created an amazing influx in the operative principle. In cloth France even equalled Spain and Holland; in lace, Brabant; in silk she vied with Italy, and in the loom with Flanders. As to the great project of this minister, the canal of Languedoc, Vauban declared he would sacrifice all that he had done to be the author of that superb work of art. M. Jobard considers, however, that this great minister confined the mechanical ingenuity too closely by his regulations as to the companies of what we should call the merchant guild. The constraint exercised in consequence when a discovery partook of various crafts, and the compulsion on the inventor to affiliate himself to each at ruinous cost, made labour become a simple duty question. In 1791, the abolition of merchant companies gave greater freedom, and a patentee right, which was joyously received by the heavily taxed artisan. This principle of the patentee, however, produced, both in France and England, correspondent evils. Like Morrison, with his pills of death in this country, numerous quacks possessed themselves of the law of patent. Our author proposes to get rid of empiricism by a brevet among the guilds; but this, we fear, whether in the medical profession, which is incompetent by its influence to suppress quackery, or in mechanic art, would be equally unsuccessful. The world is opposed to monopolies, even when they work it good, which they occasionally do. The party most to be dreaded and most hostile to industrious mechanical art, is the capitalist, who, availing himself of the tremendous power which the use of the cylinder has afforded him, forms certainly a check to many advances and improvements, although at times he aids them for selfish reasons, and for the maintenance of enormous gains. With instances of this kind the political economist must deal, and their exposure will be nearly equal in the main to their legislative abolition. The policy of France at the present instant is sensibly indicated to her by Jobard. He tells her to investigate her state, to improve her internal resources, and that, whatever be her power, she is no match for *all the world*; that though she likes progress, she values military progress too

high; that intellectual glory is a prize she has yet to reach; and if France has not learnt this lesson, that it will soon be read to her in lines which time will never efface, in effect the complete denationalism of France must be the result of her present plans. War drove her on her own internal resources; her chemists supplied her with saltpetre, sugar, indigo, leather, and even arms, we might say. The Directory ordered the first Exposition of manufactures in France: it only lasted three days; and even that small space abundantly sufficed for the few objects meriting attention. The second took place in 1801, on which occasion one solitary bronze medal was issued. In 1802 the first piece of French muslin made its appearance, which was pronounced by the examining committee to be English. The year 1804 produced higher developements. Three Expositions, which furnished a vast number of exquisite ornaments for the churches, took place on the Restoration. In 1818, 1823, 1827, evident indications of great advances in woollens, metallurgy, and mechanical combination, appeared, and Ternaux produced his celebrated cachemires. The Exposition of the year 1834 as far surpassed all the previous as the one M. Jobard treats excelled even that period. Deeply is it to be regretted, as he justly remarks, that, from present appearances, it will not be exceeded by the next, since anarchy and war are not favourable to the progress of honest industry. The following are the views entertained by Villermé on the use of machines, to which Jobard owns himself a convert. First, that it is impossible to do without them if a nation keep in the van of civilization; secondly, that they bring in greater manual labour eventually, though they may disturb the course of it for a time, which he instances in the manufacture of Tulle in England, which now employs 200,000 workmen, while by manual labour only 2000 found occupation. Thirdly, the elevation of man from the brutal state to the intellectual, the engine becoming the motor agent instead of the man.

Still as the same writer justly argues, the large capitalists produce extensive evils: 1st. the passage from the state of the labourer to the employer becomes daily more rare; 2dly. the capitalist is also necessarily more estranged in his feelings from his workmen, than in that period when he dined with them, and treated them more on an equality; 3dly. the total extinction of that powerful bond that once united two classes, the agriculturist and manufacturer, by the diminution of the number of the small landowners, who maintained themselves on the soil with the aid of some handicraft employment. The fearful battle at present waging in England, the senseless declamation against the corn laws, all partake of the monopolising spirit, which operates

from the master to the man, neither understanding that in ruining the farmer they ruin themselves; and that it is only by a balance of interests, impartially held, that both estates can expect to mutually benefit each other. Mechanical production, by throwing enormous masses into the market, certainly works to the fearful issue of the crisis in commerce, which manifests itself with alarming frequency, and which appears to return by almost a regular law. Such are in substance the remarks on the use of machinery, the "pour" and "contre:" we now pass to another subject, the reward due to the inventive faculty. The following remark is equally sound and forcible: "We do not hesitate to declare our belief, that the country which shall first place on the same footing thought materialized in machinery, and the creative faculty in books—which shall bestow on inventors the same privileges as authors, will soon become dominant over the other nations, and by a far surer process than war." Our author deprecates most forcibly the brief continuance of patents for simply five, ten, or fifteen years—just enough in some instances to show the way to their successors. Arago held the crude notion at one period, that long patents were a check to the free development of industry; the following remarks convinced him of the unsoundness of the principle:

"Invention is civilization: the inventor is the author of all the combinations that God has not made; he is the continuer of His work, the promoter of all advancement. The inventor is the first man in the world; for he makes something out of nothing, gives a value to what was valueless, motion to inert masses, power to weakness. Watt, in imprisoning steam in a cylinder, has given England fifty millions of hands: nature had not furnished her with this immense appliance. All which exists on this side of brute nature is the work of invention. Inventors seek out and find new processes, simplify mechanism, diminish bodily labour, shorten distances, explain phenomena, subdue the elements, and transmit them tractable and powerful into the hands of men. They are the head and soul of a nation; without them there can be neither progress, nor riches, nor power. The country which possesses the most of them, renders its neighbours tributary and subservient to itself. Other nations will buy its books, pictures, designs, colours, stuffs; they will require also its laws, regulations, plans; they will visit its monuments, depositories, schools—for all this is so much invention. Mind works equally in the arrangement of a chart or a poem, a picture or an art; while one genius combines parts of machinery, another arranges hemistichs and rhymes, lines and colours, black and white. The people which have no contriving powers are savage, and they remain so until the inventor civilizes them. Cadmus, Triptolemus, Oannes, Moses, Mahomet, Leibnitz, were inventors (we might feel disposed to except the two last). An idea is the property of him who first possesses it. It belongs to him, were it only by the natural right of the first occupant. He has the power

to promulgate or to conceal it. It belongs to him with a juster title than the field or the forest, which may be inherited; for if you had neither your field nor forest, another would enjoy it; you have not made them, but the inventor has made his discovery.

* * * *

"Every invention or importation constitutes an addition to the common stock, since it will employ workmen, make things useful, revive commerce and industry, bring in foreign capitalists, or prevent our own from going to seek other products elsewhere. The office of patents ought to be simply the body corporate of inventions! A patent there deposited, is nothing else than fixing a determined date, which ought not to cost more than the inscription of the birth of a child. Inventors and importers, who place their industry under the protection which the law offers them, have then a right to the protection and to the encouragement of every government which comprehends its own interests, and those of the people whom it governs; it would be shameful to deprive them of it in countries where alien laws and confiscations are abolished. The smaller a country is, the more ought it to offer facilities and attractions to inventors, in order to induce them to endow it with their industry. If they only find dislike and opposition on the part of the rulers, not only do they retire, but even the inhabitants themselves of that very country convey the product of their own industry where it meets with encouragement; for it must be allowed that the successful alone have a country, all other persons are cosmopolites."

M. Jobard next proceeds to show that those countries which have earliest recognised the property of thought, have been the most successful in civilization and prosperity. Thus in 1423, England fixed her law of patents; in 1790, the United States and France; in 1812, Prussia and Russia; in 1817, the Low Countries, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg; in 1820, Austria and Italy; then Spain, Portugal, and the two Sicilies; and lastly, Turkey, Persia, and India, which have no law of this character, have no discoveries save in some trifling matters, and remain in their middle-age position, a prey by their credulity to the alchymist, astrologer, gipsy, Jew, vending throughout their nostrums, their infallible elixirs—beguiling alike prince and peasant. M. Jobard seems to be of opinion, that the abolishment of the law of copyright with the author, engraving with the painter, cast with the sculptor, and patents with the inventor, will bring us back to this period. This is somewhat hard to credit, but it will assuredly injure all these noble spirits, and retard the progress of civilization; art will become again *a mystery*, if there be not protection for the discoverer of new appliances to aid her objects. The consequence of this neglect of public enrolment will be, that with the inventor they will perish, or, at least, very frequently. The ancient purple, Naples yellow, malleable glass,

nielli,* painting on glass, and many other discoveries, have shared this sad destiny. Still with the ennobling spirit of modern invention, with inventors thoroughly imbued with high sentiments of the beneficial influence of their discoveries on mankind, this vaticination, we trust, will not be realized.

The portions of the Exposition that M. Jobard has touched upon in the present volume are, first, steam engines, next flax and spinning engines, paper, metallurgy, and lastly, sounding. With respect to the first, France still retains her *penchant* for oscillating engines instead of fixed. We have oscillation on the centre of the cylinder, on its base, vertical, horizontal, &c. Passing the oscillating engine of MM. Derosne and Cail, and the rotatory engine of Pecqueur, we proceed to consider that of M. Pelletan, which is unquestionably entitled to great praise on the ground of economy of fuel, giving only four kilogrammes per hour to produce a one-horse power. The public are already familiarized with the celebrated pamphlet of M. Andraud, and the application of air as a locomotive agent in the room of steam. The splendid hypothesis of Berkeley on the non-existence of matter, scarcely appears to surpass M. Andraud, who speaks of muscular labour as already terminated. Undoubtedly, the skill of engineers has greatly increased the motor agency of man, but still we may entertain reasonable doubts as to such a consummation, for some time at least. The engines of M. Pelletan do not exceed 20-horse power. Still the French seem to attach a value to these engines which, we fear, time will not confirm. The machine in question can, however, move with a pressure equal to fifteen or twenty atmospheres, while the engines with a piston do not in general work under higher pressure than five or six atmospheres. Air, we all know, can become dilated, and acquire a strong elastic force at a very small expense of combustion. One kilogramme of coals can raise 10,000 litres of air at 1000° of temperature. This source of power would be preferable to steam, which cannot bear any thing like this elevation. The speed of these engines is spoken of as twenty leagues per hour. Such engines, when applied to vessels, possess the advantage of less ponderosity, and require neither chimneys nor boilers. With all these advantages, we fear the principle is too fine, too scientific, to admit of the same general application. We shall now proceed to the flame engine of Galli Cazala. When this professor presented himself before the Academy of Sciences, he declared that money expended on steam was thrown away, and that he possessed the means, at a sixth of the expense, of obtaining all its power, clear of its difficulties and dangers. The professor is assuredly greatly wanted in

* An error, as we have shown in a previous Article, No. 52.

this country, where the revolting number of accidents from steam, will, we fear, induce the public to prefer an inferior locomotive agency, unless railways can be made less disastrous. The name of "Flame Engine" is certainly not incorrect, as applicable to this invention, since its boiler only contains flame and gases, produced by the combustion of coal in the compressed air. The fire, hermetically closed, is fed with air by a pump at the command of the engine itself. The more the air is compressed the stronger the combustion. The part of the air not employed in combustion acquires rapidly a double volume, as well as the azote, carbonic acid, oxide of carbon, and other gases produced by combustion. The heated gases mingle in a great reservoir, where a part only of the ashes and black smoke deposit themselves. It is in this reservoir that it obtains the elastic combination used to raise a piston of immense bulk. The engine has great defects, but the inventor has subdued many of them, and it is well worthy of deep consideration. Galli Cazala himself has demanded from the Academy the severest possible scrutiny into the accuracy of his invention. King William felt great interest in this discovery, and intended to drain the lake of Haarlem with the engine, but difficulties occurred which prevented this trial of its powers. The great advantage in this engine is, its perfect freedom from danger. We next proceed to the simple engine of M. Rouffet, patronized by that Mæcenas of artizans, Baron Seguier. Compactness and utility are its distinguishing features. A small boiler, with a cylindrical fire-box, in which is plunged the motor cylinder, then a winding tube chimney in the boiler, abutting on the ventilator or Erickson aspirator. Place the whole on four small wheels, and you will have a moveable steam engine without chimney, applicable to all rustic labours,—to building, digging, draining of canals, felling of timber, &c. This artist and M. Bourdon have resolved the following problem. Construct a machine of from one to four-horse power, which may be placed easily as a stove in a workshop, without the neighbours being alarmed or complaining of it as a nuisance. In passing forward we regret to perceive that the establishment at Creuzat is now enabled to form locomotive engines without even the fire-box from England. The engine of Deridder may be considered also an epoch in mechanical history. Its weight is only five tons, including the tender. The artist has suppressed four wheels. The piston gives 220 blows per minute, in lieu of 180, the greatest swiftness of ordinary engines. It obtains, from holding its steam, three kinds of speed, according to the need required. Ordinary locomotives weigh twelve or fifteen tons; each waggon three or four. It will convey 70 or 100 persons; but as the passage

to and fro can be multiplied, this is perhaps no detriment, but better than the heavier and fewer passages usually undertaken. The inventions next submitted—for the French are a far more timid nation than the English, who endure exploitation with perfectly Dutch or Russian equanimity—are safety apparatus for steam boilers; and we are satisfied that nothing short of condemning the engineers to be placed, like the inventor of the brazen bull, in their own boilers occasionally, will stop this, or, as a minimum, boiling one hour per diem for a twelvemonth, to be inflicted on the operative engineer.

We regret that we cannot enter into the details of the furnace of M. Barthelemy, admirable for its economy, and though we do not object to those immense edifices, called by a French poet “cathedrals of industry,” we shall be happy to get free from the sight of them, and to see combustion carried on without infecting an entire city, as at present, with the breath from these immense colossi, who appear, like the Titans, constantly breathing flame from their hundred mouths, polluting our towns with their noxious smoke and deleterious fluids. M. Jobard appears to view with great satisfaction the novel method with the chain employed on our Blackwall railway with locomotive engines, and he pays the English the following honourable tribute:—“The English will doubtless examine this cord principle thoroughly; for we must allow that in England alone is money spent to obtain important results: every where else inventors and inventions are left to perish in all the anguish of abortive offspring.” The steam boiler of M. Beslay and the Baron Seguier come next in order. To this last we shall give some attention, regarding, as we do, its noble author still more than his exquisite invention, which is however the most useful production, probably, of the entire Exposition. “With this nobleman there exists,” says M. Jobard, “no trace of envy nor jealousy, but a noble, beneficent spirit to all engaged in the chymical art. Whenever he perceives an attentive workman, he extends to him his patronage. He can appreciate the watching, trials, patience and genius to produce the smallest discovery; he knows, by experience, how many plunges a man must make into the unexplored abyss, and how many empty oysters he must bring to the surface, before he can meet with a pearl of price. He alone knows their anguish, appreciates their suffering, and does them justice.”

The Baron Seguier has invented the first boiler in which an attempt has been made to produce the circulation of the water by the difference of temperature. It only occupies a fourth of the space required for others; its tubes are rivetted, and can be wrought with ordinary skill. M. Jobard calls this invention the

"*pivot* of French industry." This distinguished invention is only breveted to France, though applications were made to Messrs. Newton and Berry for England; but the perfection of English work so far surpassed the French, that it was considered useless as an attempt; it will in consequence be probably anticipated by the boiler of Mr. A. Perkins. This gentleman's plan consists in applying some modification of the hot water apparatus he has so long used with unexampled success for warming buildings. Mr. A. Perkins has had one of twelve-horse power at work for eighteen months, and another of forty-horse power for five months, and is at the present moment extensively engaged in manufacturing them. The advantages are perfect safety from explosion, a great saving of space and weight, amounting to one-half, and some economy of fuel. Mr. A. Perkins has obtained a patent in France, and has made arrangements for introducing them into that country.

With respect to the next point, spinning.—The house of Marshall, of Leeds, works up 18,000 pounds of flax per diem, whilst the largest firms of France scarcely arrive at 500 or 600. Leeds is not alone; Preston, Dundee, Aberdeen, Belfast, all contain vast establishments, and another is also establishing in Leeds. Marshall will soon double his power of productiveness, and while France and Belgium make one step England can easily make twenty, so that only a rest on her part for a long term of years will ever place these nations on a level with her. Were we to take Marshall's house and the largest firm in France, the ratio is but 36 : 1, and this is constantly increasing on the part of England, who supplies her own consumption and the Continent's also by these gigantic appliances. In the importation of flax, France has increased 30,000,000 francs during the last year, but this is only at the rate of the annual manufacture of one English house, Marshall, alone.

No less than 3,348 exhibitionists in spinning machines and manufactures appear in the Exposition of 1839. The French government, in 1814, manifested extreme bad faith with respect to these engines for spinning flax. Napoleon had offered a reward of one million francs to the inventor of a machine for spinning it. A clever mechanic, named Gerard, contrived to spin an extremely fine flax, which he sent to the government, expecting to receive the reward by return of post. But he was deeply disappointed to learn that they required a finer number still. "I could easily have effected this," said the workman, who himself told the anecdote; "but this effort would only have been attended by the demand for a still finer manufacture, until I had arrived at the thinness of the spider's web, and yet I should not have touched my million."

The object of the government was simply to promote the efforts of the industrious artisan, but with no intention of offering to him any recompense. M. Jobard enters under this head into a long dissertation on the impolicy of the English government, in not permitting at one period the exportation of machinery; but with respect to the steam engine this is surely not wrong. Let the Continent purchase as many as it may they soon become useless, for their work is not good enough to repair them in their smallest details, and were it not for the English workman raising his hammer against his country, they might be exported *ad libitum*, for recurrence must perpetually be had to England for their repair and constant supply. The French are totally incompetent to work, to repair, or to make engines. Their spinning engines, however numerous, scarce merit attention, and we proceed to our next head, paper.

We pass the early observations of our author, and proceed to his first notice of paper made of dung. A single horse can furnish easily a kilogramme per day; a barrack of horse might provide a government with sufficient for its supply. Amid the succedaneums for rags, this is not the least ingenious; straw paper is next given and two receipts for its manufacture, to which we refer our readers. The process of manufacturing paper of bamboo, as adopted in China, is also set forth; and further, from bark of trees, in the same country. The manufacture of a paper from reeds is strongly recommended to public attention, and it appears that the banana gives a far more beautiful and strong texture than any that we can produce from rags. The importation of Chinese paper into France during three years, amounted to 7062 reams, or 139,240 francs.

Metallurgy is the next subject to which we have to direct attention. Nothing can more characterise the indolence of the French as to the resources of their own country, than the fact that a geologist discovered an iron mine in Brittany, which gave 60 per cent. of metal, and yet the inhabitants could not be induced to work it. M. Jobard takes the opportunity however of correcting the notion that Napoleon was supplied with his projectiles from British and not from French industry. The note of General Evain, on the materiel of Napoleon, is extremely curious, France, it appears, only commenced in 1800 the regular manufacture of projectiles, but was enabled in 1814 to supply all her exigencies from herself.

In the manufacture of copper France is making some progress. Imphy throws out sheets of immense magnitude. MM. Wilz, Stephan, and Oswald of Neiderbruck, have manifested great ingenuity in their articles. A method of hardening copper

appears to be the great desideratum in its manufacture and application. Were this realized, war might be carried on as in the days of Homer, and other chieftains raise the brazen spear. The Egyptians unquestionably possessed this lost art, and worked with copper tools upon granite.

To steel the attention of the French has long been directed with considerable effect in articles of ornament, and also others. The tempering of it is treated with considerable power by Jobard, and we shall state all we consider important in his paper on this subject. With respect to what passes in the mysterious process of tempering steel, the facts are as follow :—A bar of steel after having been tempered to its hardest pitch, being placed on red-hot iron or burning coals, undergoes chromatic changes, into straw colour, gold colour, purple, violet, dark blue, light blue, gray or watery hue. If we dip this bar in cold water while its surface undergoes one of these changes, the steel acquires different degrees of hardness corresponding to the hues above described. Skilful workmen judge by the eye of the degree of heat which their steel ought to receive before plunging it into water. They raise it to cherry-red heat, which gives it its highest hardness, and then withdraw it. It is not necessary that it receive its second hardening on coals, or in liquified metals, but in oil; for there is no hardening which requires a higher temperature than we obtain from boiling oil. Oil in a state of ebullition contains more heat than melting lead. Oil does not boil under 521 centigrade degrees, but lead melts at 312°, and pewter at 227°. M. Themar, of Brussels, tempers all his needles by burning oil. It is curious, but yet true, that a treatise on the tempering of steel is not to be found either in France or England. Electricity is involved in this process as in the formation of magnets, but the hardness acquired by steel at the instant of its cooling down, M. Jobard thinks, favours the crystalization of carbon, which would become diamond itself, were it pure from the interposition of iron. Taking water, however, at mean temperature, and steel at cherry-red, for our starting-point, we shall obtain a temper harder or softer in proportion to the cold or heat. The immersion of steel at red heat in snow and ice is attended with excellent success, but very cold acidulated water has given greater hardness and stiff temper. Pure nitric acid renders steel brittle when we carry up the temperature to cherry-red, but if we dip as the steel reddens, the effect is excellent, according to Reaumur. And this principle of tempering at the lowest possible heat at which steel hardens is now getting greatly into use. Passing from the anvil to the hardening process, is completely disappearing in practice. If steel is immersed in mucous or

soapy bodies, the temper is too tender, by reason of the steel surrounding itself with a mucous covering, which preserves the metal from immediate contact with water and softens the affection. In Switzerland they temper their hatchets by passing them through grease before they plunge them into water. The joiners of this country temper their gouges and scissars by plunging them in mutton-fat; others place oil over the water in which they plunge their steel. All this has no other effect than getting rid of harsh temper, as they call it. The scythes are heated at the forge, and in charcoal, to a white heat; they then dip them in a mixture of beef, mutton, and veal fat; then clean them afterwards and pass them in the flame until they trace the bluish hue. This is a soft or retarding tempering. Workmen understand well that on surrounding a bit of steel with fat, and placing it on burning coals until it ignites, that they obtain a good result generally. Practice has proved to them the degree of heat when oil takes fire, and also that which gives the retarding requisite for certain springs and steels. Cutlers do not wait so long; they only stay until the oil smokes. A workman of Liege, Brisart, is in possession of a superior temper for files. He sells them dearer, but they last four times as long as the others, and their remains, shortened as knives, are capable of cutting iron and copper without blunting their edge. The triangular files, for saws, of Raoul, are also capable of marking even the best English files. These workmen ought to be nationally recompensed and their secrets diffused. The trial to which the files of Raoul were submitted, appears to have been extremely fair. The English files whitened in seven distinct instances, while Raoul's were unchanged. It is affirmed, on the authority of Mr. Gill, that their manufacture is as follows, which we give, though M. Jobard does not mention it:—Two pounds of mutton suet, *not rendered*, but only chopped small, two pounds of hog's-lard, two ounces of white arsenic, powdered. These being put into an iron vessel with a cover to it, must be boiled until a handful of mouse ear, *Hieracium pilocella*, fresh gathered, and which had been put into the mixture at first, shall become crisp and float on the surface of the liquor, a proof that all moisture is driven off. This operation, as well as quenching any article in it, in order to harden it, must be performed under the hood of a smith's forge-hearth, so as to carry off, as much as possible, the noxious arsenical fumes which arise, and the operator ought to close his mouth and nostrils to prevent his inhaling them. It is somewhat singular, but an air tempering is all that the celebrated Damascus, and we believe we might also add the Delhi, blades receive. The wonderful hangs over all Eastern actions, but here the assertion,

that these celebrated sabres are tempered by cleaving the north wind with them, is not untrue. In the former, the sabre is simply brought to a red heat, and presented to an opening through which the air streams with great velocity, and the wondrous temper of these blades will enable them to cut into most European sabres without turning their edge. The Indians prepare a steel of admirable temper from the old iron hoops of barrels from Europe, which they bury to increase the oxydation, and to purge the metal, as they say. Their kreese or national poignard, as well as their sabres, are fashioned with much skill, and do not yield in hardness and elasticity to the Damascus blade. An ancient Turkish legend relates, that one day a warrior being without arms for an ensuing combat, snatched from the forge a yatagan, red hot, and urged his horse to a gallop, flourishing the blade around his head, which air cleaving gave it an excellent temper. The material of the Damascus blade, now much used by our own cutlers, the celebrated Wootz has conferred on our language the term *damask*, from the wavy character of this celebrated steel. The meteoric iron presents, when wrought, the same appearance. Tavernier states, that the steel susceptible of being *damasked* came from Golconda, obviously alluding to Delhi blades. Professor Crevelli has succeeded in an excellent imitation of these celebrated oriental sabres. We extract from the *Allgemeine Militar-Zeitung* his method.

"A long flat piece of malleable steel, of about one inch and a half in breadth, and one-eighth in thickness, is to be first bound with iron wire at intervals of one-third of an inch. The iron and steel to be then incorporated by welding, and repeated additions (from 10 to 20) of iron wire are made to the first portion, with which they must be finally amalgamated. This compound material is then to be stretched and divided into shorter lengths, to which, by the usual process of welding, grinding and tempering, any shape may be given. By filing semicircular grooves into both sides of the blade, and again subjecting it to the hammer, a beautiful roset-shaped Damascus is obtained; the material can also be made to assume any other form. The infusion by which the figures are made visible, is the usual one of aquafortis and vinegar."

These sabres have been submitted to the following severe tests—cutting off hobnails, which had been placed in great numbers behind each other; cuts upon a strong iron plate and many folds of cloth; horizontal blows upon a wooden table; and finally, like the celebrated Andrew Ferrara blades, powerful bending upon both sides. Out of two hundred and ten blades, examined by a military commission, and each of which was required to perform thrice on iron and twice against a flat wooden table, not a single one snapped or had its edge indented. In Prussia and Silesia an equally valuable manufacture exists. The process appears similar to the

Andrew Ferrara, which probably obtained its excellence from the welding. Andrew Ferrara is said to have carried one of his blades wrapped in his bonnet. Elasticity and power of edge appear to be the common property of the Andrew Ferrara, the Damascus and Delhi blades, together with those at Milan manufactured under the direction of Professor Crevelli. Interlamination is probably the peculiar and yet unfathomed mystery. Andrew Ferrara is commonly supposed to have welded the blade of alternate layers, about two or three lines thick, of iron and steel, which approaches closely to Professor Crevelli's method.

With regard to air tempering, the rude method of the Asiatics ought certainly to yield to the plan of M. Thillorier, who, by his apparatus for congelation, obtains a degree of cold 100° below zero. What then ought we not to expect from this method, if the quality of temper depends on being submitted to a low degree of cold? Thillorier, for thus discovering congelation of carbonic acid, has become a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. He has announced his intention of liquifying atmospheric air.* On the whole, however, it is more than probable that the entire secret of tempering consists, as Jobard appears to think, in the establishment of some method to heat equally the masses of steel in all their parts, and in the preparation of an oil bath raised to a temperature correspondent to that previously bestowed upon each mass. The masses might then be withdrawn, or left to cool in the oil. Cutlery, arms, carriage springs, might all be treated in this manner. The skill of some workmen, particularly those of Solingen, is now so expert, that they can temper swords and foils at a single essay. With respect to iron itself, the best comes from Sweden, the next from Belgium, and the third in quality from England.

Lead.—France and Belgium are poorly supplied, internally, with this valuable material. Brittany contains a mine of lead, from which Notre Dame was probably sheeted, but it is not worked. Silver was also a product of this mine, and, report says, in considerable quantities. England and Spain supply their wants. Belgium contains only one mine, Vedrin, and this, report says, exhausted. Fifteen millions of kilogrammes of lead are supplied to France, and one million to Belgium, from these sources. The working of either the French or Belgian mines is rendered completely nugatory by the immense quantity poured

* We are not certain that this has not been achieved already by Mr. Perkins. This gentleman placed a glass tube in the compressing engine under a pressure of 28,000lbs. to the square inch, and when it was taken out there was a small globule of fluid at the bottom of the glass and no appearance of air in the tube. Dr. Wollaston and Sir H. Davy considered this the liquefaction of atmospheric air.

in at a lower rate from abroad, far below the price at which they can produce it from their own mines. M. Jobard, who is a man of peace, takes every opportunity of deprecating the use of this material for any other than peaceable objects.

There is a curious calculation in Gassendi, which proves, by contrasting the supply of this material to the Emperor Napoleon with the expenditure, that each man killed in one war, the Austrian campaign, had cost his weight in lead. Amid the curiosities of the Exposition under this material, is the process for soldering lead by lead of the noble plumber Baron Debassyns de Richemont. The remarks made by Jobard on the perpetual fires caused by plumbers, who burn recklessly cathedral after cathedral from their carelessness, are highly judicious. They unquestionably should never be admitted into any building except under a surveillance of a very different character to that exercised at present.

Zinc—is the next material under consideration. The excellence of the zinc de la Vieille Montagne does not escape observation from our author. The thinness in which this material is manufactured meets with just censure. In England, the generality of zinc articles are from this cause totally useless within a few months of erection. In Russia, zinc ornaments in lieu of bronze are very common. Zinc has not much aided the lithographic artists: zinc plates for engraving, however, our author thinks may be made available. This metal, heated to 210° centigrade, becomes friable, and can be reduced to a fine powder, which, with the aid of oil, gives a colour of extreme utility to protect houses from the variations of the atmosphere, and will supersede the use of white-lead.

The immense apparatus for boring into the surface of the earth comes next under consideration. This apparatus for the acupuncture of the globe, as constructed by MM. Degoussé and Mulot d'Epinay, costs 80,000 francs. M. Jobard treats this subject with some pleasantness, not being himself a capitalist, and frankly owns, that when a hospital could be constructed at the same cost, that a well, if not the deepest bore in the earth, assuredly the dearest to the paymaster, is not the most cheering of prospects. Champollion states boldly that he was convinced that Moses, before passing into the Desert, had provided himself with instruments for digging wells. The Pacha has recently, at the suggestion of the French, sent for an apparatus of this description, and designs digging wells in the Desert, for the convenience of travellers. In the Oasis of Ammon many pierced wells are extant of high antiquity. That extraordinary nation, the Chinese, has used the sound for this purpose for a very long

period. Their method has been essayed in France, and we believe with some success. The bold spirit of Jobard suggests fixing his boring implements at the bottom of the mines Guanoixuato, in Mexico, which are 1,800 feet from the surface; or at Liege, where they have excavated to 1,200 or 1,500, thence to descend several thousand feet, either by the Chinese method, or the Artesian bore. Amid the expectations fervidly indulged, and boldly expressed, as to the result from boring into the earth, M. Jobard enumerates lighting on petroleum, mineral* salt, educating a violent and perpetual current of carbonated hydrogen, and the metals and gems preserved from oxydation by the depth from the surface at which these treasures repose, and stirring up the extinct volcanos, pent within the earth, to gain fresh produce from them. Taking Jobard's deepest excavation as the indication of the extent into the epidermis of the earth to which we have progressed, we find all yet done not even bearing the proportion of a scratch on the skin to the entire diameter of an orange. We have assuredly not even got through the rind at present, since not one twenty-thousandth part of the earth's diameter is as yet penetrated. The position, then, is curious and unique to which we may arrive by the auger of the earth piercer. It should be applied on both sides of the earth, and as near as may be at the same point. Various new bodies as yet unknown may become visible by this process, the abodes of the sauri and the megatherion deeper developed; and if our knowledge is rare and curious from the bodies bared to our view in the small portion as yet explored, who shall affix the limit to the recondite rarities that may yet spring forth, the friendly gnomes of earth that shall mingle with men, and supply more than even the fancy's tasking,—indicating in the operations of science that truth far exceeds in wonderment the force of fiction.

The cause of the introduction of the wooden sound in lieu of the metal is so curious, that we think it right to detail it. A carpenter having dropped his measure into a well filled with water to the brim, the engineer called out, "Another tool to recover!" "Don't trouble yourself," said the workman, "my measure is of wood; it will return." His measure appeared shortly afterwards, and he seized hold of it the instant he saw it on the surface. "If our sounds would return so!" murmured the engineer. "They would just the same were they of wood," replied the chief miner Kind. This led to the ingenious substitution. The

* This was found at Acton, 306 yards deep.

well at Cessingen has reached the enormous depth of 1787 feet.* Its cost has amounted to 116,000 francs. This, according to report, is very far inferior in depth to the Chinese, who dig wells of 1800 and 3000 feet, and at the low sum of 10,000 or 20,000 francs. The regulations laid down for the prosecution of these singular undertakings by Jobard appear extremely judicious. The inventions of M. Kind have furnished immense facilities for these difficult achievements; but without drawings, which the nature of this work will scarce admit, we cannot give a perfect illustration of them. Descriptions of machinery are seldom understood without this aid, and even then read by but few, save those intelligent persons who take a deep interest in the immense motor agency at present in play. Among the curious facts stated above by M. Jobard, as likely to arise from boring the earth as described, one of the most improbable, the ridicule of every salon of savants in France, has just been realized. A bore effected in the Lower Rhine gave out oil of petroleum with the gushing water. The proprietor has already obtained 200 hectolitres.

M. Jobard proposes a different sound from any at present used, not of solid iron, but of hollow tubes, of three or four inches in diameter, similar to our gas conducts; the lower part consisting of a steel ring, and the play would in this case be circular, and leave its centre intact.

As M. Jobard has not distinctly described the rest of his apparatus, we merely indicate the great variety of his invention, which is by circular pressure, since in all the other details we must await more accurate description. His own opinion of the power of his instrument is evidently high, and he speaks of its accelerating force as equal to gunpowder. One curious point connected with these investigations, is the great question of central heat, on which we expect many useful hints in their progress.

We now close our review of M. Jobard, whose work certainly exhibits great talent and ingenuity, a clear conception of the resources of modern art, embellished by brilliant and playful sallies that enliven us in the course of grave inquiries. *Dulce est desipere in loco* appears his plan, and in it he is assuredly successful. His book is as pleasing as it is instructive. The feeling expressed throughout for quietude and calm to prosecute the discoveries, the immense discoveries opening to the resources of genius, is most natural. Men of sense must applaud the spirit that would bring heads into contact for the mutual elevation of the species,

* The excavations in Mexico are of course distinct from the boring process. The latter already surpass in depth any ancient excavation.

rather than idly knock each other's brains out to please a Thiers or a Paris mob. The philosopher looks on war with horror; it is to him the eclipse of science; it is the breaking up of all those bands of social intercourse among the enlightened of all nations, which tend to the improvement of possibly even the universe. And assuredly if the few men that have wit and good feeling in the world, could be combined, and their votes taken, they would be unanimously for the cessation of this scourge of nations, this source of barbarism, this extinction of all organization in chaos and endless night.

ART. IX. *Du Catholicisme du Protestantisme et de la Philosophie en France.* Par Francisque Bouvet, en Réponse à M. Guizot. Paris, 1840.

THERE are few subjects on which, however deep the interest expressed in some directions, more real ignorance exists than on the great constituents of pure Catholicism. The three great Church communions, the Greek, the Roman, and the Protestant, are all, in the mass of their members, in a happy ignorance of what their constituent principles really are; the Dissenting bodies are still more palpably in error in establishing *dissent* as a bond of union; *they*, however the others may unite in the great feeling of Catholicism, until they repudiate that principle, can never approach to the description of a Christian church. In the Greek communion, though more eastern in tone than the others, intelligence and rational devotion are at an extremely low ebb. The Roman possesses far weightier material, much learning, deep devotedness, and large world-abstractiveness, which, however mistaken in its application, is a genuine Catholic principle, and as such ought to be respected. The Protestant is superior to the Roman or Greek in the rationality of her devotion, in fixing her authorities on the Bible, and not independent of the Bible; but has possibly a tendency to rationalize too far, though this is checking on her part, but still she is embarrassed in the application of her distinctive appellation, which embraces the Lutheran denier of episcopacy equally with its firm Anglican supporter. The confession of Augsburg, the noblest document of Catholic confession on earth, independent of the church's creeds, is, we regret to say, little understood by most who call themselves Protestants; and their great embodied statement in England, in the thirty-nine articles, is equally unknown to them. The writer of the present article was in conversation, some time since, with a

lady, well connected, whose minister had been preaching a series of discourses on the thirty-nine articles; and she put to him, with the greatest simplicity, the following question, "Where are the thirty-nine articles to be found?" To which, he replied, in your Prayer Book, and if you give it me I will show them to you. They were then pointed out; and the exclamation was, "How strange that I never looked in that part of the book before." Great ignorance then demonstrably prevails among the most rational body of Christians, as to the great constituent principles of Catholicism. The Dissenter, a very wide term of course, too wide to admit of description here, throwing out the Unitarians in company with the Deists, talks largely about religious liberty, but admits very little of it into practice in his own community; and wherever, as in the case of the pilgrim fathers, or the covenanters, he forms a distinct religious body, lays down principles far more stringent than any of those against which he has denounced his Maranatha. In looking at these bodies, at the first glance one should be apt to consider that Catholicism were extinct; but still three out of them retain an affinity that is hourly strengthening in resemblance to their lost parent. The Greek Church will obviously follow in the wake of the Romish, whatever direction that may take; for though the Patriarch may resist the Pope in any temporal assumptions, or interference with his spiritual authority, yet Rome, the mistress of the world no more, with scarce sufficient power to preserve her Italian states, and with the principles of the Poppedom hourly weakening in the most Roman Catholic country next to Spain, having now no established church there, will grow gentler and gentler still in her Asiatic elements of power, since she is wisely contending for rule amid the European, and trusts again to establish herself at the centre of intelligence. The Greek Church is also grossly venal; all its offices are matters of sale, metropolitans, archbishops or bishops. The Patriarch of Constantinople is its head; the celibacy of the clergy is prohibited, and the priests marry before ordination. It contains a most ignorant class of ecclesiastics; they deny purgatory, and yet their liturgy seems expressly to imply that Christ endured the pains of Hades; their communion is in both kinds, similar to the Protestant. This church, that of the voluptuous Greek, the Levantine, and the Russian, boasts no adherents likely to influence highly the coming events that are now culminating in their ascent.

The battle for the souls of the world, for the dominion over the regions of spirits, for mastery in a strife that involves all the elements of political, mental, and spiritual power, lies in consequence between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant; the

Dissenter being *hors de combat*, for in his communion there can be no fixity; and the challenge has been fairly thrown down by an English prelate, and has never yet been met, to point out any Dissenting denomination that has remained unchanged in doctrine for one hundred years. The mighty principles then of Catholic verity are before us, to determine on between the two great leading religious communities. And among the first great questions to be arranged is the precise element of spiritual power.

The British Church has for centuries affirmed the great principle, that ecclesiastics are subject to the crown, a principle that even Spain never conceded to Rome. There can be no harm, as far as we can see, in all these churches meeting together, and agreeing among them to elect an universal head. This might be arranged by a rota of elections, leaving it in Rome, Greece, or Britain; but to expect that an Italian sovereign is to lord it over other states than his own, is to anticipate an absolute impossibility. An evil fraught with such vast mischief over the past centuries, that it may be said to have been the dead weight on the progress of Christendom for ages. But this ecclesiastical primacy of earth must have a power purely spiritual, and must also himself be amenable to civil obedience and to temporal rule. Here, then, is one great question disposed of, which preserves as much immunity from the secular power as is desirable, and keeps the spiritual intact. The sovereign of a land, then, must be the head of the Church in that land; he must rule her in temporalities, she him in spiritualities. As to the question of an infallible head, this is only a vast absurdity. The intelligent Romanist, when closely questioned, seems to fight off the discussion; one ascribing it to the Pope, another to a general council, some to both, all denying it on matters not spiritual, and the whole question fairly resolves into that great fundamental doctrine of every existing Church, that the true Church has in fundamentals never been wrong, that she has always possessed light enough to guide her to salvation, though in some communities in a distant, dangerous and darkened route. To this extent only can the infallibility of any Church be pleaded, and to this extent it may be fairly carried. It is evident, that the line of the glorified must be continuous throughout all ages, as well as the revelation, and it were ill for the Protestant to deny the excellency of a Gregory or a Xavier. But there is one subject connected with this question, of such vastly important results, that it is only fitting to enter upon it fully, and this is—the authority of the Church. In illustration of this point we shall recount the following anecdote.

Some time since, a Protestant minister was requested to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to a sick and aged

lady, which he accordingly did, and she received the holy elements with her sister. After the sacrament was concluded, the sister of the invalid said that she was a Catholic, and she hoped she had not done wrong in receiving it in two kinds; the minister told her that she had assuredly not done wrong, for that her reception of it was in the ancient Catholic usage. He then showed her the passage in the 1st Epist. Cor. "As often as ye do eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death until he come." The same minister was afterwards in conversation with the Roman Catholic Vicar Apostolical depute, and narrated the anecdote. "Yes," said Dr. —, "but you seem to forget that in that you evinced great ignorance of the MSS., the generality read *et* or, and not *etiam* and, in the passage, thus making it a matter of indifference whichever be administered." The Protestant replied that he was a minister with a large cure of souls, a humble parish priest, but still he had contrived to retain some ancient scholarship, and having had means of collating every MS. in the world on that passage, knew he could not be mistaken. "It matters not," was the reply, "the authority of the Church is sufficient for us." "But do you mean to say that the authority of the Church is to obtain against the authority of all the MSS.?" This was simply answered by a repetition of the authority of the Church. "Well, then, if it must be so, I take you on your own principle: St. Paul knew the practice of the Church in his day, he would not have contradicted that of the other apostles, yet St. Paul administered it in both kinds. St. Paul is a fair representation of the Church in his day, and St. Paul obviously administered the sacrament, in both kinds, to the laity." "But how weak your Church stands in the question of authority." "On the contrary, it is stronger than your own, for your Church authority is distinct from the Bible, while our Church authority is of the essence of the Bible. We claim a power for the Church on the Bible declarations of it, you claim that power simply on your own." "But the right of private judgment then is claimed by you!" "Only so far as the Bible does not enlighten us, only in things foreign to the Bible; on all in the Bible we are agreed, and also to obey what the Bible defines to be the true authority of the Church." Now, any principle like that, maintained in this anecdote by the Romanist, of a Church authority, not based on the Bible, was shown to be untenable at the Reformation. The right of private judgment is no more allowed to the Protestant than the Romanist. But the Protestant sees his Church in the Bible, and the Romanist out of the Bible. The Word reproves and informs the Protestant, but the will of the Romanist is blindly submissive to *dicta* on Church

authority, independent of Bible authority. Now the proof of the two dispensations is shown in their relative position to the world at large. Germany, Sweden, and England are in a greater state of worldly splendour, and of intellectual might than any countries opposed to them. The monarchy of one German state, Prussia, has gone through a severe struggle, but the ultimate triumph of the *Agenda* principle is safe. The feeling also throughout that country, and the wish to secure a clear apostolical succession is extremely strong. Amid all the conflicting notions of theology, this principle has been adding growth to growth. Sweden may be fairly adduced also as a nation in a high commercial prosperity, and with a nobility of strain about all her acts, that indicates the glorious untrammelled liberty transmitted by the great Gustavus. England had always her ancient British Church of the remotest antiquity, and the catholicity of that Church begins, as we have stated, to deeply influence the world.

It will be urged she is dividing, and that the Oxford Tract party is an approach to Rome. But Rome herself does not labour under this impression; nor do the Oxford Tract men themselves at all participate in this sentiment: men of high acquirements as they are, though they have credit for vastly more extensive resources than they possess, evincing a tendency to learning beyond piety, to rites beyond their object, to saints obscuring a Saviour, to substitute religiousness for Religion. Many of their practices are worthy of no graver censure than laughter, but their affected follies in acts of devotion, of which the following anecdote may serve as a specimen, deserve something graver. "A short time since the minister of a large parish in town accepted the offer of the services of a gentleman of this religious tendency to read the prayers: To his astonishment and dismay, instead of reading the prayers as usual with his face to the congregation, as directed in the Rubric,* this individual turned his back on them, and no person save the minister of the church, seated at the altar, could in consequence hear the service. At the conclusion the minister of the church stated, that the congregation, he regretted to say, were not greatly benefited by the exertions of the reverend gentleman." To which the reply was, "It was very unimportant; they performed the act of worship." "I hope, sir," was the retort, "you will at least allow they did not render a *reasonable service*." The same Oxford Tract gentleman had on various occasions given his diocesan no small trouble; and at the

* "He that readeth so standing and turning himself, as he may best be heard of all such as are present."

ordinary visitation of the diocese, the Bishop reproved him strongly for his general conduct: to which he replied by requesting that his lordship would name some particular cause of offence. To this the diocesan replied, that his whole conduct was an offence; but that if he were asked off-hand to name something at the instant that struck him, the method in which the scarf was worn by him, totally different from the practice of all his surrounding brethren, was sufficient. "St. Ambrose, my lord, directs the scarf to be worn so." "Sir! don't tell me of St. Ambrose! he was Bishop of Milan, not your Bishop! I am your Bishop!" was the keen and common-sense reply of the diocesan. Now really, follies of this character, and an attempt by the Oxford Tract party to place St. Ambrose and St. Augustin by the side of apostles, must bring upon Protestantism immense scandal. And though no man can approve of the description given, not long since, in a sermon at St. Paul's, which first stated, there was a great man, and his name was Moses; and then a second great man, and his name was Jesus Christ; and then a third great man, and his name was Luther: attempting to show three great revelations under these names; and placing the last as not the least; which statement would drive the mass of Protestants into Romanism rather than embrace such notions; yet is the Oxford abuse of Luther—the most uncalled-for and evil-minded to the welfare of Protestantism. That *truthful* intellect, as he has been called by a writer of great force and power, a constant contributor to this journal, ill deserves this of any Protestant. He won their liberty, their freedom; he wrought their Church-deliverance; he established the Reformation. His moral courage is unequalled—a thing unmated by man; the burner of the Pope's Bull; the daring vindicator of his principles before the diet at Worms; the powerful intellect that threw off the fetters of monachism, and burst into the light of Protestantism, however his mind may be accompanied by some weaknesses the ebb from its giant swell deserves, and has hitherto received from the liberated sons of thought and reason and religion, the fitting meed for his Atlantæan exertions.

Where are the inquisitions, indulgences, excommunications, Latin services, jesuits, monks, monasteries, where are the "peine dure et forte," the rack, the lone cell, the closed Bible, the confessional, and the Breviary? Ask the history of their death or dying throes, and all will tell you they are entombed or entombing fast by Luther and the Protestants. The blows this champion of truth dealt forth, have compelled them either to resign life, or at the best, to protract its mortal struggles only for a brief time.

How eloquently have Luther's merits, his just claims, been stated by a great leading intellect of the present day.

"The monk Tetzel, sent out carelessly in the way of trade, by Leo X., who merely wanted to raise a little money, and for the rest seems to have been a Pagan rather than a Christian, so far as he was any thing, arrived at Wittenberg and drove his scandalous *trade* there. Luther's flock bought indulgences in the confessional of his church; people pleaded to him that they had already got their sins pardoned. Luther, if he would not be found wanting at his own post, a false sluggard and coward at the very centre of the little space of ground that was his own and no other man's, had to step forth against indulgences, and declare aloud that *they* were a futility and sorrowful mockery; that no man's sins could be pardoned by *them*. It was the beginning of the whole reformation. We know how it went forward from this public challenge of Tetzel on the last day of October, 1517, through remonstrance and argument;—spreading ever wider, rising ever higher, till it became unquenchable, and enveloped all the world. Luther's heart's desire was to have this grief and other griefs amended. His thought was still far from introducing separation in the Church, or revolting against the Pope, Father of Christendom. The elegant Pagan Pope cared little about the monk or his doctrines; he wished however to have done with the noise of him.

"In a space of three years, having tried various softer methods, he thought good to end it by fire. He dooms the monk's writings to be burnt by the common hangman, and his body to be sent bound to Rome probably for a similar purpose. It was the way they had ended with Huss, with Jerome the century before. Poor Huss; he came to that Coustance Council with all imaginable promises and safe conducts; an earnest, not rebellious kind of man: they laid him instantly in a stone dungeon, three feet wide, six feet high, seven feet long; *burnt* the true voice out of this world, choked it in smoke and fire. That was *not* well done."

Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist! Writing like that is the result of an æra of the mind that Puseyism wits not of, and Romanists dread to look in the face. But this is not all.

"I for one pardon Luther for now altogether revolting against the Pope. The elegant Pagan by this fire decree of his had kindled into noble, just wrath, the bravest heart then living in this world. The bravest, if also one of the humblest, peaceablest, it was now kindled. 'These words of truth and soberness, aiming faithfully, as human inability would allow, to promote God's truth on earth and save men's souls, you, God's vicegerent on

earth, answer them by the hangman and fire. You will burn me and them for answer to the God's message they strive to bring you? You are not God's vicegerent; you are *another's* I think! I take your Bull as an emparchmented lie and burn it. You will do what you see good next; this is what I do.' It was on the 10th December 1520, three years after the beginning of the business, that Luther with a great concourse of people took this indignant step of burning the Pope's fire decree in the market place of Wittenberg, Wittenberg looked on "with shoutings." The whole world was looking on. The Pope should not have provoked that shout! It was the shout of the awakening of nations. * * * At bottom, as was said above, we are to consider Luther as a Prophet Idol Breaker, a bringer back of men to reality. Luther said to the Pope, this thing of yours that you call a Pardon of Sins, it is a bit of rag-paper with ink. It is nothing else, and so much like it is nothing else. God alone can pardon sins. Popeship, spiritual Fatherhood of God's Church, is that a vain semblance of cloth and parchment? It is an awful fact God's Church is not a semblance, Heaven and Hell are not semblances. I stand on this since you drive me to it. Standing on this, I a poor German monk am stronger than you all. I stand solitary, friendless, one man on God's Truth; you with your tiaras, triplehats, with your treasures and armories, thunders spiritual and temporal, stand on the devil's lie, and are not so strong!"

The description of Luther at the diet of Worms is equally vigorous. "The young Emperor, Charles V., with all the princes of Germany, papal nuncios, dignitaries spiritual and temporal, are assembled there. Luther is to appear and answer for himself, whether he will recant or not. The world's pomp and power sits there on this hand: on that stands up for God's truth one man, Hans Luther, the poor miner's son. Friends had reminded him of Huss, and advised him not to go; he would not be advised. A large company of friends rode out to meet him with still more earnest warnings, he answered; 'Were there as many devils in Worms as there are roof tiles, I would on.' The people on the morrow, as he went to the hall of the diet, crowded the windows and house-tops, some of them calling out to him in solemn words, not to recant. 'Whosoever denieth me before men,' they cried to him,—as in a kind of solemn petition and adjuration. Was it not in reality our petition too, the petition of the whole world lying in dark bondage of soul, paralyzed under a black spectral night-mare and triple hatted chimæra, calling itself Father in God, and what not, 'Free us, it rests with thee; desert us not.' Luther did not desert us. His speech of two hours distinguished itself by its respectful, wise and honest tone; submissive to whatsoever

could lawfully claim submission—not submissive to any more than that—his writings, he said, were partly his own—partly derived from the word of God. As to what was his own, human infirmity entered into it, unguarded anger, blindness, many things doubtless, which it were a blessing for him could he abolish altogether. But as to what stood in sound truth and the word of God he could not recant it. How could he? ‘Confute me,’ he concluded, ‘by proofs of scripture or else by plain, just arguments. I cannot recant otherwise, for it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I. I can do no other; God assist me.’”

Let the supporters of the cell, the cloister, the indulgence, the Latin service, and the breviary, stand up and answer the man of the Bible, the Protestant champion, the faithful witness of Truth. Let the puny modern revilers of Luther, who won their yet young liberty, stand up and they will sink like the snow drift under the blows of this *Malleus Hereticorum*, this Son of the pure and unspotted Catholic Church.

No! among the many benefactors to earth Luther certainly ranks among the chiefest, and the “spleeny Lutheran” is the most formidable modern opponent to Rome. Any attempt, however, at the introduction of Lutheranism, Calvinism, or any other appellations simply derived from the systematizing of man on the purposes of God, we think indiscreet; but assuredly to abuse Luther is both ungrateful and ill becoming those whose yet young liberty, we reassert, is an heirloom from the German Professor, and even the House of Guelf owes its seat on the throne of these realms to the house of Luther. He was the giver of a Protestant succession to the throne of these realms. The Oxford party can never be an influential body for any length of time: they will not be without their useful end, they will direct us to much of what is excellent in a different way to the excellency of the age; they will revive a taste for time-honoured antiquity, but they must not imagine that senility is without accompanying disadvantages. Their mortification of the body, as a psychological principle, is ridiculous, and it is reported that the distinguished wife of one of the leaders died through denying herself, in sickness, the requisite comforts to ensure a return of health—from positive bodily discomfort. How many removes from Simon Stylites is this conduct! The character of their leading writer is any thing but amiable—a chilling concentration of university pedantry and ecclesiastical pride. The bishops never can support them, and while on this subject, we do most deeply regret to perceive, in all recent appointments, a total want of piety as a great constituent principle of choice in episcopal sees. The Whigs, of course,

have never claimed to possess much of this latter quality. The utter absence of deep, lone and abstracted principle in dignitaries appointed by that party is very remarkable. Many are practical men, active and zealous in their respective dioceses, keeping the business of them well going, but are not eminent for their piety.

There is also manifested a reckless disposition to erect churches, to push them into being, and then, before they can well walk, to make them self-supporting. This is a vile modern innovation; our wise ancestors never built a church without taking good heed how it was to be supported. The consequences of a system that has thrown the church on the voluntary principle, have of course been proportionately alarming. Pew rents, a most irregular and uncertain income, independent of the scandal they occasion, and their questionable justification by ancient precedent, have been made the means of carrying out the system. And, though it is unquestionably true that new churches are no sooner built than filled, and, further, without detriment to other and more ancient churches, yet this would not be the case were they not supplied, in most instances, with men of high talent and powerful energy, and who are made subservient to a popular pleasing system, rather than to a religious self-denying ecclesiastical spirit. Of course these teachers of the people are, to a great extent, tinged with a love of popularity most fatal to that spirit that is not of this world. But still the principle has been one well constructed, however it may victimize a few early possessors of these benefices, whose lot is indeed hard, for they have to maintain their novel position, to root out the prejudices of old parochial authorities, and to raise up around them a class of devoted servants of God, that will not think Mammon ill expended on the service of the temple. The nation, generally, must however take up their position, demand their supply with the necessary means of carrying on devotional exercises, legislate on the old parochial church estates, sweep them into one mass, and make them generally applicable for the purposes of the people. The corruption that exists in the management of the church property, throughout the entire country, demands the interference of the legislature. The measure is accompanied with great difficulties, but England requires a complete new modification of parishes. A system of fusion here would be accompanied with mighty benefits. The livings are already undergoing some change; those in the gift of the crown are at present augmenting with the stalls and dean and chapter property, which, however questionable as a just act, will, we trust, lead to some good. But the great land-owners must be called on to lend their aid, and patrons of livings must be pre-

pared to step forward and endow the new churches, which will become, eventually, even a matter of temporal gain to them.

With this healthy and extended application of Protestantism at home—for the bulk of the people will now have the power to attend divine worship, and the poor, who have been somewhat too abundantly allowed for in the scheme to the deprivation of the minister and to the placing them impolitically too much in the eye of the congregation for their faded, worn and ragged habiliments, cannot complain of a want of church room. We have further a visible extension of our pure principles of Faith in all quarters of the world. Episcopacy will soon be established wherever the British power is dominant. We have a Bishop of Australasia; Indian Bishops, and even a sort of Primate; the West Indies have long enjoyed, like the East, most valuable men in this capacity. The Canadas are equally fortunate. A Bishop of New Zealand will shortly leave England: Australasia will be equally well looked to in other parts besides Sydney, as indeed her wants require—North, South, East and West. Malta and the Ionian Isles will also constitute a fresh nucleus of Protestantism that will soon overpower the Greek follies in the might of a stronger system. Africa will probably meet with similar attention; a foundation is laid westward and southward. The enormous increase of English possessions brings with it, necessarily, a British Church, and this will ere long far surpass any of the infirm forces of the Vatican. The Roman Catholic Church has now changed its political aspect to another, which bids fair to be the last of its Protean transformations. It has become essentially radical, and is now attempting to combine its canonized absurdities with the movement principle. In this respect it has followed in practice the advice of one, whom it repudiates in theory, that noisy, factious, turbulent demagogue, the idol of George Sand and Jeune France—the Abbé de Lammenais. But this will never be endured. In England, O'Connell and the anti-Church party are likely either to be dropped by the Whigs, or *proh pudor!* to drop them. The present cabinet is in a situation that cannot hold long; and though we are not among the alarmists, or among those who think it likely that a dissolution is at hand, still the parliament itself must become defunct in three years, at the farthest possible period, supposing it to run out, which it never is allowed to do. The Whigs like to talk in this style, in order to shake a few loose Conservatives, who are afraid of their seats; but how can they dissolve? If they do so they insure a comfortable addition to their opponents of at least fifty, with which opposition they could not go on one hour. One reason for no dissolution. Then, supposing the Whigs, in the height of their desperation, to rush

upon a dissolution, this is not to be done without going to the crown to give good reasons for this procedure, and for the exercise of this dangerous experiment. The crown would naturally say, that its high powers are not to be trifled with, and resist any attempt to embarrass the only chance of a permanent administration. England is not so lost as to allow of her highest legislative functions being thus trifled with and abused. No, the next parliament seals the doom of the O'Connell, the Radical, the Roman Catholic party in England. They have placed themselves with the movement, and by the movement they shall perish. It had better become the high spirit of this party to have spurned such association, but "*noscitur e sociis*" applies to them in Church and State. They may work the propaganda fund, they may determine to exercise it on England as they do, but all their forces cannot stem the irresistible weight of the English Clergy. While there remains in every one of our ten thousand parishes (and they are twice ten thousand virtually) a gentleman the equal to any in it in intelligence and station, the superior in most to all; while the parochial connection is maintained as it is by the constant ministration of the Church, with its solemn rites and services, this influence will ever be dominant in the land and to it all parties must tend. The true Church was strong enough in ancient day to resist all attacks from within, and even to endure the schisms and heresies of Macedonius, Arius, and Socinus; and the British Church is at present assuredly strong enough, even when bearing bishops within her tainted with the leaven of this last heresiarch, to resist O'Connell and the popedom; and to more than mate the Salmonean flashes of Wiseman by the thunder from heaven's own artillery of truth, wielded by Turton. Genuine Saxonism is now the element of the world. All races are destined to bow to the sons of Japhet. "God shall enlarge Japhet, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant," is the divine decree. All shows that the Saxon is dwelling in the tents of the Asiatic—all indicates the doomed African race to be his age-bound servant. Power rolls on, but ever westward, ever amid the Saxon stock; and if even America rise to higher power, it is but the dominancy of the same principle. Should Australasia ever work into the scale of nations, and the elements of power, this is but the continuance of the same principle, the ennobling of the Saxon. New Zealand will soon receive the same impress, and it will be a glorious race when the finest of the savage nations unites with the Saxon in a common strain. The elements of a race that will probably move higher still will then be in combination, influencing deeply the powers of mortality, and by their agitation producing a world renovation

from hemisphere to hemisphere, from England to her antipodes. And what are the forces that can withstand these coming events with such shadows before! The Czar is fully occupied in keeping the barbarous nations beneath him still barbarized, the oriental empire is already gone to its grave, and a few hundred British troops master the Pacha of Egypt, and dictate, when well managed, laws to the Tartar horde within the great wall of China. Brahminist, Buddhist, and Mahometan alike bend before the Saxon Protestant. And do we hear men talk of the revival of Popery, of the recurrence to that dissent from the high principles of Catholicism? Do we hear of its progress? The following eloquent language will show that if it be in progress it is unquestionably to the tomb:—"Popery can build new chapels: welcome to do so to all lengths. Popery cannot come back any more than Paganism can, *which* also still lingers in some countries. But indeed it is with these as with the ebbing of the sea; you look at the waves oscillating hither and thither on the beach; for minutes you cannot tell how it is going; look in half an hour where it is; look in half a century where your Popehood is! Alas, would there were no greater danger to our Europe than the poor old Pope's revival. THOR may as soon try to revive. And withal this oscillation has a meaning. The poor old Popehood will not die away entirely as Thor has done for some time yet; nor ought it. We may say the old never dies till this happen, till all the soul of good that was in it have got itself transferred into the practical new. While a good work remains capable of being done by the Romish form; or what is inclusive of all, while a *pious life* remains capable of being led by it, just so long, if we consider, will this or the other human soul adopt it, go about as a living witness of it. So long it will obtrude itself on the eye of us who reject it, till we in our practice too have appropriated whatsoever was of truth in it. Then, but also not till then, it will have no charm more for any man. It lasts here for a purpose." And all these forms simply last for a purpose for that distant period when the catholic harmony of heaven shall still all discordant notes in sainted peace. But there are two denominations, or rather there is *one*, to whose reformed purity all must arrive. It is tauntingly reproached to that one that the religion of the head is more potent in her than the feelings of the heart. But in practice, the deeds of her children refute this assertion; in universality and charity she is not exceeded; she is not equalled by any existing religious denomination. The ruling forces of empire are with her, and however reluctant to admit the principle, all will be compelled to bow to her aristocracy of soul. Her truthful earnestness must be successful.

“ Her weapons, like the sword
Of Michael from the armoury of God,
Are given her so tempered that neither Pope
Nor Papist can resist their edge.”

For it is idle to call her the religion of the head ; Protestantism belongs equally to the heart. And where in right-minded persons are heart and head discordant ? It is only in the madness of intellectual strife, and not in its truth and soberness, that the conclusions of the twain are at issue. The sanctified reason knows its just bounds, and has none of that “ vaulting ambition that overleaps itself.” It is then, in a general tendency to such a catholicity of sentiment as the Bible prescribes, that we confide for the world’s complete and entire renovation. It is impossible for Protestants, with this reprover of evil before them, not to bow to its infallible tribunal. The crafty politician may attempt the revival of the opposite system, but it would require a host of doctrinaires to convince us to the contrary. “ Roman Catholicism,” says the author whose name stands at the head of our article, “ has vanished at the aspect of civilization. It is undergoing due suffering for the evil of having subjected all spirituality to its views of temporal aggrandizement. It is gone.” Italy, Austria, Spain, and Ireland are its lingering refuge. It is only in *La Coda dell’ Universo*, with this Barebones assemblage, that it holds its session. Has it contributed to modern light or progress ? Has it aided or been a dead-weight on civilization ? Its very efforts at motion are they not spasmodic and unnatural ?

It cannot walk in proportion to the speed of all around it. It is dishonest also. Who is there in the present Roman Church that believes in the dictum of Gregory IX. “ There is only one name in the world—the Pope. He only can bestow the investiture of kings ; all princes ought to kiss his feet. No one can judge him ; his simple election makes him a saint ; he has never erred ; he never will err. He can depose kings, and absolve subjects from their allegiance.” If this is disowned, which it is by many a Romanist, why is not a council called to make it the deed of all ? If not, is the Council of Constance that negatives infallibility, or the Council of Trent that asserted and denied it, to command adhesion ? Or must we go with the Jansenist, who denies infallibility on matters of fact absolutely, and simply allows of it on points on which no person has any information whatever ? Is this a system to stand in modern light ? And again, though we see no possible objection to a head of the Church, as we have stated, yet St. François de Sales is as strongly Protestant in feeling on the subject, as any of the reformed faith.

“ The members of a religious body,” says he, “ will always be enough united when they shall be animated with the like

when they shall have the same education, the same laws, and shall all keep in view one common end. The first Christians, who were of one heart and one spirit in whatever part of the world they had rested, would have been of the same sentiments. Love would have been a sufficient bond of union. Love, like their's, needs not necessarily a chief head of union. A religious body without a single head may have its inconveniences; but those who have one sustain numerous unpleasantries also. A supreme head, if corrupt, rapidly spreads that corruption among the members; whilst the same vital effects do not follow when a bishop or inferior pastor fails, for then all do not fail with him."

That is pretty conclusive from one of the Romanist denomination, and it is now time for us, having thus proceeded to greater length than we intended, to close by investigating a few fresh points in the great progress of ages. Has Romanism during this progress propagated science? She suffered numerous valuable discoveries to perish, and simply tended those that suited her selfish ends. Has she raised man in the sphere of common manhood? Have her Lives of the Saints, the Roman Catholic exemplars, done as much good as even Plutarch's? It is with us matter of doubt. What has been her family influence? Cold, chilling, contracted. Setting aside the holiest ties, the dearest links of connections, lending herself to every selfish scheme of the ambitious parent; destroying the love also of the child to the parent, the parent to the child; fixing affections on her Roman petrefactions, totally abstracting kindly sentiments, and appropriating to herself, with a greedy clutch, the possessions of house after house, and kingdom after kingdom; until even the statute of mortmain was drawn across her giant incursions on property and possessions. On the manners she exercised no beneficial influence. She even attempted to contract Dante into her own dwarfish dimensions; but the Nazarite burst the cords of Rome, and recorded her damning offences in characters that will never die. Look, however, at the gloom and horror which she imposed on that master mind. As to the laws, she has always been rebellious to human rule; never giving to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's; but grasping Cæsar's possessions, and his subjugated realms.

As to human liberty, her offences are so foul with inquisitions, torture, auto-da-fès, that they need but be glanced at. Even her Michael Angelos, her Raphaels, come to us, splendid as were their works, with the terrible sense of the moral evil by which even their labours on St. Peter's were maintained, by the soul-damning indulgences of Tetzels. This is a fearful summary; and the evils of Protestantism can never, from its self-corrective principle, reach to this formidable accumulation. It is at least allied

to sound philosophy and pure reason, and with even these secondary guides, her steps might well be steadied from the fearful lapses of the sister community; but there is more than these, she bears within herself, "the lamp unto her feet, the light unto her paths." Every question now becomes submitted to the great principle of revealed truth. Even were her guides to fail, the people would not; but her guides cannot fail, for the power of their system works effectually within them.

A Church that derives its power from the divine oracles, and consults them for its course and way, that seeks to obtain of them the great truth, will never want that aid and assistance that is promised to honest endeavour and manly purpose. But a Church that derives her power from other and questionable sources, that has bound herself up in an iron bond of infallibility, that quietly permits the acts of demons to be termed her acts, must be prepared to abide the fearful demands of an enlightened age, the inquisition of the sons of knowledge. If she be found wanting in the constituents of a true Church,—if she be found unequal to describe her own true power,—if she be detected assuming false elements of it, and making a totally wrong estimate of its extent,—if she be arrested with a lie in her right hand, she must be prepared to meet the brunt of a shock that has been concentrating its force for many an age, and powerful indeed must she stand, if she can abide the issue, and not sink from the earth as Smyrna and Laodicea.

CRITICAL SKETCHES

OF RECENT CONTINENTAL PUBLICATIONS.

ART. X.—1. *F. W. Reimer, Mittheilungen von und über Goethe, aus mündlichen und schriftlichen Quellen.* (F. W. Reimer, Communications of and concerning Goethe, from oral and written Sources.) Berlin. 1840.

2. *Johann Heinrich Merck, ein Denkmal herausgegeben von Dr. Adolf Stahr.* (Memoir of J. H. Merck. By Dr. A. Stahr.) Oldenburg. 1840.

WE have classed these two books together, as the intentions of their authors in publishing them were similar: Dr. Reimer, entering the lists highly indignant at the violent and often unjust accusations of the younger German writers against Goethe; Dr. Stahr, to rescue from oblivion the memory of a remarkable man, supposed to be the original from whom Goethe took many features of his Mephistopheles. We think the latter has been more successful in his attempts, and it is not a little singular that a man like Merck, who exercised considerable influence over the illustrious men who shed such lustre upon the city of Weimar, should have remained unknown amidst such a book-writing people as the Germans. This ignorance is such, that we have sought his name in vain amongst the novelty-loving volumes of the numerous Conversations-Lexicons.

Another volume on Goethe, we think we hear some of our readers exclaim. Yes, gentle reader, and a goodly octavo of five hundred pages, marked moreover, Vol. I., and how many are to follow, deponent knoweth not. The author was intimately acquainted with Goethe, lived in his house for several years, and was consulted by the poet in the composition or publication of most of his works during this long period. When we add that he bears the character of an honest and truth-loving man, we have said quite sufficient to account for the interest with which we opened the work. It is with reluctance that we feel ourselves compelled to state, that it has hardly equalled our expectations. Goethe was a great man as well as a distinguished poet, and the best proof of this is, the magical influence which he exercised upon all who came within his sphere. To this many of the most eminent men of Germany will willingly bear witness. Among the most enthusiastic of his admirers is Dr. Eckerman, whose interesting conversations with Goethe need no recommendation from us, as they are doubtless in the hands of all German scholars.

The work before us is of a different nature. Dr. Riemer, instead of giving us his own reminiscences of Goethe (which however we hope he will do on a future occasion), has unfortunately adopted a polemical tone of no ordinary severity. We say unfortunately, not that we would blame him for the feelings which he entertains on this subject; on the

contrary, they are highly honourable to him; but it was incumbent upon him to maintain the position which he had taken up by other arguments than by quotations from Goethe's works, for it is in these that its chief merit consists, and the student who is not deeply read in some of the less known works of the poet, will find in the volume before us an interesting collection of table talk.

That there has been a growing spirit of opposition to Goethe, which has not hesitated to attack his character in a manner which must give pain to every well-wisher to the Germans, we are compelled to admit. Yet we think it would have been wiser in Dr. Riemer not to have taken up the cudgels on behalf of his friend and patron, but to have left it to time and the influence of his own best defence, his works. For the manner in which he has conducted his cause will convince no one, and excite still more violently the passions of party spirit. As we do not recollect to have seen this reaction against Goethe taken notice of by our critics, we shall say a few words upon the subject.

We believe that the higher and more philosophical writers among the Germans still look upon Goethe with the veneration which during his lifetime he universally commanded. The Berlin Academy held a special sitting this year in honour of the poet's birth-day, a fact which may deserve mention, should Dr. Riemer's ominous chapter on the faults of his countrymen reach a second edition. But the periodical literature is mostly in the hands of younger men, with the exception of Wolfgang Menzel, whose antipathy to Goethe almost equals in violence his patriotic hatred of the French. The light and frivolous tone in which many of these spurned the dead lion, was well calculated to excite the indignation of Dr. Riemer, and he prefixed to his volume the following words from Bidpai, "For it is said, that he who withholdeth a testimony for the dead, shall be scourged with scourges of fire at the day of the resurrection." We turned eagerly to the chapter on Patriotism, (*Deutschheit*), and regretted not to find it more satisfactory, for this we suspect to be the chief reason for the violent opposition, the insulting remarks heaped upon Goethe's memory, that, living at a period during which the French Revolution and Buonaparte's usurpation reduced Germany to the lowest depth of degradation, he has no where exhibited a feeling such as was to be expected from a leader among the people. True, he was a poet and not a man of action, but Dr. Riemer has not given us any proof of Goethe's feelings on this subject, even in private conversation. If he be in possession of any such, we would respectfully submit that it is his imperative duty to make them public. For although it cannot be doubted that an event which changed the condition of the continent must have deeply affected a mind like Goethe's, yet with the exception of a few secondary works, it does not seem to have produced such an impression as might have been expected. Fichte was a man of science, and the courage with which he delivered his "Speeches to the German Nation," at a time when his voice was drowned by the noise of French drums in the streets of Berlin, will render his name immortal, when little or nothing of his philosophical system will be remembered. Since the battle of Waterloo, the German

mind has taken a more practical direction, and the literature of the day, although trammelled by the fetters of the censorship, becomes more and more mixed up with politics. It is not therefore surprising that the restless longing spirit, the political complexion of the younger writers, should feel discontented with the plastic repose that pervades the works of Goethe. As party spirit is seldom just, so we find a host of scribblers, and some writers of note too, denying him the place to which he is unquestionably entitled. But we doubt not that in time the fierce attacks will subside, and that when he shall have been longer numbered with the dead, the clouds of party vision will disperse, and he will again enjoy the undivided admiration of his countrymen. It is no small proof of a noble character that in his voluminous works and the numerous collections of letters to and from him, nothing mean or ungenerous, nothing positive, has been advanced against him. The charges are merely negative; his antagonists and deprecators can only assert that he did not express such sentiments as might have been expected. We hear not a word of a want of patriotism *proved* against him.

Man can only work in the sphere allotted to him, and the more clearly defined that sphere is, the less right we have to require that he shall be equally great in those regions which his tutelary genius warns him not to enter. Goethe has over and over again told us, and we believe it was a peculiarity which he inherited from his mother, that it was his custom to put aside whatever was disagreeable or intolerable to him, and we think this remark more serviceable to him than the vague observations by which Dr. Riemer excuses his silence by alleging his delicate position as a minister, &c.

One of the most successful chapters of the work is that relating to Bettina von Arnim, the celebrated heroine of Goethe's *Correspondence with a Child*. This lady had encouraged and doubtless entertained the belief that many of Goethe's sonnets, and of the most interesting compositions of his later years, were inspired by her letters; and we well recollect the astonishment which we felt, that a young lady should thus step in between Goethe and his high renown. Dr. Riemer somewhat rudely destroys the halo which had surrounded the Child.

"Another work" (in the preceding chapter he had cautioned the reader against considering Falk's little volume as authentic) "has, in the eyes of the ignorant, injured him whom it was intended to exalt, inasmuch as it not only exposed him to ungrounded reproaches of coldness and hardness of heart, but threatened to diminish or destroy his claim to genius, the originality of the finest compositions of his later years, the Sonnets and the Divan. This was Goethe's *Correspondence with a Child*. . . ."

"When Goethe published his autobiography, under the title of *Fiction and Truth* (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*), he meant to say, it was the veil of fiction in the hand of truth. Truth was the body, fiction the dress, the frame that inclosed a real picture. In the correspondence, fiction is the principal subject, round which the authoress has occasionally hung a frame. The whole is in one word a romance which borrows from reality time, place, and circumstances; but the heroine is in imaginary, more in fantastic than real, love with Goethe; sometimes scolds and quizzes him, sometimes plays at love with him, and feigns nocturnal visits, promenades and cloak-scenes with him. . . . He

bears with her as with a child, as it was his wont, out of common gratitude to bear with inconvenient people, if they did not go too far, and then hastily to break off such a connexion."—(*Works*, p. 47).—pp. 31, 32.

It must be confessed, in the exposition which follows, Dr. Riemer does not treat the lady with great politeness, although he does justice to her extraordinary talents. Already, in 1807, in Goethe's house, she complained to Riemer of the coldness of Goethe's behaviour to her. Our author then proves by those stubborn things, dates, that many of the sonnets were not addressed to nor written under the inspiration of her magic pen. How then could Bettina delude herself into such a strange supposition?

"As to the sonnets which Bettina *bonâ fide* assumes to have been composed and addressed to her, they were neither written *for* her nor *to* her; it is possible that Goethe may have sent her some of them, as he willingly communicated his newest compositions to his friends. He even writes once to Bettina and tells her that she may consider the enclosed sonnet as addressed to herself, because he has nothing better to say. But he neither took nor borrowed his subject from her, to restore it to her in poetic forms. Goethe's fancy and heart could not be so poor in his sixtieth year that he was obliged to borrow his feelings from Bettina, to put them into verse, as the Greek Hypophetes did the inspired natural sounds of the somnambulant Pythian priestess. The subject is taken elsewhere, and many of the circumstances mentioned in the sonnets cannot, from time and place, as well as other circumstances, refer at all to Bettina."—pp. 34, 35.

"The numerous admirers and worshippers of the *immortal child* will of course consider my confessions as mere blasphemies, but mindful of my motto, I could only write *as* and *what* I know. Others may think of them as they please, I say only, *dixi et salvavi animam meam*."—p. 36.

"Out of gratitude for Bettina's attachment to his mother, for the communications which she received from her respecting his childhood and the history of his youth, without which Goethe could not have *begun* his Autobiography, but certainly likewise in memory of Bettina's beautiful mother, in whose company he had passed many happy hours, in the house of Madame de la Roche, from all these motives he allowed her to follow her own humours, whether natural or studied, found pleasure in her genial, although odd, clever and fantastic character; bore with equanimity her caresses and whims, and as it could only be question of a paternal, not passionate return, what could he do for so much mirth and attention, but occasionally give her some pleasure with such poetic sweetmeats as he happened to have at hand, a fresh flower, a juicy piece of fruit from his poetic garden, as if they were made and grown for her. But this was all. If she required more or went so far as to be troublesome to him, he could not, as he himself confesses, do otherwise than break off the connexion, and that she was troublesome to him with her passionateness, Bettina herself allows."—pp. 39, 40.

We doubt not that this is the true state of the case, and fortunately Bettina's genius can bear the blow, although a few blossoms may fall from the wreath of glory with which her blind admirers have crowned her.

Dr. Riemer has devoted a long chapter to Goethe's personal appearance; we need not dwell upon it, all who have seen him will acknowledge the justice of Napoleon's observation, *c'est un homme*. The

leading features in Goethe's character are to be found in his works. Far from being reserved, he was the most communicative of men. Schiller tells him to his face "that he is made to be inherited and plundered by others during his life, as has often happened, and would happen still more frequently, if people only knew their own advantage better." It is the fashion to call him interested, and yet he says of himself, "to be disinterested in every thing, most disinterested in love and friendship, was my greatest delight, my maxim, my practice."—(*Works*, xxvi. p. 291.) Dr. Riemer's volume contains many proofs that this was not an idle boast.

The long chapter on religiousness would lead us far beyond all reasonable limits. Those who have studied Goethe diligently will know what to think of his religious opinions, and it would require a volume to make them intelligible to others. Our principal object is to place before the English reader the present state of public opinion in Germany respecting their great poet, nor have we heard that his countrymen have found his religious opinions repulsive, whatever objections might be advanced by many religious and excellently meaning persons at home. We could however have wished, that the anecdote of the *Anseres Christicolæ* (p. 393), on which Dr. Riemer seems to look back with some complacency, had been omitted; it is frivolous, to say the best of it, and our author has attached too much importance to what was doubtless a mere joke.

Our readers will be able to gather our opinion of the work before us from what we have said, and we shall now conclude our observations by a few short remarks upon Dr. Stahr's life of Merck.

This remarkable man was first known to the public by Goethe's remarks on him in his Autobiography, in which Dr. Stahr complains that the poet has not done justice to his friend. He was however almost totally forgotten until his name was honourably mentioned in one of the numerous publications of letters to and from Goethe, &c. Böttiger of Dresden, with a petty love of scandal, has not spared Merck, but this is a misfortune that may easily be borne, as his journal, which his own son had the want of taste to publish, does not speak more favourably of any of the great men of his time. The biography of Merck remains to be written, for Dr. Stahr's book, although valuable, exhibits more of collectanea than finished and connected description. His appreciation of Goethe, before he became distinguished, proves his penetration; his just although sometimes severe criticisms on the works which Goethe submitted to him in manuscript, mark his taste and the soundness of his judgment. The variety and versatility of his talents is extraordinary, equally so the influence which he exercised over all around. The Duchess Amelia, the mother of Karl August, the celebrated friend of Goethe, was much attached to him. She had paid several visits to the Rhine in his company, and thus writes to him, Aug. 14, 1778, after one of these trips—

"Never shall I forget the goodness of Providence in giving me a friend like yourself, who in such strange and oppressing circumstances remains true to his heart and to his belief in truth and goodness; inclosing these in the depths of his heart and bearing with courage the will of the Lord."—p. 97.

Her illustrious son writes to him in the same strain of enthusiasm.

"The purport of my letter, dear Merck," says the duke, "is like a whetstone to pure Darmstadt steel, to excite sparks. I am in the worst letter-writing humour in the world, and am so spoiled by receiving good letters from you that I can hardly live without them."

That he owed this favour to his manly character, his knowledge of mankind and his social qualities, and not to servile flattery, is evident from a letter of Goethe's to Wieland, in which, after requesting Merck to cultivate the acquaintance of the hereditary Prince of Darmstadt, he begs him "to lay aside some of his usual reserve with princes and to be as open and natural with him as the prince by his behaviour might encourage."

Goethe's mother, an excellent judge of character, called Merck her dear son, and the list of his correspondents includes the names of many celebrated contemporaries, amongst others those of the travellers Banks and Forster. At a later period he devoted himself to natural philosophy. Osteology and mineralogy, particularly antediluvian fossils, attracted his attention, and his valuable collection was bought after his death by the Grand Duke of Darmstadt and forms the principal part of the museum of that city. His restless spirit was not satisfied with this; he established a manufactory, a bleaching ground and a printing office. These numerous undertakings, too much at any time for one man however active, proved ruinous and Merck put an end to his own existence. It was found after his death however that his affairs were not so bad as he had feared, and the dread of a deficit in the public chest intrusted to him was unfounded, as there remained a surplus. The latter half of the work consists of selections from his contributions to the literature of the time.

ART. XI.—*Die Günderode. Zwei Theile.* (Günderode. Two volumes.) Grünberg and Leipsic. 1840.

BETTINA von Arnim, the heroine of the "Correspondence of Goethe with a Child," has here published the letters which passed some thirty years ago between herself and the friend whose tragical death, in a letter to Goethe's mother, forms one of the most interesting parts of the first named work. As we have thought it our duty, in our notice of Dr. Riemer's work on Goethe in our present number, to give some extracts from the chapter in which he speaks of "the immortal child," although our remarks may have given offence to her admirers, we gladly avail ourselves of the contemporaneous appearance of the work before us to do justice to the real merits of this distinguished lady.

Whatever objections may be advanced against the matter-of-fact truth of the form in which she has chosen to give to the public her celebrated correspondence with Goethe, we ought not to omit the circumstance that even according to Dr. Riemer's own showing it was possible for Bettina to suppose that some of the sonnets were composed by Goethe for her. There may have been some self-delusion, we confess, but then it was not so very unnatural in an enthusiastic girl of fifteen or sixteen.

But be that as it may, there can be no doubt that she is a woman of eminent genius. Her extraordinary talent in grouping every thing that comes before her into a poetic picture, the rich flow of her somewhat too fantastical imagination, her cheerful and happy humours, her soundness of judgment, except when she willingly gives way to wanton caprice, form a union of qualities but seldom found in the same person.

There is in truth much in the volumes before us which we could have dispensed with, and we venture with all due politeness to whisper our opinion that they would have been improved by being curtailed one-half. For with characteristic inconsistency, soon after pronouncing with all the positiveness which becomes a young lady, her hatred of philosophy and philosophical dissertations, she favours us with awfully long diatribes, which, if not philosophy, we suppose were meant for it. The great defect of the work indeed consists in these attempts to reduce to language, and express with clearness, subjects which have defied the unassisted powers of reason from the beginning of creation to the present day. But when, leaving these unfathomable depths, she returns to real life, and pictures nature, men and things in her own peculiar and forcible style, we are irresistibly attracted by the charms of her eloquence and her quickness of perception. It is true she does play the madcap occasionally and clambers up rocks and ruins in a most unaccountable manner. Her letters display too a laudable contempt of punctuation and postscript, which occasionally bear the same proportion to the body of the letter as Mr. O'Connell does to his tail. Well: every one to his taste; we would rather have half-a-dozen such works, although there may be a spice of romance in their composition, than a score of books written according to critical rule and measure. And if there should be any German scholar who has not yet become acquainted with Bettina von Arnim, we are sure he will thank us for the present introduction.

ART. XII.—*Vittoria Accorombona. Ein Roman in fünf Büchern, von Ludwig Tieck. Zwei Bände, Zweite Auflage, mit einem Anhang.* (Vittoria Accorombona. A Romance in five Books, by Ludwig Tieck. Two Volumes, Second Edition, with an Appendix.) Breslau, 1841.

THE extravagant applause bestowed upon this work, the blind enthusiasm of many of the German critics (although fortunately some of the more recent reports take a juster view of it), and the remarkable sentiments contained in it, have induced us to make a few observations, which may not be uninteresting to the English public.

The professed object of Tieck in the volumes before us was to rescue the memory of Vittoria from the calumnies (?) of the English dramatist Webster, in his play of the White Devil, or the tragedy of Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Bracciano, with the life and death of Vittoria Accorombona, the famous Venetian courtesan.* As the materials for this purpose are somewhat scanty, the novelist was naturally driven to his

* Old Plays, vol. vi,

own mind for resources, and herein consists one of the incongruities of the work, that he has made his characters of the middle ages speak the sentiments of the nineteenth. This of itself is no small objection, but he has made his work, as we shall see, a vehicle for disseminating opinions, which had formerly been the favourite topics of some younger writers in his native country, but which even these had gradually abandoned. In many respects the action of the romance corresponds with that of the drama. We will not drag the reader through the crowd of worthless characters that appear and disappear at random. A hypocritical pope who had passed his life in stooping to look for the keys of St. Peter, which he found at last, a lustful cardinal who proposes to a mother the dishonour of her own daughter, a lawless nobility in league with cruel and triumphant banditti, form the principal features of society, or rather anarchy in Rome at the period of which we are treating. The mother of Vittoria and of her two brothers lives at Tivoli, devoted to the education of her children. The dangers of the times force her to take refuge in Rome, where her daughter marries the insignificant Peretti, nephew to Cardinal Montalto, afterwards pope. Vittoria, celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments, becomes the centre of attraction, and an introduction to her house is eagerly sought by wits and men of learning. Amongst others, a stranger who leads a wandering life in the neighbourhood of Rome, is introduced. Of stately form, although no longer in the bloom of youth, the care bestowed by the author soon points him out as likely to be the hero of the tale. His character does not display any peculiar marks of greatness, of which therefore the reader is made sensible by the persevering reflections of the author. This personage proves to be the Duke of Bracciano, who at this *conversazione* at the Peretti's hears from a thoughtless secretary of his brother-in-law's, the reigning Duke of Florence, a story highly injurious to the reputation of his wife, who, by the bye, he himself abandons to indulge, it would seem, a truant disposition. The Duke returns to Florence, invites his consort to a country-seat, and after removing her attendants, strangles her. His subsequent behaviour is full of hypocrisy. He pretends a sorrow which imposes upon none, and invents a fictitious account of her sudden death. Yet Tieck after this represents him as a glorious, and, we had almost said, a perfect character. We have little doubt that this conception, which we consider erroneous, arose from a partial application of the sentiments expressed in Macchiavelli's *Principe*. He evidently wished to infer that different countries have different modes of judging of crimes, and must be supposed to display his hero in the light in which he would appear to his countrymen in the age in which he lived. But if for the sake of the argument, we admit this to have been Tieck's intention, and no other explanation has occurred to us, we are the more at a loss to account for the sentiments which he puts in the mouth of Vittoria. To require approbation for the fidelity with which he adheres to the opinions of the times which he describes, whilst in the same work he can only carry into execution his professed object (to rescue the character of Vittoria) by glaringly violating this principle, is surely inconsistent.

The Duke returns to Rome and enters the apartment of Vittoria, just after a conversation respecting the murder of the Duchess. The com-

pany take part against the Duke, except Vittoria, who excuses him on the plea of destiny. We then learn by the subsequent confessions between the lovers, that Vittoria and the Duke had fallen in love at first sight. We own this part struck us as mightily ridiculous; the Duke cold and calculating, not fair but fat and forty, fell in love at first sight! From this moment the romance breaks down, and Tieck deprives himself of the only means by which he might have saved it. It may be said that the Duke was a man of high poetic feeling, Tieck endeavours to make him appear so, but without success. And then the love scenes. Why the tawdry stuff that the celebrated poetess and her vaunted duke utter would disgrace the quondam productions of the Minerva Press. Let any of our German readers turn to pages 229—234 of the second volume and they will be of opinion that we might have made use of stronger terms.

We have read Tieck's works, as they appeared, with great interest, and many scenes in the volumes before us are written in that powerful style of which he is confessedly a master. Yet most of the characters burst upon us too suddenly, and there is no previous development; the second volume is weak and tedious. The long ravings of the mother of Vittoria fatigue us, for there is too much method in her madness. The comic characters are less happily drawn than usual, they are stereotype, and any one acquainted with Tieck's manner can foresee the coming wit. The tendency of this romance has however caused us more regret than surprise. His latter productions were not free from objectionable parts. Although all the works of Tieck's second and third period (for most of his earlier productions seemed to us unimportant), display great talent, yet there was hardly one of them that did not contain some drawback upon the pure enjoyment that works of fiction should afford. Tieck is a master in satire, but his satire is not cheerful; he appears to dwell with delight on descriptions of the evil and terrible, in which it must be confessed he is often remarkably powerful. There was, however, one work, which we could never read through—William Lovell, we found it absolutely disgusting. On conversing with some German friends, and reading several criticisms upon it, we found that the received solution was that the poet, in elaborating his work of fiction, had worked his way through the thorny path of temptation, as the man who once begins to doubt must pass through the dangerous ways of scepticism to the light of philosophic truth. We have Goethe's own assertion that this was often the case with him, and his works and life bear manifest proofs of its truth. We trust it may be so with Tieck; we have no wish to judge uncharitably of a man to whom we are indebted for many amusing hours; but we have thought it our duty, when we saw others blinded by the high authority of his name, to declare our conscientious opinion.

We have reserved for the conclusion our remarks upon Vittoria's extraordinary sentiments on marriage, considering the age in which she lived. With all due submission to his German defenders, we cannot find their arguments free from sophistry. We consider Tieck to have been guilty of an anachronism, to have placed the opinions (respecting the so-called emancipation of women) advocated by young Germany of the nineteenth century, in the mouth of a woman whose assertion of them is highly im-

probable. Whilst the younger writers, as they advance in years, are abandoning the opinions, which, by an injudicious prohibition of their writings, acquired greater popularity than they otherwise would have done,—whilst most of them (for their name is *not* legion) are settling down into respectable husbands and fathers, and thus affording the world the most desirable instance of self-contradiction, Tieck in his old age, takes their place. We need not enter upon a refutation of his arguments; common sense will, we doubt not, remain triumphant.

Professor Braniss has written an essay upon the work before us: that the publishers have thought fit to append it to the second edition, is sufficient indication of its tendency; our previous remarks preclude the necessity of any farther allusion to it. We sincerely wish M. Tieck many years of happiness, to enjoy the pension which the King of Prussia has recently conferred upon him; but we have no desire to read any more productions of his pen, should they resemble Vittoria Accorombona.

ART. XIII.—*Jury—Schwur oder Geschworengericht als rechtsanstalt und politisches Institut. Die grossen Gebrechen unserer deutschen Strafrechtspflege, und das Schwurgericht als das einzige Mittel ihnen gründlich abzuhelpfen.* (The Jury considered as a legal and political Institution. The great Defects of our German Criminal Law, and the Jury the only sure means of remedying them.) Altona, 1840.

THERE have been several valuable works on the theory and practice of German criminal law, in which the defects of the existing system were exposed by men of the highest character and reputation, but this dissertation by Professor Welcker, which originally appeared in the *Staatslexicon*, and has been printed as a separate work, is one of the first attempts to bring this question of vital importance before the general public. The English reader need hardly be told that, with the exception of the Rhenish provinces, trial by Jury does not exist in Germany. Soon after Prussia came into possession of this valuable addition, a commission of five gentlemen was appointed by the king to inquire into the working of this system, the most valuable inheritance of Napoleon's dominion. Two of the commissioners were from the Rhine, the other three from parts of Prussia where the Jury has not been introduced, all of them men of high character and standing in their profession. Their opinion was *unanimous* in favour of publicity and trial by Jury as a legal institution. That their opinion of it as a *political* institution was more guardedly, although not unfavourably, expressed, was natural.

It would, at first sight, appear, that the German system, by which circumstantial evidence is not considered conclusive, but the confession of the prisoner is necessary to his condemnation, should possess greater security and peculiar advantages. Yet the work before us furnishes abundant proof of the uncertainty of this mode of proceeding. A man deprived of his liberty is of course under suspicion, it is but too often the interest of the examiners to prove that he has not been falsely suspected; the harassing mode of cross-examining the accused at different

periods, and comparing his answers with his previous depositions, when length of time, want of exercise, and many other circumstances, may produce discrepancy in the testimony even of an innocent man, lead repeatedly to the most melancholy results. M. Welcker relates many instances of confessions which were false. His extracts from the work of Herr von Arnim, minister of justice in Prussia, reveal a case that happened in 1800, in which seven persons confessed themselves guilty of arson. They were condemned to be dragged to the place of execution on a cow-hide, beheaded and burned. The sentence was approved, and ordered to be carried into execution. One of the prisoners had already put on the dress in which criminals are executed (*sterbekleid*), and, on receiving the sacrament, repeated his confession and accusation against his fellow-prisoners. At this critical moment, by the merest accident, a journeyman bricklayer, from another town, who happened to be in the place, gave evidence, which proved that the accused could not possibly have been guilty of the fire imputed to them, and which they had all, with one single exception, confessed. They were all, of course, pardoned. The torments of constant cross-examination, the blows which they received as punishments of their false (?) assertions, were the causes assigned for this extraordinary self-accusation. M. Welcker relates that one of the prisoners had died in consequence of the treatment he experienced from the lower police and officers of justice. The punishment for lying was such, that after the fresh examination, resulting upon the proof that they were probably innocent, and which ended in their acquittal, one of the accused was condemned to receive two hundred blows. Frederic the Great had abolished this punishment, but we have been informed that blows are now inflicted as punishment for falsehood in several states of Germany. When we consider that an investigation often lasts some years, that the examiners, proceeding from a pre-conceived opinion, may consider that as false which may afterwards prove to be true, and above all when we reflect that there is no publicity to control them, we can form some idea of the abuses to which such a system is liable. We have purposely confined ourselves to a bare exposition, our object is not to inflame the passions or excite animosity; but, by directing public attention to the work before us, to invite examination into the abuses in the criminal law of Germany, and which, as long as publicity is withheld, it is not in the power of the most humane monarch to prevent. We hope that the greater publicity now allowed in the proceedings of the provincial diets sitting in Prussia is but the beginning of a reform in this respect; we cannot conceive a nobler act of mercy and justice than to introduce publicity into judicial investigations.

There are many other important topics alluded to, and numerous proofs of the bad working of the present system, which we would gladly notice, did our limits permit. We conclude with strongly recommending this Essay to the attentive consideration of all, whether friends or opponents of the Jury system.

MUSIC ABROAD AND AT HOME.

FRANCE.

THE re-appearance in Paris of M. Henri Vieuxtemps, the celebrated violinist, is one of the most important musical events of the season. This incomparable musician has created an immense sensation in the artistic world, and in the salons. We do not imagine that De Beriot, or even Paganini himself ever excited more admiration, more enthusiasm. At his concert, in the *salle* of Henri Hertz, where he introduced a new fantasia of his own composing, he excited the greatest sensation by his wondrous execution and expression of all that music can convey. After treating his hearers with a concerto full of the most delicious and harmonious combinations, he performed his new fantasia, in which capricious movements mingle with delicate and brilliant melody. To the difficult movements invented by Paganini, and the elegance, purity and grace of De Beriot, add a powerful individuality, and you will appreciate in imagination all that is extraordinary in Henri Vieuxtemps. More than 200 persons were turned away from the doors of the concert room. He is to appear in London at the Philharmonic, on the 13th of April.

Auber has added another gem to his immortal crown, by his *Les Diamants de la Couronne*. This beautiful opera was produced on the 6th inst. at the Opéra Comique, with the most triumphant success. The music is declared by the best musical critics to be the most careful and brilliant of this celebrated composer's works; it is much in the style of his *Fra Diavolo* and *La Fiancée*. The overture commences with a sweet *andante* movement, and is most effective throughout. A *déjeuné* scene, and a *soirée musicale* are beautifully conceived and sustained. The libretto, by the never-failing Scribe, is most highly spoken of: the story details the adventures of Catarina (Mme. Thillon), who visits Rebolledo, a banished noble, who practises coining in a cavern, and holds one Don Henrique (M. Couderc) a prisoner. Catarina's object is to sell the crown jewels, for the payment of certain debts contracted by the state, and to replace the gems by false diamonds. Here she encounters Don Henrique, with whom an attachment is speedily formed, and she endeavours to effect his escape; but the police are meanwhile in search of the banditti, and frustrate all her efforts. The banished noble is at length restored, and the lovers united. The opera is full of bustling incidents, and the conversations are carried on with great spirit and point. The opera increases nightly in public estimation; and on the sixth representation, upwards of 100 persons left the doors, unable to gain admission.

The French are unquestionably *au fait* at describing, not only the manners of other nations, but what is far more difficult, describing themselves correctly. The following sketches respecting the Parisian balls will be found to be most correct:

Everybody goes to the Grand Opera. Creditors and debtors meet there and shake hands; the duchess grasps the arm of her *femme de chambre*, and the ambassador asks her porter's wife the name of the wag who so boldly catches her by the waist—it is sometimes her husband. All converse, but none recog-

nise each other. There is too much *esprit* in France to commit such blunders. At the masquerade, ignorance is wisdom. Intelligent men judge of women by their hands; the most splendid velvet, the most magnificent satin, have no meaning. The domino's sole mask is the glove. On the left bank of the Seine, the Prado is the private domain of students; but if we were to mention all the ball establishments which open their doors to the public, a page would not contain their names. After those great lords of the carnival the Opera, Renaissance, Valentino, and Musard, what a swarm of balls is there not between the Bastille and Madelaine, and Montmartre and the Pantheon! Every *arrondissement*, quarter, street—the most obscure places, the humblest roofs, the most remote gates, have their own. Go, explore and search; you will not find a family non-represented in that saltatory chaos.

When the *jours gras* come, the saltatory fever makes all legs frisk. The wisest and most demure breathe the mania in the air. The ball attracts women as the loadstone does iron. The grisette then extemporises a costume with what rags she can collect; the student eats dry bread, drinks water, and pawns his cloak, in order to dance sixty hours in the uniform of a hussar. They who have nothing borrow, they who owe buy, and all Paris responds to the call of *Mardi Gras*.

Masks drop off on Ash Wednesday, but the ball dies not: when the loud noise of the Carnival has passed away like a storm, the Faubourg St. Germain and Faubourg St. Honoré throw open their folding doors, and the embassies dance. Musard's ball is an extinct glory, a declining reputation, an invaded kingdom, a dismantled ship. All its dancers now come from the Lafitte and Cailard coach-offices; it recruits its *habitués* in the *rolondes* of the *diligences*, and at the railway terminus. It is beloved at Pithiviers, revered at Chateauxaux, esteemed at Limoges, admired at Carpentras, but nearly forgotten at Paris. It is frequented by commercial travellers and first-year students; after a *débit* at La Chaumière, grisettes pass on to Musard's ball, but do not even tarry there. Balls have their ruins as well as empires. The demise of the Rue Vivienne balls has also turned to the profit of those of Rue Saint Honoré; at first languid, they have now firm quadrilles and substantial waltzes. Valentino reigns and governs with success, and the Carnival reckons him one of its first ministers.

The *bals masqués* expire every Ash Wednesday; they revive for a moment on the Thursday of the *Micarême*, to last but a night. But during the whole Carnival, they reign unrivalled throughout the galvanised town. Paris sleeps not. Who is it that does not go to a masquerade? All rush to them. The twelve *arrondissements* spend their time in losing it, and each does so with miraculous success. Who will now talk of the Venice Carnival? Paris has stifled that ancient glory; the Rialto is eclipsed by the Boulevard des Italiens.

The Musard and Valentino *soirées* have been attractive and well attended this season.

PARIS.—M. Péronnet gave one of the most brilliant morning concerts in the *salle de Pleyel* last week, at which Mdlle. Nau warbled an Italian air most delightfully, and received great applause in a duetto from *Belisario* with Baroilhet. Duprez also assisted, and was received with thunders of applause, particularly in a song from *La Dame Blanche* "*Ah quel plaisir d'être Soldat*."

Great preparations are making at the Académie Royale, for the production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. This beautiful opera will be performed in a few days, and will be followed by Weber's *Der Freischütz*.

M. Sudre, the inventor of a musical language, by which he professes to converse with persons of any country or language without speaking, but by the aid of musical composition (a performance on any instrument is all that he requires), has now arrived in Paris, after a successful tour through the French provinces. At Nantes, Rouen, and Lyons, his performances excited the greatest attention.

It is stated in several well-informed quarters that Fanny Ellsler will return to the Opera at Paris this month (March), and that she has refused the liberal offer of Laporte, to perform in the new ballet of *Jupiter et Danae*.

The Drama.—At the Theatre du Vaudeville, M. Deforge's new two-act vaudeville, entitled *Une Nuit au Serail*, has been the chief attraction. The piece is founded upon the travels of Lady Montague and her imbecile Lord; the chief incident is an intrigue at the harem, where the lady discovers and deceives her husband, the whole concluding in the triumph of conjugal honour. The decorations and *mise en scène* in the second act, are described as truly superb. Mdle. Brohan, the accomplished actress, sustained the part of Lady Montague. *Le Neveu du Mercier*, a serious comedy, has also been a successful production.

The Theatre Port St. Martin has been crowded every evening to witness the new drama of *Pauline*, founded on Sir E. L. Bulwer's play of *The Lady of Lyons*.

The only novelties produced at the Theatre de Renaissance have been *Frédéric Lemaitre* and *La Fille du Tapisser*. Liszt is performing in this city, and is attracting great attention; yet he does not succeed so well as in London, where he will return early in May.

The present month closes the theatrical career of Mdle Mars, who retires on the 31st March.

AMIENS.—M. Paul Formany has invented a new instrument, which he calls the chromatic kettle-drum; it contains fifteen skins, producing full and half tones. M. Hiller, director of the orchestra of this city, has composed a Funeral March and several other pieces for this instrument.

ITALY.

Doehler, the celebrated pianist of Italy, competitor of Liszt and Thalberg, has just received the Order of San Lodovico. He received this distinction after a concert given at Florence for the benefit of an unfortunate family, in which he introduced pieces of his own composition, and a new fantasia on the melodies of *Giovanni da Procida*, by Prince Poniatowski.

A new tragedy by G. B. Niccolini is, indeed, a treat for the literati of Italy. *Rosmonda d'Inghilterra* is founded on the well known story of Fair Rosomond. The author has so successfully wrought up his subject, that it has become an established favourite both at Rome and Florence.

Mercadante received the appointment of professor to the Musical Academy of Bologna from Rossini's recommendation; but he declined it, in order to accept the pressing invitation of the King of Naples to that court.

The Opera and Ballet in Italy.—Most of the operas produced at the great Theatre of La Scala, at Milan, are in two acts, each being divided into several *tableaux*. After the first act the ballet is performed; and, as it takes up at least an hour and a half, the singers have time to rest, and prepare for the second act. If it be considered that the Italian *artistes* sing five or six times a week, it will be easily conceived that such exertions must require the repose thus contrived for them in the course of every representation. In the winter season, or what is called the Carnival, which is the most important of the three seasons, the opera is followed by a second ballet, in the comic style, which protracts the performance to at least midnight.

The scenery appeared to us somewhat less splendid than we anticipated, from the great fame it enjoys in Lombardy; and we must pronounce the Académie Royale of Paris superior in that respect. But the costumes, and particularly the ballets, are extremely rich, though we can scarcely bestow upon them the epithet of fine, for we are not such enthusiastic admirers as most people seem

to be in that part of Italy of the *éclat* of spangles, and a profusion of gold and silver gauze, jewels, &c. An actor representing a person of rank would not venture on the stage without a variety of embroidery and feathers, which are often but ill adapted to severe historical tradition. The *prime donne* all look as if they had dipped their velvet dresses into a stream of gold, and the humblest *confidante* glitters like the heavens in an Italian night. There is a wide difference between these habits and the chaster ones of the Académie Royale, where poor Nourrit, with his wonted tact, ornamented with silk lace only the cloak and doublet of *Raoul de Nangis*, in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. At Milan, *Fernando Cortez*, on his way to the conquest of Mexico and Peru, would be covered with gold. At Naples, the fishermen in Auber's *Muette de Portici*, which opera is played both in that capital and at Milan under the title of *Fenella*, wore gold lace on their caps and cloaks.

On the other hand, in compliance with a tradition very detrimental to illusion and to the *coup d'œil* harmony, the choristers, and all the inferior members of the *personnel*, are dressed in the same manner. Thus, in a group of lords, all resembled one another as regards the colour of the doublet, cloak, and accessories of the costume, so that one fancies one always sees a company of soldiers of some unknown corps. The women have all of them the same dresses, either with or without a train, the only variety admitted being that of their faces. This sameness of costume must be very repulsive to the fair wearers, for the blonde is clad in yellow, if yellow be the order of the day, and the brunette is not at liberty to choose such colour as may suit either her complexion or taste. The worst of this usage is, certainly, that it impairs the variety of the picture which the stage presents, especially in the *finales*, where this uniformity of costume is detrimental to the illusion of the dramatic situation, and to the effect of the details of the *mise en scène*.

Nothing, however, is omitted, so far as this system of *mise en scène* will admit, to render everything as rich as possible. In the course of this season alone, in which the pit has proved very severe, we have seen three or four ballets produced, got up with a splendour at least equal to what the Grand Opera of Paris displays once or twice a year, and makes the whole press praise and puff for months together. Velvet, satins, spangles, gold cloth, pearls, helmets, and plumes, are lavished with extraordinary profusion upon the immense dancing, capering, and pirouetting *personnel* of La Scala; and if perchance, the prying public recognise in a new manœuvre, anything that has been used before, they hiss it; the ballet is damned, and in this *fiasco* all the splendid costumes, in short the whole magnificent *mise en scène*, is condemned to vanish along with the ballet master's composition. In the last season of La Scala, the pit hissed four ballets successively, which have not ventured to figure again on the play-bills. As many operas had the same woful fate, whence we may conclude that the Milanese are determined to assert the superiority of their lyric stage at any cost.

Notwithstanding its vast dimensions, the house is a very sonorous one. This must be partly owing to the absence of the rows of galleries and open boxes, which absorb a large proportion of sound at the French theatres. When the public condescend to listen, which is not always the case, the slightest emission of sound reaches the remotest parts of the theatre. We have heard at La Scala singers gifted with no great voice, who were, nevertheless, perfectly heard. The tenor Salvi, who sang *Roberto Devereux*, in the autumn of 1839, and whom we heard several times at Milan at that period, is an admirable singer, but his voice is not one of a powerful description; yet, as he is liked by the public, he was listened to, and that was as it were to give him more voice. The celebrated Moriani, whom we had later an opportunity of hearing during the carnival season, did not give rise to such regret, for his voice is so fine, so pure, and

so powerful, that it soared above the buzzing of the boxes and chat of the pit. We do not mean to say that Moriani sang amidst downright noise; but it may be pretty generally observed in Italy, that the principal *morceaux* only are listened to, and that such attention is even more real in the pit than in the boxes.

Most travellers who only pass through the cities of Italy carry away with them superficial and false opinions, which a little conscience would prevent their expressing. Thus it is alleged, that the same opera is always performed several months together at the great theatres; and yet nothing is at more variance with the truth. For our part, within the lapse of scarcely three months, we saw at La Scala seven operas, four of which were entirely new to the public, and three revivals of works which had been forgotten. Of the four novelties, three were expressly written for the Scala carnival. This is an *ensemble* of labour and exertions, that reduces to a very little those of other great theatres, which exhaust all their *personnel* when they succeed in getting up two or three new operas in a year. But on the other hand, what a profession is that of Italian singers! To sing every night before the public, rehearse every morning the opera which is to be produced next, learn all the novelties written expressly for the theatres they are at, and pay no attention to indispositions often more annoying than real illness—such is their task. To stand it, they must have a bronze chest and iron courage. Add to this, that male singers must sing with full chest, head and mixed voices not being admissible in the theatres of Italy.

Rossini's Faculty of Composition.—The air “*Di tanti palpiti*,” is termed in Italy the *aria de risi*, which originated in the following manner: Rossini had composed for the entry of *Tancredi* a grand air, which the *prima donna* Malanotti rejected. The cantatrice having declared her dislike to it only two days before the first performance, the young composer returned to his hotel in despair, and sat down to table. As most dinners in Lombardy commence with a dish of rice, which is liked but little done, four minutes before it is served up the cook is in the habit of putting the important question, *Bisogna mettere i risi?* The question was put to Rossini, the rice put on the fire, and before it was ready he had written the celebrated “*Di tanti palpiti*.”

M. Schoberlechner, pianist and *maître de chapelle* to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, gave a grand concert at La Scala recently, in which his daughter, Sophia Schoberlechner, made her *début* here, and caused a very splendid and crowded assembly on the occasion. She has acquired great repute at Bologna, Venice, and other cities; and it would appear she has strong claims to be considered second to no female singer at present in this country. She sang a cavatina from *Belisario*, and a magnificent rondo from *Anna Bolena*, and was most enthusiastically applauded. She is expected shortly to grace the boards of La Scala, as her dramatic acting is stated to equal her great vocal powers.

GERMANY.

BERLIN.—The departure of Mdle. S. Löwe for Paris and London has created a pause in musical affairs; indeed since the accession of the present monarch, the drama has been rising into greater attention. Mdle. Fassmann from Munich, performed Agathe in the 200th representation of Weber's *Der Freischütz*, and in Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. Beethoven's *Egmont* has also been received with favour by crowded houses, and Meyerbeer's *Crociato* has been attractive at the Königsstädter theatre. For dramatic representation, Schiller's *William Tell*, *Piccolomini*, and the *Robbers*, are all on the eve of reproduction.

DRESDEN.—Madame Schroeder Devrient continues to be an unceasing attraction; her recent performance in Goethe's *Tasso* has, if possible, added to her fame.

PRAGUE.—Halevy's comic opera of *Le Sherif* was adapted by Swobada, but

owing to the inefficient manner in which Sir James Turner performed his part it did not succeed. Bellini's *Norma*, in the Bohemian language, and Marschner's romantic opera of *Hans Heiling*, have been the recent attractions.

VIENNA.—The only musical novelty in this city was the successful production of Reuling's new grand opera of *Alfred der Grosse*; the opera is most beautifully and effectively got up, and has the advantage of a well-written libretto by Herr Müller.

The number of musical publications which have appeared in Germany during the year 1840 has exceeded that of 1839, by 168 publications; the total number in 1839 being 2483, and in the year just completed 2651. The latter are thus specified: 104 orchestral pieces, 134 for the violin, 43 for the violoncello, 76 flute, 32 other wind instruments, 7 for the harp, 48 for the guitar, 1178 for the pianoforte, 39 for the organ, 101 hymns, 744 songs, duos, &c.; 57 complete operas, and 52 works on music, exclusive of newspapers, and 24 works of instruction.

FRANKFORT.—Neeb has a new grand opera in a forward state, entitled *Domenico Baldi*; the music is very highly spoken of.

LEIPZIG.—Ole Bull, we regret to say, had reason to complain of his last reception in England, owing to some accidental circumstances by which the public attention was diverted from him to a far inferior artist. Ole Bull has expressed himself delighted with his début in this city, having given three public concerts, all of which presented full audiences, well disposed to appreciate his wonderful power over "the leading instrument." In the Gewandhaus he played an Adagio of Mozart, which alone we considered one of the finest displays of the pathetic in music that we ever witnessed. This *Adagio* is the same which Ole Bull performed at Salzburg, the birth place of the divine composer, when his widow paid him the high compliment of declaring that *he* alone possessed the power to express exactly what "her Mozart" intended by his affecting music,—most of the audience were in tears. In fact the main power of Ole Bull consists in the delicate lights and shadows of his playing.

HANOVER.—Donizetti's opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* has been performed with great success by an Italian company: but the most attractive production, of late, has been Gutzkow's tragedy of *Werner*. The forty singers from the Pyrenees, who last year visited London, are now performing in this city.

A subscription has been opened at Leipzig and Dresden, to remove the remains of Carl Maria von Weber from the Catholic chapel in Moorfields to Dresden.

THE DRAMA IN GERMANY.—The Gelehrtgesellschaft of Hungary has offered a prize of 100 ducats for the best tragedy, and the like sum for the best comedy.

More than one attempt has been made to dramatize the life of Savage. However interesting his biography is, in the nervous style of Johnson, the subject is wanting in one of the chief requisites of the drama—unity; and it is therefore no wonder that M. Gutzkow's drama, notwithstanding single beauties and the injudicious efforts of his eulogists, have failed in making an impression on the stage. He has been far more successful in his *Werner*.

The *Dramatic Annual*, by Dr. Franck, contains *Irrgänge des Lebens*, a tragedy in five acts by Pannasch; *Christine von Schweden*, a drama in three acts by Vogel; *Richard Savage*, a tragedy in five acts by Gutzkow; *Worcester oder Geist und Narrheit*, a comedy in three acts by Dr. Franck, and an article on *Dramatic Literature and the German Drama in the 19th century*, by E. Reinhold. Another interesting work containing a good selection of new and original German dramas, &c. is the *Berlin Theatre Almanack for 1841*, containing *Die Naturkinder*, a comedy in three acts by Cosmar; *Stiefmütter*, a comedy in two acts, by Schmale; *St. Peter, or the Poor Painter*, and *Frauenfreundschaft*, each in one act.

SPAIN.

The theatrical horizon of Spain, which has been clouded for a long period, is now assuming a brighter aspect. No new opera has been produced, or any revived worthy of notice. Quintana has produced two new classical tragedies, *Pelayo* and *The Duke of Visco*; the former proved the most successful. Burgos has written several new comedies; the most successful were *Los tres Iguales*, *El baile de mascarar*, *El optimista y el pesimista*, and *Desenganos para todos*. Martinez de la Rosa has also recently written *Œdipus*, a fine play; *Nina en casa*, a pretty comedy; and *Conjuracion de Venecia*, a drama, founded on modern habits and tastes. The Duke of Rivas, the author of *Don Alvaro*, has produced what he calls a philosophical spectacle, entitled *Fuerza del sino*, and it has become an established favourite with the people of Madrid. Gil y Zarate, the talented author of *Carlos II.*, and *Doña Blanca de Castilla*, has produced a new drama, entitled *Rosmunda*. But the most celebrated Spanish dramatic writer of modern times is Breton de los Herreros; his comedies vie with those of Moliere, Moreto, and Goldoni, both for peculiar situations and witticisms. His five-act comedy, *La Marcela*, was actually performed twice over from the beginning to the end—such were the unreasonable demands and enthusiasm of the audience: we believe no parallel case can be found in the annals of any other European stage. He has also written a new tragedy, *Merope*, and a drama, *Elena*, both of which proved highly successful. A drama, by Eugenio Harzembusch, entitled *Los Amantes de Teruel*, is also an established favourite. The most recent production is *Los Polvos de la Madre Celestina*.

TURKEY.

The Sultan has conferred on Donizetti the decoration of Nitscham Ifcihar, in magnificent diamonds. The brother of this popular composer is the principal musical director to the Grand Seignior.

AMERICA.

NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE.—*Don Giovanni* proves a great attraction still at the National, and so the managers are very wisely "keeping it before the people." Each repetition is more successful than the last, and from present appearances, it bids fair to rival any other production upon the New York stage.

THE WOODS.—The *Boston Post*, speaking of the Woods in *La Sombambula*, says—"Mrs. Wood's opening recitative of 'Dearest Companions,' we have always considered as an unfavourable opening piece for the *prima donna*. With the exception of the latter part, it did not come up to our anticipations. The air, however, of 'While this heart,' was most beautiful; we could almost go with the most enthusiastic admirers of the singer, in their verbose descriptions of its beauty. Mr. Wood, in 'Take now this ring,' though good, was inferior to Wilson in the same passage. Wood's 'Still so gently, and his wife's 'Ah don't mingle,' were as good as ever. They altogether surpass every one else in these songs; and besides, have become so associated with them, that we cannot now relish the efforts of other performers. The only good acting on the stage was Mrs. Wood, Andrews, and Mrs. Smith."

PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK.—Buckstone has written a new piece for Mrs. Fitzwilliam, entitled *The Banished Star*; and it has proved highly successful, and will, no doubt, be among the earliest novelties at the Haymarket Theatre in London.

LONDON.

COVENT GARDEN.—A long farce, under the ridiculous title of *London Assurance*, has been the chief novelty presented to the public at this great

national theatre. The new comedy by a young author under the assumed name of Mr. Lee Morton, was most decidedly triumphant; for we never beheld an audience more completely carried away by the mirth-moving merriment of the scene. It is really one of the richest and raciest comedies which this charming lessee has ever presented to us. The situations are funny beyond description, the incidents ludicrous, and the dialogue full of point and humour. Sir Harcourt Courtley, Bart. (Farren), a gentleman of the school of fashion, exhibiting some of its worst vices in his character, is about to marry Grace Harkaway (Madame Vestris), a young lady of nineteen summers, who has 15,000*l.* per annum, and does not care whom she marries; but the dowry on her marrying any one without Sir Harcourt's consent is bequeathed to his heir apparent. The baronet has a son Charles (Anderson), of whose pursuits he knows nothing, and whom he imagined to be a simple youth. Squire Harkaway (Bartley) visits the baronet, and encounters Dazzle (Mr. Charles Mathews), a person Charles Courtley had picked up in the streets, and who is invited by the squire to his seat in Gloucestershire. On arrival at the squire's, they are introduced to Lady Gay Spanker (Mrs. Nesbitt) and Mr. Adolphus Spanker (Keeley), a quiet husband, who plays second fiddle to his wife. Charles Courtley falls in love with Grace Harkaway, the affianced of his father, and the passion is returned. The baronet recognises his son, but Charles denies the relationship, and declares his name to be Hamilton, at Dazzle's suggestion; and the baronet confesses himself deceived—this is the greatest absurdity of the piece. Lady Gay Spanker, the fox-hunting beauty, in order to assist the lovers, lays siege to the old baronet; and so far succeeds that an elopement is planned, the failure of which leads to the exposure of Sir Harcourt's weakness, and he finally relinquishes all claim to the hand of the fair Grace, in favour of his son. Harley plays an eccentric attorney, and Brindal has a good part in Cool, the valet. The triumphant success of this play may be fairly attributed to the very perfect manner in which the chief characters are sustained. Madame is always charming; but Mrs. Nesbitt has seldom a character so capable of displaying her abilities as Lady Gay Spanker; it has been evidently drawn for her; and her neighbour Constance, in the *Love Chase*, has been in the author's remembrance when he compiled this comedy. The dialogue is lively, full of puns, and exhibits great farcical extravagance. It is altogether a production of great promise from a young author; and is likely to become a lasting favourite, while the characters are sustained by the present chosen few of Covent Garden: it will not bear transplanting. The scenic illusions and the stage arrangements are brilliant and effective in the extreme.

The Captain of the Watch is an attractive and bustling farce, full of intrigue and equivocal; the situations are humorous, and Charles Mathews is quite at home as the Captain.

The Embassy, a new three-act drama from the French, is the latest novelty. Miss Ellen Tree re-appeared at this theatre, in the part of the Baroness du Pont, one of the ladies of the Queen of Navarre, who loves and is beloved by Viscount René de Rohan, a young nobleman, whose life is forfeited. Rohan is believed to be dead; and she is about bestowing her hand on the Duke de Nevers (Moore), when Rohan (Anderson) arrives, bearing a despatch he had forcibly taken from a courier; the despatch contains a warrant for his own execution. His presence prevents the marriage, but he is condemned. The Duke acts with dignity and generosity; suppressing his own passion, he pardons de Rohan, and the lovers are united. Madame has a gay and lively part, in which she assists materially in keeping the drama from condemnation. It is impossible to speak too highly of the *mise en scène*; and the stage arrangements are most beautiful and elegant.

A very elegant ring, opal, surrounded by diamonds, has been presented to Mr. R. Hughes, the leader, by the members of the orchestra of Covent Garden Theatre, as a testimony of friendship and esteem for his courteous and gentleman-like conduct in that responsible situation.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Webster, the able lessee, has closed this elegant theatre, for the needful purpose of repairing and beautifying; but he has promised the public, in his parting address, to open his doors on the 12th of April with the re-appearance of our old favourites Power and Buckstone, to whom is to be added Celeste. New dramas by Sheridan Knowles, Douglas Jerrold, Poole, and Bernard, are also to be produced; but we fear we shall have occasion to regret the absence of the great tragedian Macready;—Charles Kean's stage trickery will be a poor recompense.

THE ENGLISH OPERA has at length been opened under favourable auspices. It is conducted by a clever manager, who has carefully studied the history of the English Opera, and who has had more experience in the management of musical theatres abroad than any other of our composers. The theatre has opened with an excellent orchestra, including among others G. Cooke and Lazarus, and ably led by the veteran Loder. The chorus has been most carefully trained and well selected; and the company contains some of our most able singers—Wilson, who has been warmly greeted on his first and subsequent appearances; H. Phillips, Stretton, Allen, and Barker; Madame Balfe, as *prima donna*, Miss Gould, and Miss Howard. The house opened with *Keolanthe, or the Unearthly Bride*, a new opera, by Mr. Balfe. The opera opens with a chorus of students, congratulating Andrea (Wilson), on his approaching marriage with Pavina (Miss Gould). Andrea has copied from the lid of a sarcophagus the portrait of Keolanthe, an Egyptian princess, whose beauty occupies his wakeful hours. When he retires for the night, Ombrastro (Phillips) appears, and offers to teach him a spell to re-animate the princess, who has been dead a thousand years. Andrea accedes, and they are transported to the great Pyramid of Egypt, where the resuscitation takes place. The Princess (Madame Balfe) beholds in Andrea the image of her former love, and they are united: this terminates the first act. The second opens with a fête at the palace of the prince and princess, which is interrupted by the application of Filippo (Stretton) for shelter for his sister Pavina, who has fainted. Upon her admission, she sees Andrea the husband of another, and dies. Her brother Filippo challenges Andrea, but is killed, and when the Inquisition are about to drag the survivor (Andrea) to torture, Keolanthe appears, and is informed by Ombrastro of Andrea's perfidy; she then consigns him to despair, and disappears. The surrounding scene changes to the student's own apartment, where he is awoken from his strange wild dream by Filippo and his friends leading in his bride Pavina.

Keolanthe as a musical composition is unquestionably a great acquisition to the English stage, and exhibits a most favourable specimen of this talented composer's abilities. It is full of beauty and melody. The concerted pieces are effective, and the beautiful trio of "Sweetly sleep till rosy dawn" possesses great originality. To appreciate the music of this opera fully, it must be seen more than once. Madame Balfe has a fine rich voice of considerable sweetness, and possesses an animated and pleasing countenance.

The dialogue and twaddling rhymes are decidedly inferior to the musical composition; yet we cannot but admit the *libretto* as a whole is a great improvement upon what we have had from the hands of Mr. Haines and others. This remark reminds us of what Hogarth has justly observed, which we will take the liberty of quoting:

"The English Opera has fallen into contempt, not because the public are unable to appreciate its merits, but because its merits are far below what is required by the taste and intelligence of the public. In the earlier periods of the

musical drama, music performed the part not of a principal, but of an accessory. It was used to give an additional charm to the beauties of poetry, and additional force and expression to the language of passion and feeling; and in proportion as the musical part of this entertainment has acquired an ascendancy, the poetical and dramatic part has declined. 'Whenever,' says Metastasio, 'music aspires to the pre-eminence over poetry in a drama, she destroys both that and herself.' 'Modern music,' he adds, 'has rebelled against poetry; and neglecting true expression, and regarding all attention to words as downright slavery, has indulged herself, in spite of common sense, in every sort of caprice and extravagance; making the theatre no longer resound with any other applause than that which is given to displays of execution, with the vain inundation of which she has hastened her own disgrace, after having first occasioned that of the mangled, disfigured, and ruined drama. Pleasures which are unable to gratify the mind, or touch the heart, are of short duration; for, though men may suffer themselves to be easily captivated by unexpected physical sensations, they do not for ever renounce the use of their reasoning faculties. These remarks of the greatest lyric poet of Italy are not less applicable to England than to his country. The times were, when the greatest poets of England did not disdain to look upon music as the sister of their own art, and employed its charms as a powerful auxiliary to the dramatic muse. Even before the opera in this country assumed a separate form as a branch of the entertainments of the stage, music was largely employed to heighten the pleasure and effect of theatrical representation. Shakspeare not only takes every opportunity of expressing his passionate love of music, and of describing its effects, but, in the greater number of his plays, makes use of it in many forms, both vocal and instrumental.'

We have now hopes that the lyrical drama of this country will revive; but the public must not withhold their support of the *native opera*, because idle fashion would lead them to other establishments. While speaking of native opera, we would suggest to the manager the propriety of reviving such established favourites as the *Padlock*, *Duenna*, *No Song no Supper*, *Cabinet*, *Comus*, *Love in a Village*, *Quaker*, *Siege of Belgrade*, and a host of English comic operas, rather than resort to Donizetti or M. Ambrose Thomas. The *Matrimonial Ladder* is a very amusing comic operatta. A new opera by Macfarren, the composer of the *Devil's Opera*, is in preparation.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The *Italian Opera* commenced this season some weeks later than usual, with Cimarosa's beautiful opera of *Orazj e Curiazj*, but it was very indifferently performed, owing to the non-arrival of the chosen stars of this theatre. The leading characters were filled by Madame Viardot and Mario, both very excellent performers, but unfitted for this beautiful specimen of the old lyrical tragedy of Italy. It has been followed by Rossini's celebrated opera of *Tancredi*, reproduced after a lapse of some years. M. Pauline Garcia added another wreath to her already verdant crown, by her beautiful performance of *Tancredi*. Persiani, in the part of Amenaide, exhibited her wonted skill and delicacy. Yet the great theatre does not fill from two causes; first, the superiority of the German company in the choruses and concerted pieces, and, secondly, the paucity of talent *now* on the boards of her Majesty's theatre.

DRURY LANE.—The German company, under the direction of M. Schumann, commenced their season of fifty nights with a numerous company of well-selected performers, including Madame Stöckl Heinefetter, Madame Schumann, M. Haitzinger, and Sesselmann. To these the bills have announced the engagement of the celebrated Madame Schroeder Devrient, and Meyerbeer: neither of these stars, however, are likely to appear in London; from which the public will perceive the English manager has not left off his puffing propen-

sity. The operas of *Der Freischütz*, *Jessonda* and *Fridolin* have been most effectively produced, and the choruses have excited the greatest enthusiasm; they are really magnificent.

DRURY LANE THEATRICAL FUND.—The Anniversary Festival will be held on the 31st, when Mr. Harley's speech, respecting the management of the theatre, is looked forward to with interest.

On Wednesday the company performed *Massaniello* in German, for the first time in this country; and the public had then an opportunity of witnessing how fully these artists are out of their element in either a French or an Italian opera. Madame Schumann was entirely lost as the Dumb Girl. Haitzinger's music was perfect; but in manner and gesture it was evident there was something wanting. Mozart's *Titus* is to be performed on the 31st inst.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The season commenced with the following selection. —Sinfonies No. 4, Haydn, and in A No. 7, Beethoven; Concerto pianoforte, Madame Dulcken, Weber; Overture, *Ulysses and Circe*, Romberg; Concerto violin, M. Deloffre, Mayseider; Overture, *Joseph*, Mehul; Scena, Miss Masson; "*Sommo Ciel*," and scena, Miss Birch.—*Ah perfido*. The whole of the performances were loudly applauded, particularly Madame Dulcken and Miss Masson's. At the second Concert, Weber's Mermaid music, from *Oberon*, and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, were performed in brilliant style. Belioz's overture to *Benvenuto Cellini* met with a very indifferent reception.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mr. George Perry, the leader of the orchestra of this very excellent society, reproduced his oratorio of *The Death of Abel*, a few days since at Exeter Hall. The oratorio is unquestionably a work of merit, and reflects great honour on the composer. The music bears all the peculiarities which distinguish the style of Handel, and we have no doubt it will become a standard oratorio, although it has not yet been repeated. The solos were effectively sung by Miss Birch, Mr. Phillips, Leffler and Hobbs.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE has been taken by Mr. George Wild, from whose experience in stage management the public may confidently anticipate a good selection of novelties. He is one of the best low comedians on the boards, and he deserves every success.

THE PRINCESS'S.—It is rumored, our old favourite Mr. Willy intends reopening this theatre shortly, with Promenade Concerts; we know no one more capable of conducting a promenade concert than this celebrated violinist.

ADELPHI.—This theatre will shortly close, after a short but successful season. The only novelty has been *Satanus*, an adoption from *Le Diable Amoureux*, which has been so attractive at Paris, at her Majesty's theatre in London as a ballet, and at the Queen's. The plot details how his satanic majesty is represented to have entrusted to an inferior female demon the task of betraying the soul of a certain Italian Count; the female demon is exhibited tumbling headlong in love with her victim; love is shown to be the great reformer even of devils; the bewildered little demoniacal female practises acts of devotion, in her earthly sojourn, that set all her confederates below fairly aghast; and when, at the conclusion, her infernal master wishes to pull her back to Tartarus, it is found that he has suddenly lost all further power over her. So potent is love. Mrs. Honey is the bewitching demon at this theatre.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.—This rising little theatre has been nightly filled to witness *Satanus* and other novelties, which the lessee has presented to the public. The scenery at this house is fully equal to that of any minor theatre in London.

The musical world has been a most indefatigable censorer of the Promenade Concerts; and it has repeatedly declared these concerts to be "a foe to the interests of music;" for our parts, we believe this species of entertainment to have been productive of great benefit to the musical profession: with all its defects at Drury Lane, from the introduction of cannon and red fire, it has

tended very materially to make the English public acquainted with good music. The gratification of hearing the magnificent symphonies of Beethoven and Haydn, are sufficient to redeem all the follies that have been committed; and we are not disposed to forget the great services rendered to the public by Messrs. Arnold, Laurent, sen., Harper, Platt, Hatton, and G. Cooke, for introducing these delightful concerts to the British public.

Mr. John Hullah has afforded efficient aid in cultivating a taste for music, by opening a singing class for schoolmasters at Exeter Hall, on the system of M. Wilhelm of Paris. This method is clear and progressive; but it overcomes all the difficulties that present themselves to the uninitiated, as the system is gradual and sure; three classes have been already formed.

Two societies, having for their object the support and advancement of the legitimate drama, have created considerable sensation among the admirers of good acting.

The first of these, the SHAKSPERIANS, have done a great deal for the support of the legitimate drama, and have kept up a taste for the plays of our best authors, at a time when the regular theatre has been desecrated with the extravagance of melo-drama, outrageous farce, and pantomimic spectacle. This is extremely creditable to the Shaksperian Society, and the members of it deserve the unqualified thanks of the community for the attempt, and also for successfully withstanding the influx of a spurious dramatic literature, which has almost swept from the English stage the great, sterling, and standard plays of Shakspeare and his followers. Their leading star (Mr. Barnard Gregory) has been effective as Rienzi, Shylock, Sir John Falstaff, and Othello; he is generally considered to resemble Edmund Kean; but in this opinion we cannot concur.

The THESPIANS rank second only to the Shaksperians. Messrs. Silver, Harcourt, Wightman, Cowper, Wilson, and Mrs. Fitzgerald, are each excellent in their several styles of acting, and fully prove that genuine acting cannot be taught; that a player must have genius to appreciate the poet's language, to enable him to enchant an audience by its recital.

The SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS recently gave a concert of vocal and instrumental music, consisting chiefly of the productions of the members, and affording the British public an opportunity for evincing its disposition towards promoting the interest of native talent. Mr. Willy led a very full band, in his usual able manner; and Sir George Smart, the ornament of the profession, conducted.

One of the five genuine signatures of Shakspeare in existence (three are affixed to his will), was recently sold for one hundred guineas; and the fifth is about to be offered by auction; the signature is "WILL^M. SHAKSPERE."

"The Free the German Rhine."—*Mills.*—*A popular German Patriotic Song*, founded on the recent exposition of the designs of France with respect to the Rhenish Provinces of Germany. The original poem by N. Becker, with the music as composed by Dr. Schumann, of Leipzig, is now singing with the utmost enthusiasm in all parts of Germany. The spirit of the original poem has been preserved in the present translation by J. W. Hudson, and the alterations have been carefully adapted to the English taste.

More than one hundred persons have composed music to this popular poem, but Dr. Schumann's is admitted to be the most perfect in originality and expression.

Mr. Duncombe, M.P. has been presented with a beautifully chased silver cup, cover, and salver, with the Duncombe arms on one side, and the following inscription on the other, "To Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, Esq. M.P. in gratitude for his parliamentary services in favour of those theatres which are under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain; and which his labours have relieved from certain painful restrictions. This cup is presented, &c."

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

FRANCE.

THE want of public schools for young children is almost as great in France as in England. In 321 communes or parishes there are 575 infant schools, which instruct 50,000 children, but there are ten of the departments which have no infant schools whatever; for although accommodation has been afforded for the instruction of five millions of children, yet only three millions attended during the last winter, and but 1,800,000 during the summer. The number of normal schools in France is also far too limited, being only 74, which are enabled to perfect 900 schoolmasters annually, while the annual number required is full 1500. In the department of the Upper Rhine there are 767 schools, partly parochial and partly private, for the poorer and middle classes; these are attended in winter by 67,000 children, and in summer by 30,000. In addition to these, there are 15 private schools for the higher classes, and 16 schools for Jewish children in this department.

The third part of E. Burnouf's *Collection Orientale*, entitled *Le Bhagavata purana, ou Histoire poétique de Krichna*, has just been published at Paris. The first portion of this work, published in 1837, was *Raschid Eldin, Histoire des Mongols de la Perse*, and the first volume of the second part was published the following year, entitled *Abou'lkasim Firdousi, Le Livre des Rois*.

According to a recent calculation made by M. Villeneuve-Bargemont, the number of mendicants in France amounts to 178,000 persons; of these 40,000 are aged, 32,000 sickly and ill, 76,000 are children, and 30,000 healthy men and women. This calculation shows there is one mendicant in every 166 inhabitants.

Adam Michiwiez, the celebrated professor of the ancient languages of eastern Europe, has been appointed professor of the Slavonic language at the University of Paris.

An Academy of the Art of Poetry was established at Toulouse in 1323, under the direction of seven poets of rank. Artists who contended for the prize, which consisted of a flower of gold or silver, were sometimes subject to an oral examination as to their acquaintance with the principles of the art, and their capacity to feel and estimate the merits of the passion which formed the general theme of poetry. The problems proposed were often difficult of solution. The following is an example: Imagine two lovers, one of whom is constantly harassed by jealousy, and the other, on the contrary, enjoys calmly and without suspicion the affections of his mistress; which of the two loves most? To judge of the correctness of the answer, *A Court of Love* was summoned, consisting of a jury of ladies, whose decisions were registered and respected as decrees.

The *Librairie d'Education*, published under the auspices of Victor Boreau and L. F. Hivert, is proceeding rapidly towards completion. The History of France, in 2 vols., by Boreau; the History of England, by Boreau and Lafon; the History of Russia, by Duchiron; the History of Poland, by Cynski; the History of Italy, by Boreau and Duchiron; and the History of Germany, by Boreau, have severally appeared. The two next volumes of this work are

Littérature cours méthodique and *Siècles Littéraires de la France*, and will shortly be published.

A very entertaining work, *Le Compagnon du Tour de France*, has just appeared from the pen of the talented authoress, who writes under the title of George Sand. The work has not been published in any of the French magazines, as is usually the case with this writer's productions.

Ferdinand Dugué, a youthful poet of great promise, whose verses are distinguished for tenderness and sentimentality, has just published a collection of Sonnets, which he entitles *Les gouttes de Rosée*; and he justifies himself for the title in the following concluding lines of a sonnet, dedicated to Marie:—

“Votre amour est la fleur, mes vers sont la rosée
Dont les gouttes souvent ressemblent à des pleurs !”

The good people of Brittany have some curious legends connected with the story of the famed Eloisa and Abelard. They believe Eloisa to have been a witch; and de la Villemarqué has an interesting poem, in his collection of Poetry of Brittany, giving a description of the various charms and spells used by Eloisa. Pope, at the head of his poem, states: “Eloisa and Abelard flourished in the twelfth century. They were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty; but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion.”

Professor Boutriche, the author of several chronological works, has just published his *Tableau comparatif et historique des Religions anciennes et modernes, des principales Sectes Religieuses et des Ecoles Philosophiques*. This comprehensive work is represented to be well digested, and as exhibiting great talent and research.

M. de Lamartine has just issued his report to the Chamber of Deputies on the state of literary property in France; it is exceedingly well written. He justly observes, “While we make a code for the protection of literary property in France, the necessity of an international code everywhere discovers itself in the complaints of our writers, the losses of our publishers, and by the unanimous cry all over Europe against the scandalous pillage of public and private property, which, doubtless, the silence of the law of public right sanctions, but which is, nevertheless, a disgrace to civilization. Hardly is a book printed in London, Vienna or Paris, than the foreign printers seize it, and without submitting to the regulations of the public revenue or of national labour, without advancing the interests of the publisher or author, they print it in every form, and inundate Europe and America with their piratical literature, which always proves the most profitable speculation, because the traders in this disgraceful traffic never reprint books of which the success has not been already established, and the profit consequently certain.”

GERMANY.

The new number of the German Quarterly Review, *Deutsche Vierteljahrschrift*, contains articles on the Fluctuations in the Circulating Medium—Germany and Switzerland—On the Defence of Western Germany against France, &c. &c.

An English Journal, edited by E. A. Moriarty, and entitled *The English Examiner*, appears weekly in Leipzig; some of the articles are well written.

By a recent stamp law all newspapers published in the Austrian dominions, or foreign newspapers brought into that country, are required to be stamped; the charge for each number is fixed at one kreutzer if printed within that realm, and two kreutzers if printed abroad and not exceeding one sheet; the stamping will take place at the post-offices on the frontier.

The duty on books and music entering the Austrian dominions is 10s. per

cwt. A reduction has been made on all plates, maps, plans and illustrations belonging to and accompanying the works. The duty on plates, engravings and drawings on paper is reduced from 6*l.* to 1*l.* per cwt., paintings pay 10*s.* The export duty on all the above-mentioned articles is 1*l.* 5*s.* per cwt.

The government of Saxony has instituted a pension fund for the widows and orphans of schoolmasters of evangelical schools.

At a meeting of German naturalists at Erlangen, Dr. Koch, of Jena, presented his new map of the Caucasian provinces, the result of three years' residence in those provinces. Professor Olympios, from Athens, attended the meeting, and furnished the society with some most interesting details respecting the natural history of Greece.

Kronberger, the spirited publisher at Prague, has just issued the first part of Franz Palacky's *Böhmisches Archiv*. This interesting work will consist of twelve parts, forming four volumes; the first part contains the writings of the Emperor Sigismund from 1414 to 1437; King Wenzel and the Herrenverein from 1394 to 1401; and the writings of Wilhelm von Pernstein in 1520.

The Zoll-Verein has been renewed for the space of eight years longer by several of the minor German states. On the other hand Holland has withdrawn from the conditions of the treaty of commerce with Prussia.

The line of railway from Magdeburg to Leipzig has been exceedingly flourishing. From its opening on the 18th August to the end of the year (1840), 200,000 persons, paying 20,000*l.* have travelled along the line, and the receipts for goods have exceeded 5,000*l.*

Death of Carl von Rotteck.—This melancholy event, which occurred on the 26th December, has deprived the literary world of Germany of one of its most popular historians, and the constitutional cause of one of its most uncompromising and strenuous advocates. As a proof of the estimation in which the *Weltgeschichte* was held, a bookseller in Brunswick gave the large sum of 1500*l.* for the right of publishing it a short time since. The town in which he lived has actually, it may be said, gone into mourning for his loss.

A recent official statement of the number of students in the several Universities of Prussia at different periods exhibits a surprising reduction in the return for the last few years. The total number of students in 1829 was 6097, but in 1839 it was only 4582; a falling off of one-half has taken place in the theological and juridical faculties, while medicine and philosophy have received additional attention.

A professorship of modern Greek literature has been attached to the University of Berlin, and Dr. J. Franz has received the appointment, he has promised his assistance in the continuation of Professor Böckh's *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcorum*.

Dr. Breitenstein, who taught His Royal Highness Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg musical composition, has received a handsome gold snuff-box from His Royal Highness.

The various plans and estimates ordered by the King of Prussia relative to the building of the superb cathedral of Cologne have been laid before his Prussian Majesty, who has determined on proceeding with the work, and at least to connect the façade with the magnificent choir.

PRUSSIA.—Schelling has been appointed to an office in the department of Justice in Berlin, with liberty to give what lectures he pleases. The atmosphere of Munich does not seem favourable to the study of science; for this celebrated professor had announced a course of lectures on the Philosophy of Mythology, with the humiliating addition, "if a sufficient number of hearers could be found." On this occasion, however, the lecture-room was crowded; and the students received him with enthusiastic applause. Schelling is not the only loss which

the capital of Bavaria will suffer; Cornelius goes to Berlin, and Kaulbach will most probably follow.

Dr. Pertz of Hanover, the editor of the "*Monumenta Germanica*," has, it is said, been offered the place of librarian at Berlin. It is not certain whether he will accept it.

In Berlin, 13,000 children are educated wholly or partly at the expense of the city. In 1819, the public funds only contributed 430*l.* yearly for the poor and for the purposes of gratuitous instruction; at present 43,000*l.* are voted annually for this purpose. The prison discipline, we believe, did not produce a favourable impression on Mrs. Fry, on her recent visit to that city. All children of a certain age are required by law to attend some places of instruction. The following statement is from a recent German paper:—Of 100 children of the age required, 91 attended the public schools in Prussian Saxony; in Silesia, 86; in Brandenburg, 84; in Westphalia, 83; in the Rhine provinces, 80; in Pomerania, 76; in Prussia proper, 74; and in Posen, 61. In the city of Berlin, only 59 children in every 100 visited the public schools. It is much to be regretted, that the list does not likewise give the proportions of those who attend private schools.

According to the new law for the protection of literary property, the duration of the copyright was extended ten years; it expired previously after thirty years from the death of the author. A question has arisen whether the new law should be retrospective. The booksellers of Berlin have sent in a memorandum, but we believe that no decision has as yet been published.

Strauss's new work, "*The Christian Dogma in its Contest with Science*," has appeared, and excited a great sensation. The hopes that were entertained that the author of the "*Life of Jesus Christ*" would, in his theological studies, soon see reason to abandon the negative position which he had taken, are little likely to be fulfilled. Notwithstanding the enthusiastic admiration of a numerous party, we cannot think that this new work will add to his reputation. It resembles more the work of an advocate of preconceived opinions, than the work of a man, who with courage and boldness sincerely seeks after truth. We trust that no injudicious attempts at prohibition will raise his popularity; and we have then little doubt, that as the works of this writer become more numerous, they will bring their own antidote with them. Meanwhile, the friends of the Church should not be idle.

Henry Heine, the celebrated author of the "*Buch der Lieder*," has in his last production, "*Heine über Borne*," shown how deeply a man can sink, who wanders without fixed principles. Glaring self-conceit, arrogance, and a want of sincerity, are throughout apparent. Even in his best productions, there was always much leaven, yet even his worst enemies could hardly have prophesied that he would have sunk so low.

Prince Puckler Muskau, whose "*Letters on England*" excited so great a sensation some years ago, loses ground in the opinion of his countrymen, notwithstanding his frequent attempts to attract their attention. Immermann's satirical sketch of the Prince, in his "*Münchhausen*," seems not far from the truth.

The censorship on the publication of works in Bavaria was so severe under the Prince Theodore in 1798, that a work on Cookery was prohibited, because it contained a recipe by which fish might be prepared so as to resemble meat dishes.

Brockhaus of Leipsic has published a work by Talvj, on the unauthenticity of Ossian's Poems, more particularly Macpherson's collection.

The first circulating or lending library in Europe was established at Wetzlar by Winkler, the bookseller and printer, towards the termination of the seventeenth century.

ITALY.

The first part of an architectural work of great promise has been published at Florence, entitled *Opere Architettoniche di Raffaello Sanzio*. The illustrations and remarks are by Carlo Pontani, who appears to have a most perfect acquaintance with the history and progress of Grecian architecture.

A very comprehensive work, descriptive of all the galleries of paintings in Rome, is in course of publication in that city.

Literature in Italy has sustained a great loss by the death of Dr. Gage, who had scarcely completed the third volume of his *Carteggio inedito d'Artisti dei Secoli XIV. XV. XVI. pubblicato ad illustrato con documenti pure inediti*, when he died at Florence at the age of thirty-seven, universally regretted. The *Carteggio* is published by Molini of Florence, and is a work of great value, exhibiting great historical research.

A new romance, *Gina novella Italiana*, by L. Romani, has appeared at Milan, and is attracting considerable attention. This novel possesses the great novelty of drowning all the characters introduced in the story, by which a termination to the romance is easily effected.

SPAIN.

Periodical literature continues to revive, both in Madrid and Cadiz. The best conducted journals are *El Piloto*, *El Correo Nacional*, and *El Mensajero*. The best literary periodical, the *Revista de Madrid*, is but little known in Europe. Among its contributors are some of the most learned men in Spain; Alcala Galiano, Martinez de la Rosa, Puche y Bautista, the Marquis of Vallgornera, de Santiesteban, Silvela, Peña y Aguayo, Benavides, and Calderon Collantes, supply the best written articles. One of the most valuable works of recent date is a Dictionary of Ancient Spain. *Tarraconense Beticay Lusitana*, by Don Miguel Cortes y Lopez.

Llaguno's *Dictionary of Spanish Architects*, with explanations by Juan Cean Bermudez, contains some valuable chapters on the History of the School of Painting at Seville, and a full description of the celebrated Cathedral at Seville. It was from this work, that the late Frank Hall Standish gleaned some valuable information for his last published work, *Seville and its Vicinity*.

Four volumes of Don Manuel Jose Quintana's learned work, *Vidas de Espanoles celebres*, have now appeared. Don Jose Gomez Hermosilla's translation of Homer's *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*, are considered by the Spanish people as the best translations of Homer in any language.

Quinto has also published the first volume of his Constitutional Antiquities of Arragon, entitled *Discursos Politicos sobre la Legislacion y la Historia del Antiguo Reyno de Aragon*. Zorrilla's Collection of Ancient Legends, *Leyendas y Tradiciones Historicas*, are in a course of publication. The first volume has excited great attention for the valuable information it contains.

Calderon's remains.—By a lucky accident, the remains of Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca have been discovered. As the workmen were pulling down the decayed cloister of St. Salvador, a tomb was found under the walls of the vestry, which proved to be that of the poet. An architect who was fortunately present, read the inscription, and saved the stone. Calderon had been buried in the Trinity cloister; but with the destruction of this building in the middle of the last century, all traces of the place of his burial had vanished. His remains have been brought to the church of Alocha, a kind of national pantheon, and a subscription has been opened for the erection of a bronze statue to the poet in some public situation.

BELGIUM.

The first printed Newspaper.—It has recently been discovered by E. Gochet of Brussels, from a marginal note in the handwriting of Adrian de But, a Dutch monkish writer of the fifteenth century, that printed papers, conveying newspaper information, were circulated in Europe before the year 1460, and were, without doubt, first printed at Mayence. The first printed newspaper of which any trace can be found was printed in 1455, and gave intelligence of the peace of Karaman with the King of Cyprus, and the conquest of Servia by the Turks, in 1454. It was made known in these words :—

“ Czu nuwen meren schribet man vns alsus
 Dz in die Turkey der mechtige Charamannus
 Der etwan den konig von Cypem hatte gefangen
 Deshalb ym dz kongrich must langen
 Czins vnd tribut all jar
 Solichs habe er en gelediget offenbar
 Vnd ist widder den grossen Turken bereit,
 Getrulich zu helfen die cristenheit
 Darzu schribt man vns vorbas
 Wie die grois Turke vs gezogen was
 In die Sirphie mit siner stercke.”

The number of works published in Belgium during the past year amounted to 320 ; being an increase above the year 1839, of twenty works. 218 were in French, 92 in Flemish, 6 in Latin, and 4 in the German language.

SWITZERLAND.

Isenring, the celebrated painter of St. Gallen, has invented an apparatus upon the principles of the Daguerreotype, by which he is enabled to take portraits in any size and with the eyes open ; the latter has been long considered the most difficult point to accomplish.

The University of Zurich has 143 students, and the new Botanical Garden is now completed. A society of arts has been formed by the towns of Bern, Basle and Zurich, and the first exhibition is to take place at Zurich early in the spring.

RUSSIA.

The arbitrary conduct pursued by the imperial government of Russia in prohibiting the printing of books in Poland in any other than the Russian language has been followed up by a similar course of conduct towards the Jews, who are forbidden by a recent Ukase from printing works in Hebrew, German, Polish or any other language than the Russian in any town or city except Wilna and Kiew. Several thousand persons have been thrown out of employ by this severe edict. In the provinces of Bessarabia, the Crimea, and the country on each side of the Caucasus, there are upwards of two millions of the inhabitants professing the Jewish religion. They have 1007 parishes or congregations, 586 synagogues, and 2,377 schools for children professing the Mosaic faith. In these districts 60 printing establishments have been stopped, and the families depending thereon for support left to starve ; the works emanating from these establishments were all printed in German or Hebrew. This Ukase does not extend to the Karaer, a Jewish sect, who reject the doctrines of the Talmud, and who have printing establishments at Dschufutkale and Kosloff, from whence several interesting works have issued by the assistance of Sinia Bobowitsch.

The Russian Chinese scholar, Hyakinth (Bichurir), has published an Encyclopædia, under the title of “ China and its Inhabitants.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

The late Frank Hall Standish.—The entire stock of this well-known author's works, including his library and valuable collection of paintings, will be removed to Paris, as soon as his Majesty Louis Philip, to whom they have been devised by will, shall have determined upon where they are to be placed. The paintings, including some of the finest Murillo's, will, it is expected, grace the walls of the Louvre. Previous to his death, Mr. Standish had nearly completed writing the *Life of Cardinal Ximenez*: this work will, no doubt, be preserved, with other interesting documents left at his residence in Seville, and which, from his long residence in Spain, and his great antiquarian research, will be found to be replete with interest and information. It is to be hoped these relics will fall into the hands of his half-brother, Sir Hugh Purves Hume Campbell.

The establishment of a German Newspaper in London, entitled *Die Deutsche Presse*, is one of the many proofs of the increasing taste for the acquirement of the German language; indeed, the acquisition of this language has become a *sine quâ non* in all branches of polite education. The Court, it is expected, will patronise this effort. The newspaper will be printed by H. Passargé, who has recently reprinted some of the best and most popular of the German classics, including Goethe's *Egmont*, *Goetz von Berlichingen*, *Hermann and Dorothea*; and Schiller's *Don Carlos*, *Jungfrau von Orleans*, and *Dreissigjähriger Krieg*.

Mr. Birch, the translator of the First Part of Goethe's *Faust*, which has been so favourably received, has nearly completed his translation of the Second Part. Nos. 1 and 2 of this portion of the work have already been published, and have commanded a greater degree of public attention than the First Part, owing to the number of translations of the First Part that have appeared. Both parts of the work are embellished with beautiful steel engravings, after M. Retzsch, and will form the most complete translation that has hitherto appeared.

With the next No. of this Review we shall present our readers with the contents of the first fifty numbers of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, which, we have no doubt, will prove highly useful for reference.

MADAGASCAR.—A printing press has been introduced at Tananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, by the missionaries, who are actively engaged in printing a translation of the Bible into the Malagasee language. Four of the natives are sufficiently versed in the business to act as compositors, while the press-work is executed by two more, and several others aid in correcting the press.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert has given 50*l.* to the London Library, and has promised a donation of German books.

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ART. I.—1. *Théorie du Judaïsme.* Par l'Abbé Louis Chiarini, Professeur des Langues Orientales à l'Université de Varsovie. Paris. 1829.

2. *Ceremonies, Customs, Rites, and Traditions of the Jews.* By Hyman Isaacs, a converted Jew. London.

3. *The Remnant found, or the Place of Israel's Hiding discovered; being a Summary of Proofs showing that the Jews of Daghistan on the Caspian Sea are the Remnant of the Ten Tribes. The Result of personal Investigation during a Missionary Tour of Eight Months in Georgia, by Permission of the Russian Government, in the Years 1837 and 1838.* By the Rev. Jacob Samuel, Senior Missionary to the Jews for India, Persia and Arabia, and Author of a Hebrew Sermon on the Christian Evidences, &c. London.

“EXCEPT the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.” In these words of the Psalmist may be summed up the history of countless schemes projected in various countries for the emancipation of the Jews, without first trying to convert them to Christianity. The total failure of all attempts at a reform of this kind may be viewed as a second standing miracle corroborative of that other generally admitted one—the continued existence of the children of Israel as a distinct nation. False philosophy, not unlike the apostate emperor of old, has only made another unsuccessful experiment of its strength, in trying, as it were by underhand dealing, to rebuild the ancient Temple of Jerusalem, upon the ruins of which has been raised that Church against which the powers of hell shall not prevail. The followers of this pagan school of philosophy seem to have been visited by a mental blindness equal to that of the objects of their pity; and it is a melancholy consideration that they should still be so far from discerning that not only they, but a thousand apostate emperors, will labour in vain to rebuild that Temple of whose foundations it was predicted that no stone should remain. Warburton, on Julian, contains a perfect analysis of the entire story of the attempt to rebuild the Temple by that emperor. Ammianus Marcellinus, an unquestioned authority, states the fact; and Gibbon owns the story stood equally confirmed by pagan and Christian authorities. We are decidedly, after a diligent examination, in favour of the miraculous intervention. The true believer will not require from

us any proofs of this; a few words on the subject will satisfy him, though to false philosophy their real purport will ever remain unintelligible.

The Jewish nation was a chosen one; even unchristian philosophers have latterly conceded this point. To preserve in their purity the sacred traditions of man's creation, and the belief in one God, amongst nations polluted with idolatry, until the hour of divine mercy should arrive, was the object of that heaven-given mission. The hour having struck, the God-promised Messiah appeared on earth; not to abolish but to complete the law, by adding to it universal charity. Thus by the grace of Heaven, and only by the grace of Heaven, all men have been made brethren and adopted as children of one God. The stiff-necked people, however, rejected that infinite grace, and thus excluded themselves from the pale of the Christian commonwealth. So long as their soul shall remain unchristian, it is folly, nay it is sacrilege, to adopt measures for rendering the Jews legitimate subjects of a truly Christian state. No complete emancipation of them is possible, except by their previous conversion; and until this shall be effected, the utmost that ought to be granted them is toleration; anything more will prove vain wisdom, false philosophy and unsound policy. This is the condition which was predicted to them by their deliverer from the Egyptian bondage:—"And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people from the one end of the earth even unto the other; and there thou shalt serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even wood and stone."—Deut. xxviii. Again: "And thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word, among all nations whither the Lord shall lead thee."

These passages, however, are unintelligible to the votaries of what the Germans would call *halb-philosophie*; truly a half, or rather perhaps altogether a false philosophy; the abortive productions of which are all those systems of Utilitarianism, Socialism, Chartism, and of any modern "ism," which lead away from God, as a half philosophy never fails to do. To such, society is a mere agglomeration of men, held together by self-interest; a state which might be expressed by the problem—from a given number of knaves to produce so much virtue. The effect of such a doctrine may be to cause a generation to abound in money and cheap knowledge, but to despoil it of faith and deprive it of wisdom and happiness. In other words, it does but attempt to restore the ancient idolatry, and its advocates care not whether the Jews become converted or unconverted members of the state.

A humble and sound philosophy pursues a totally different course, and truly it has been said of such, that it leads to God. To this philosophy, states are not agglomerations of men from

fortuitous causes, but living individuals, distinctly and wonderfully articulated, having a God-given existence. Their soul is incorporated into appropriate organs, called social institutions, one of which—the Church—opens the way to, and connects them with, heaven. Every subject of a state is an integrant member of one of such individuals, as intimately united thereto as a limb to the body. The highest duty of a subject therefore is, to be so entirely a member of the state as not to have a separate existence from it: his happiness in this world depends on this condition. The soul of modern states is free, having been delivered from slavery by Christianity, and this freedom forms the line of demarcation between ancient and modern society. In Greece and Rome, the most important measures were not ultimately decided upon by man's will, but by chance, by all kinds of auguration. Thus the member of a state must not only be united bodily to it, but his very soul must be merged in it, and he must be absolutely a Christian. Any departure from this rule will produce weakness, sickness, and perhaps the death of a state; just as a derangement in the body will cause its premature dissolution. It follows, that modern republics, though they be Christian, are more liable to such a contingency; being deprived of the most important organ, namely, the head. It follows further that all the members of a state ought to belong to one established Church, and wherever the contrary is the case it proves a source of weakness to that state, which then ceases to live by its internal vitality, and must seek its support from without. Where, however, the number of Dissenters is small, and the state powerful, the danger is less imminent. Strictly speaking, religious sects can be only tolerated in a state, and the rank they hold in it can be only one degree higher than that held by Jews. The conclusion at which we again arrive is, that no complete emancipation of the Jews, not preceded by their conversion, is possible, or would be safe; and that without this condition, toleration alone can be granted to them. This ought not to be refused by any Christian state, as it is expressly commanded by our religion: "Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab, be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler: for the extortioner is at an end, the spoiler ceaseth, the oppressors are consumed out of the land."—Isaiah, ch. xvi.

We now proceed to consider the practical bearing of the foregoing observations in reference to the state of the Polish Jews, and on our way we will also cast a glance at the Jews in France and Germany. It appears that of the two modes proposed for their emancipation, that of accomplishing it without their previous conversion to Christianity is the most popular in both these last-

named countries. It cannot excite wonder, that in France, where the king no longer rules by the grace of God, but by the will or caprice of a sovereign people, and where the state does not profess a distinct religion, all persuasions, and even the Mosaic, enjoying the same privileges and liberties, the Jews are in possession of all the rights belonging to a French citizen. It should be remembered, too, that the number of Jews in France is extremely small, not exceeding fifty thousand upon a population of thirty-four millions. Their conduct has been of late honourable, and it is said that no less than twelve hundred of them served in the armies of Napoleon.

In Germany they are much more numerous, and so far as outward appearances are concerned they are fast losing the distinctive characteristics of their nationality. Those of Berlin rank above the others by their riches and superior learning, and a greater part of these have renounced the doctrines of the Talmud, confining themselves to a kind of Mosaic rationalism. They even went so far as to establish a public worship in which the German language was substituted for the Hebrew; but the government prohibited this innovation, as evidently indicating a deistical tendency. This occurred some fifteen years ago; but we are at a loss how to explain another measure of the late king of Prussia, by which it was prohibited to apply to them, in official acts, the name of Israelites instead of Jews, which latter carries with it a certain degree of opprobrium. Much illiberal feeling respecting the Jews prevails in Germany, even amongst the respectable classes of society; as may be inferred, for instance, from the following malignant remark of Heine, a converted Jew, who, when taunted with his extraction by his literary opponents, sarcastically replied, "Why then did I pay five ducats for my baptism?"* The Jews of Hamburg and of Frankfort follow in one respect the example of their Berlin brethren, namely, of endeavouring to do away with all outward distinctions of their nationality, in order that they may obtain access to the quarters inhabited by the Christians. They usually occupy a separate quarter in towns, which in most cases they cannot exchange for another, except on condition of assuming the dress and external habits of Christians. Many writers belonging to the school of young Germany consider this superficial reform as sufficient to entitle the Jews to an equality of rights with the Germans. The following passage, characteristic of the flimsiness of the modern German school, contains the sub-

* No fee is charged in any church for baptism, or for the other sacrament. The sum commonly paid at baptism is simply for registration; in many countries purely a civil and legal act, in England of blent character, civil and religious. Heine confounds some civil demand with the ecclesiastical.

stance of what is now going on in Germany with regard to this subject :

" Among the many isolated and petty questions which, during the silence that prevails on great leading questions, have been thrust forward into notice, that of the emancipation of the Jews plays an important part. Numerous pamphlets have been written on both sides in almost every German state. Riesser of Altona has used the most energetic and talented language. What he, himself a Jew, has said in favour of the rights of Jews, ranks among the master-pieces of political eloquence. Yet the children of Israel suffer even to this day from the petty regulations of Germany, and they have been granted such poor rights as they do now possess only in a very few places. In one city attempts are made to educate them ; and we see the most ancient nation in the world treated like a little child which cannot stand on its own feet—(they cannot in fact, but neither can the author perceive this). In another it is wished to convert them, with all possible forbearance. They are not compelled certainly to become Christians ; but they cannot claim the rights of citizens—nay scarcely those of men—so long as they are not Christians. Here they are openly hated as a foreign people, upon whom, as we are ashamed to kill them, we vent our barbarian courage in another way. There men play the masters over them, the gracious protectors ; but take care not to emancipate them, lest by so doing they should lose the pleasure of playing the part of patron. Even some liberals are found who oppose the emancipation of the Jews, merely on the ground that Christians are not yet wholly free. Everywhere we find that petty pride which ridicules the Jews, tormenting them at one time with refusals, at another with half-concessions, or with obtrusive offers of instruction. We can scarcely be surprised that men of talent and education, such as have of late years arisen in considerable numbers amongst this race, should become exasperated at this despicable ill treatment. But the wrath of a Börne, the sarcasm of a Heine, will not aid the Jewish cause, because they keep up petty antipathies, and because, under their protecting shield, a brood of common-place Jewish youths is fostered, who load with open scorn everything which is holy in the eyes of the Christian and the German."*

Crossing the frontiers of Poland on the side of Germany, we are struck by the sight of a curious race, distinct in every respect from the rest of the population. The flowing beards and long robes with hanging sleeves of the men, and their sharply marked features ; the raven black locks and eyes of the women, their

* This passage is taken from the *History of German Literature*, by Wolfgang Menzel, translated from the German, with notes, by Thomas Gordon, Oxford. The work is, however, neither a history of German literature, nor is Herr Menzel likely ever to write one. He may be called the Jules Janin of young Germany, and his merit consists in agreeably expressing commonplace good sense and often nonsense. The cardinal sin of the writers of his school is a striving to dismiss great questions, which they are incompetent to fathom, with a jest, designed for wit. We do not speak of the merits of the translator, for there can be none in the translation of such a work ; we only regret that he did not make a better choice in order to do justice to his talents both to the German and English public.

towering head-dresses and strange necklaces and arm-bands, present to us a picture which, like a solitary monument of Gothic architecture in some modern city, carries our memory many, very many centuries back. These are the world-famed Polish Jews. They are the best-preserved mummies of the remotest time. The dirty appearance of the quarters which they inhabit, and the eagerness with which they are seen flocking wherever an occasion of gain without labour presents itself, if associated with the late disasters of Poland will add another dark feature to her gloomy aspect. The Polish Jews may be likened to a black veil hung all over the country, if we forego the other rather illiberal simile—that of leeches sucking the life blood of the country.

This external contrast increases as we enter an inn tenanted by a Polish Jew, which now happily is becoming scarce. The house consists of a large room destined for the visitors, and of a smaller one appropriated to the family. The latter is usually crowded to excess; piles of feather-beds are the most conspicuous objects there, but they present so uninviting an aspect, that a traveller, however weary, will feel but little inclination to rest upon them. The design of this display is to disgust intruders, and to screen riches under the cover of apparent wretchedness. Usually several families crowd into this little hovel, which is divided into as many compartments, not by partitions, but simply by lines drawn with chalk on the floor: the society is generally increased by the presence of a calf resting close to the fire-place, and of geese cackling in baskets under benches, the representatives of sofas and chairs. The kind of *churivari* produced by these singular inmates, in unison with the crying of children and scolding of women, need not be described; but we must not overlook those rough cupboards, loaded with silver plate, rich female ornaments, glittering with pearls and jewels, and above all with bonds for large sums of money lent at the most usurious interest. The contrast which the Polish Jew exhibits in his external appearance with the rest of the population will be yet heightened if we take a view of the state of his mind.

After having consumed the day in serving his customers with wine, brandy or beer, calculating all the time what may be his gains from some drunken peasant, upon corn, hay and wood, or the sale or purchase of old clothes, the Polish Jew will shut himself up at night in his narrow closet, which does not even offer him the benefit of quiet, and refresh himself by studying for hours the treasures of Rabbinical lore. He will first plunge into the voluminous Talmud, and endeavour to silence his conscience—for he has still a conscience—by its subtleties; then he will take a flight in Cabala, and review the most important questions on

the nature of soul and body, their connection, the mystery of creation, &c. Nor does he omit to sharpen his talent for disputation by the metaphysics of Aristotle as expounded by Maimonides, or by the Hebrew version of Euclid. Such is still the ordinary Polish Jew, and such he was a thousand years back. An exile of twenty centuries, whole generations have grown up and died away under the rod of persecution; but he does not act up to the *Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco*, of Virgil, for he has neither sympathy nor pity, though a whole Jerusalem of sorrow has risen around him. It would appear that there is a zenith for man's feelings, which, once passed, his heart will be but hardened by misfortunes, which Schiller truly says "*nur härten seinen härten sinn.*"

To complete the peculiarities which distinguish the Polish Jew, not only from the rest of the Polish population, but also from the other branches of his race, it is necessary to mention the strange idiom—a kind of corrupt German—which he generally speaks. It is supposed that this jargon was brought from Germany when the Jews, persecuted by the first crusaders, took refuge in Poland, where they were well received. By this, however, must be understood, that at that time the greatest number of them migrated into Poland, as the Polish historians bear sufficient testimony to Jews having settled in that country prior to the first crusade. Of the six millions of Israelites who, according to Gregoire, are now scattered over the earth, two millions live in Poland, forming one-tenth of the population of that country. By the absolute estrangement in which they live they are doubtless a source of weakness to their adopted country. Now the fact we wish to impress on the minds of our readers is, that this estrangement is not the result of any want of efforts on the part of the government to amalgamate them with the nation at large, but chiefly to the exclusive egotistical soul inherent in the Jewish people.

According to the testimony of the Polish historian Dlugosz, the Jews early enjoyed privileges and liberties which placed them decidedly above the inhabitants of towns and the peasantry. To mention one instance. Saint Judith, a queen of Poland (1079—1102), expended large sums of money in order to redeem from prison Christian debtors insolvent to the Jews; a right which at that epoch belonged to the nobility alone besides. But the greatest favour was shown to them by Casimir the Great, who put them in possession of all the rights enjoyed by Polish subjects. In his statute of Wislica (1334) Casimir calls them his able and faithful subjects ("*idonei et fideles*"). These privileges were so high as to draw upon Casimir the censure of partiality, arising, as it was said, from his affection for a Jewess; but this accusation has been

proved to be without foundation. Amongst other privileges the Jews had that of being tried by the common or territorial law, to which the nobles alone were amenable, whilst the citizens were ruled by the so-called law of Magdeburgh, or German municipal law. It was likewise enacted that the evidence of a Christian should not be received against a Jew, except it were also corroborated by a Jew. When money was lent by a Jew on goods pawned by a Christian, the oath of the former was sufficient, without further evidence being required. This last law was manifestly partial, considering the subtle precepts of the Talmud, which at one time allow, and at another command, all kinds of mental reservation in the transactions of the Jews with the *Góim* or Gentiles. The Jews were even permitted to lend money on landed property, and in case of the insolvency of the owner to take possession of it, which right was at that epoch confined to the nobles. They remained in quiet possession of their privileges until 1406, when, owing to their avaricious propensity, which drew upon them universal odium, they suffered a cruel retaliation from the inhabitants of Cracow, who were excited against them by a preacher. Since that time the current of public opinion decidedly set against them; and when the Chancellor Laski, under King Alexander, inserted the privileges granted to the Jews by Casimir, though much modified, into the statute published in 1507, he was suspected of having been bribed by them. It does not appear that the condition of the Jews by any means deteriorated in consequence during the two next centuries. Of their state in the southern provinces of Poland, where popular opinion was least favourable to them, Gratiani gives the following picture in his biography of Cardinal Commendani.

“ In those countries a great number of Jews are to be found, who are not despised as in other countries. They do not there get their livelihood by the vile means of usury and servitude, though they do not despise this kind of profit; but they possess land, carry on trade, and apply themselves to various studies, particularly to those of medicine and astrology. They are almost everywhere employed in the collection of tolls on different merchandise. They frequently acquire considerable fortunes, and are not only placed on the footing of respectable people, but sometimes in authority over them. They have no particular badge to distinguish them from the Christians; they are even allowed to carry a sword, and to go about armed. In one word, *they enjoy all the rights of other subjects.*”

It appears, however, that they subsequently much abused the power which Gratiani says they possessed, and in conjunction with the Jesuits and the stewards of the great land owners, who were usually absentees, caused that horrible revolt of the people

of Ukraine* in the seventeenth century known as the rebellion of the Cossacks, and which lasted for a hundred years. The Cossacks vented their rage particularly against the Jews, and on one occasion 14,000 of these were massacred in the town of Constantinow in Volhynia, where they had attempted to defend themselves. Since that period the prosperity of the Jews, as well as that of the country in general, has been destroyed, and it is with much justice that the Polish historians accuse them of having contributed to the decline and partition of Poland.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when Poland ranked amongst the most civilized countries, the Jews also followed the ascending movement, though, as ever, their chief care was to perfect their Rabbinical learning. According to Basnage, one of their historians, the Polish Jews possessed at that time many printing presses; there were four at Cracow, where the Talmud of Babylon was published in thirteen volumes between 1603 and 1617. The towns of Zolkiew, Lublin, Posen and Wilno were equally famous for their Hebrew printing presses. A Jew was the first professor of the Hebrew language at the University of Cracow, where another also taught law with great credit for many years. Since the partition of Poland, which the Jews have had more than one cause to regret, every vestige of their learned establishments has vanished; but they have remained unchanged as when they once stood weeping over the ruins of their city. It is an unquestionable fact, that by their dangerous *status in statu* they had a large share in the late misfortunes of Poland; and a serious question arises, what is to be done with them in any state where they may multiply to such an extent as they have done in that country. The only means by which the evil attending on this could be averted, appears to be their conversion, to effect which all Christians should unite their exertions and prayers that the prediction of the prophet may be soon accomplished: "The remnant shall return, even the remnant of Jacob, unto the mighty God. For though thy people Israel be as the sand of the sea, yet a remnant of them shall return: the consumption decreed shall overflow with righteousness."—Isaiah, ch. x.

Since the partition of Poland, the condition of the Jews has undergone more or less change under the three respective governments that divided the spoil. In Austria, Joseph the Second granted them some new privileges, but subjected them to military service, which they consider the heaviest of all inflictions.† In

* See the article on the Songs of the Ukraine, in a number of this Review which appeared last year.

† It is said that a regiment having been formed of Jews, and ordered to march to

Prussia they were exempted from military service, but on the other hand were subjected to new strict regulations. In Russia, during the reign of Alexander, they were not liable to military duty, and instead of serving paid heavy taxes. At the accession of the present emperor that exemption ceased, and military service is now exacted from the Jews with more severity than from other Russian subjects. In virtue of an ukase issued last year, the Jews are bound to furnish two recruits for every deserter. Boys from ten to twelve years of age are usually carried off and sent to naval establishments to be trained for sailors, but two-thirds of them die prematurely from the hardships they undergo. The Jews are also forbidden to enter Russia Proper or Muscovy, under any pretext whatsoever; nevertheless they contrive to creep in there under the garb of Christians. The reason which Peter the Great gave for this prohibition was, that the Jews must starve there, as they would be outwitted in their dealings by the Russians. All these oppressive measures proved to the Jews a calamity such as they had not experienced for many ages, and they whose policy since the partition of Poland was always to side with the stronger party, now began to pray for her restoration. The author of a work more than once alluded to in this Journal, in referring to the causes of the last insurrection, thus adverts to the Jews:

“ Aliens did not escape the universal oppression, and Nicholas now compelled the Jews settled in the country to take military service. Persecuted during the middle ages in every other country, the Jews had found in Poland an asylum so hospitable that it was proverbially called their paradise, as it was also the heaven of the nobles. Their number is not accurately known, but it is certain that there are as many in Poland alone as in all the rest of Europe. The prejudices of the Jews must be understood before the offences given by this new ukase can be fully appreciated. Their customs do not allow of military service, and least of all in Russia, where no one who has not received baptism can rise from

distant quarters, they applied for a passport, lest they should be annoyed on the way. The following curious anecdote relative to the same subject is well known. The Jews having heard that they were to be subjected to military service, they bribed several members of the imperial privy council to oppose the measure, but could not get access to Prince Kaunitz, who supported it. At length they offered a large sum to his principal servant if he would procure for a Jew an interview with his master, which was to last for only a minute, and during which the Jew was to utter but a single word. The curiosity of Kaunitz was excited and he granted it. An hour before the council was to meet, the Jew arrived; and, having deposited on the table a sealed packet, retired, making a bow and saying only “*Schweig*” (Be silent). When the subject came under discussion others of the council spoke warmly against it, whilst Kaunitz remained silent. On the emperor inquiring why he did not defend the measure he had before advocated, he replied, placing the packet of bank-notes he had received from the Jew on the table, “*This I got for being silent; ask these gentlemen what they have received for speaking.*” The bribed councillors were confounded, and the measure was carried.

the ranks. What cares a Jew for any war that does not tend to the recovery of the Holy Land? To preserve, and if possible to increase the race, is also one of the sacred dogmas of their religion and their policy. During twenty centuries of persecution they have maintained a kind of negative existence, and may be said to have in many countries rendered themselves a poison, in order that oppression may not digest them. The new ukase proved for them an era of calamity. The young men being chiefly taken as recruits, the population was diminished both by the chances of war and the loss of heads of families. The Jewish soldier is not allowed to marry, nor can he enrich himself by mercantile pursuits. In the Russian marine the Jews usually average one in three; and now, by a second ukase, Jewish children were seized and sent to Sebastopol and other ports of the Black Sea, to be brought up as sailors, but every one of these infant victims perished in the hospitals. In every instance this exterminating system proceeded with equal severity. The Jews of Ostryn (a miserable borough belonging to the Count of Saint Priest, a French peer) being in arrears for taxes to the amount of 50,000 paper roubles, Nicholas ordered 'the account to be settled by taking one Jew for 500 roubles,' and 115 were accordingly torn from a community of scarcely 1200, including women and children. In bitter aggravation of this cruelty they were prohibited from entering a Muscovite province on any pretence whatsoever, and thus by diminishing the numbers and the gains of his Jewish subjects, Nicholas created a host of dangerous malcontents. Though very numerous in the Muscovite provinces, it would be difficult to prove their origin. It is said that at St. Petersburg alone there are 8000 baptized Jews, and numerous instances show that the race does not die under any metamorphosis, least of all in Russia. The oppression of Israel is as keenly felt by the humble pedlar as by the rich monopolist, the state dignitary or the general officer. What prodigious numbers of these mysterious personages swarm in Russia! They are closely connected with their brethren in Poland; and these again with those dispersed over the continent, forming an association more powerful than the Russians are willing to admit. The financial operations of the empire are in their hands, as well as the army contracts both for peace and war, and all the inferior official medical establishments. On the issuing of the ukase the Jews began to pray for the success of the Poles, whom it rested with them most effectually to assist, by furnishing arms and money, or by reducing Russia to a state of bankruptcy."

The above remarks apply more particularly to the Jews in Lithuania, Podolia, Volhynia and the Ukraine. Those in the so-called kingdom of Poland, as declared by the Congress of Vienna, amounting to 400,000 in a population of four millions, met for a time with a better fate than the other Polish Jews. Having wrung from the united potentates of Europe a semblance of liberty, as their little kingdom was to be bound to Russia only by virtue of a constitution and a separate government, the Poles eagerly seized the opportunity for making a part of their country the means for the restoration of the whole, and endeavoured to

invigorate it by raising all parties in the moral scale. The Jews accordingly became one special object of the care of the government. Besides all public schools and universities being thrown open to them almost gratis, a committee was appointed for the promotion of still more effectual measures for their reform. One of these was the establishment of a seminary at Warsaw, where the future Rabbis and professors of Jewish schools should be educated. The course of studies was a double one; that of the Talmud, a knowledge of which, in spite of its absurd doctrines, is indispensable to a Rabbi; and that of the Polish language and literature, mathematics, history, geography, and the grammatical knowledge of the Hebrew. This last met with the greatest opposition from the Talmudists, who consider that a grammatical knowledge of the Hebrew language leads to infidelity. To understand this, it must be remembered that many passages of the Talmud are founded upon misinterpretations of the Scriptures. The object of this establishment was to counteract indirectly the Talmudic absurdities, and, by opening the minds of the rising generation to worthier subjects, gradually to bring them to acknowledge the divine truth of Christianity. It met with more success than was at first anticipated, and in a short period numbered about two hundred pupils, many of the Jews taking pride in having their sons educated there. At the outbreak of the insurrection of 1830, however, the establishment was broken up, never to be restored; and many of the students entering the national ranks, fought nobly for the independence of Poland, and some of them now share the fate of the exiles.

Five years ago an attempt was made to establish a seminary at Cracow on the model of that of Warsaw, and a Jew of high literary merit was placed over it. We are however unable to state to what extent it proved successful. The Jews of Cracow, 12,000 in number, forming one-third of the inhabitants, live in a separate quarter, called, after Casimir the Great, the town of Casimir, and they still enjoy some of the privileges granted them by that king. They have their own municipal corporations, called Cahals, which assess taxes, judge minor disputes, and decide upon divorce, the maintenance of synagogues, &c. The principal objection against the Cahals is the tyranny which they sometimes exercise over the community, by subjecting a Jew, for an infringement of the rules of the Talmud, to Cherem, or anathema, which is as fatal as that of the Vatican used to be formerly.

We have endeavoured to give a sketch of the external state of the character of the Polish Jews. It remains to speak of the inward soul which animates that strangely articulated social body. As the greater number of them adhere to the principles of the

Talmud, by which the most minute actions of their life are regulated, a few words respecting this extraordinary work may be acceptable.

It is stated in the work, that after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus such of the learned Jews as remained in Palestine collected the fragments of Jewish learning, and, having established an academy at Jafna, revived there the ancient worship. Rabbi Jochannan rendered the most important services to this academy, and his accomplishments are said to have been so transcendent that it would be impossible to do them justice "should even all the heavens be paper, all the trees in the world pens, and all men writers." After some time another academy sprung up at Tiberias, which entirely obscured the light of that at Jafna, obtained considerable privileges from the Emperor Antoninus Pius, and gave birth to that strange compilation of Jewish learning known under the name of the Talmud. It consists, as is well known, of two parts, called respectively Mishna and Gemara. After the destruction of Jerusalem, the chief object of the Jews, under the guidance of the Pharisees, was to collect their ancient traditions, which had increased to such an extent that it was become necessary to commit them to writing in order to preserve them from being lost or deformed. After many unsuccessful attempts to arrange them under distinct heads, Rabbi Judah, surnamed the Saint, president of the academy of Tiberias in the second century, after forty years labour, at length succeeded in making a digest of all the traditions and interpretations of the Scriptures, as a complement to the written law. These traditions were held to have been imparted to Moses on Mount Sinai, and to have been transmitted by him to Joshua, from whom they descended to the Prophets, who in their turn finally delivered them to the Grand Synagogue; and as compiled by Judah they now constitute the Mishna. The Mishna, however, did not entirely satisfy the Jews, in whose opinion a further commentary upon the traditions was indispensable; and accordingly one was composed by Rabbi Jochannan and called Gemara. The Mishna of Judah, together with this commentary, bears the name of the Talmud of Jerusalem, whilst the same Mishna, with another Gemara, written by Rabbi Asa of Babylon, who died there in 427, is called the Talmud of Babylon. Both these works were equally esteemed by the Jews, who seem to value them even above the Scriptures, which latter they compare to water, but the Mishna to wine, and the Gemara to an aromatic liquor. Both Gemaras contain only the parables and precepts of the Jewish elders, which inculcate in most instances a deadly hatred to everything which is not Jewish; and this may be easily accounted for, partly by the per-

secution which the nation endured in those days, and partly by their blindness of heart, which prevented them from receiving Jesus as the Messiah and prompted them to transform their heaven-bidden neutrality into hostility towards other nations. The unsocial spirit of those precepts was subsequently increased by the commentaries of different Rabbis, written under the feeling of deep injuries; and however much it may have been repressed or softened in other countries, it continues to exist in its full intensity amongst the superstition-ridden Jews of Poland.

A proficiency in Talmudic learning constitutes a kind of aristocracy amongst the Jews, and by its means a humble pedlar may obtain the hand of the daughter of some rich Jewish banker. Aristocracy of birth is disregarded except in the case of a descendant from Aaron. The education of a Polish Jew begins when he is four years old, and his mind is so early defiled by the impure disquisitions of the Talmud, that he becomes unable to entertain any sentiment with regard to the other sex but that of the grossest description. The Jews marry when very young, and the circumstance that their inclinations are never consulted by their parents, is calculated to stifle in them all refined feeling of affection. Marriage is to them an absolute obligation, and this may be the cause that profligacy is so rare amongst them.

Their favourite occupations are retail trade and inn keeping. A Jewish smith, carpenter, or bricklayer, is a rare phenomenon, but a Jewish tailor or furrier is not uncommon. Agriculture, for which in Poland they enjoy such excellent opportunities, does not accord with their views, as they live in the expectation of being recalled to the Holy Land. To this belief may be traced the astonishing indifference which the Polish Jew, in spite of his proverbial thirst for gold, exhibits on the loss of fortune. Messiah will come, and amply recompense him; such is the philosophy, or rather mistaken faith, which supports him in adversity.

As the Jews consider women as inferior beings to men, they keep them in a kind of oriental subjection, though certainly the condition of the former materially improved after the abolition of polygamy about 1060 through the influence of Rabbi Gierson. They are seldom acquainted with the Hebrew language, and generally know only so much corrupt German as is necessary to enable them to keep their accounts, and read novels written in the same jargon. A divorce is easily obtained, but seldom sued for.

There exist amongst the Polish Jews four principal sects, which must be considered as so many principal organs of the spirit that animates this body. What has been already said of them generally, is to be understood particularly of the first sect,

that of Rabbinites, or Talmudists, the most numerous of all, and considered as descendants of the Pharisees.

The second sect is that of the Chassidim or Hassids, of quite modern origin and found only in Poland. They however claim kindred with the Assideans mentioned in the Book of the Maccabees,* who were remarkable for the most rigorous observance of the Mosaic law, and devoted to the service of the Temple. But except the name, which means zealous, pious or holy, the modern Hassids have nothing in common with their ancestors, notwithstanding the pretension they make to superior sanctity. The founder of this sect was Rabbi Israel Bashlem, of Miedzybor in Volhynia, a town belonging to the Czartoryski family, about the year 1760 or 1765. He gave himself out for a prophet, and pretended that his soul was in the habit of quitting his body to visit the regions of the spiritual world, in order to avert from our earth many evils with which it is threatened by malignant spirits. In addition to such extravagances, he affected the most exemplary piety of demeanour, and in a short time gained ten thousand followers. Their actions unfortunately contrasted too forcibly with their assumed sanctity. Rabbi Israel was denounced by the Talmudists as an ignorant man, but dangerous to the state by his ambition, and an underminer of Judaism. He defended himself by the assistance of some of his wealthy adherents, and published a work, which is certainly full of abomination. His disciples are enjoined in it to refrain from cultivating their minds, on the ground that all knowledge is injurious to religion; they are also forbidden to shed tears during prayer, as God sees with more satisfaction his children full of joy than of grief. One of the leading maxims inculcated by the Rabbi was, that his followers may commit all manner of sin, and obtain absolution from one of their chiefs without amending their courses. This pernicious principle was the real cause of the rapid progress his doctrines made amongst the uninstructed Jews, forty thousand of whom had embraced them at the time of his death, which occurred fifteen years after he started as the founder of a sect. Two of his works were published after his death; in one of them, called *Kesser Shemtow*, he grants absolution for all sins, past and future, provided the offenders bring up their children in the Chassidim, and avoid all connection with such as are not followers of his doctrines. In the second work, called *Likale Amuvieu*, published at Lemberg, he tries to show that, in order to make the nearest approach to the Divinity, it is requisite to commit sin upon sin, because God being supreme in the scale of beings, and an obdurate sinner lowest, they must, on the supposition that the

* 1 B. ii. 42.

scale is of a circular form, be contiguous to each other. It might almost be suspected that this work was composed by an adversary, with the view of bringing him into discredit, for it is hardly possible to suppose the human mind capable of being so distorted or blinded.

His successors, nevertheless, seem even to have surpassed him in the wickedness of their doctrines, and to have proscribed every kind of virtue. In a book called *Roam Hameleh*, written by Rabbi Meleh, it is expressly said that every leader of the sect can remit unconditionally the greatest crimes. The use of medicine is also prohibited, upon the assumption that He who can grant eternal life may protract at pleasure temporal life. But such things, stated by Rabbi Lœbel, the greatest antagonist of the Chassidim, should be received with caution, as it is a very common occurrence that one sect ascribes to another opinions and conclusions which neither respectively may have admitted.

The Hassids during their prayers more resemble a congregation of madmen or jugglers than persons engaged in devotion. They perform gesticulations of the strangest kind, strike their heads against the floor, jump about, and utter the most discordant sounds, but whether from assumed or real fervour it is difficult to decide. They make the same kind of uproar in their rejoicings at the conclusion of the Sabbath, and the police is often obliged to interfere in order to quiet them. For their Rabbis they profess a veneration equal to worship, and pay implicit obedience to their decisions, not unfrequently giving them credit for superhuman virtues. They relate that a Rabbi of the town of Mohileff, in White Russia, was endued with seven kinds of wisdom, each more perfect in degree, the last excelling all the rest. Of this he seldom availed himself, but whenever he did open his lips under its influence the air around was filled with fragrance. In the beginning of Napoleon's campaign in 1812, this Rabbi was one of the influential personages who had been carried away by the Russians, and the Hassids think that the failure of Napoleon and the success of Alexander were owing to the advice given by the Rabbi to the Czar respecting the mode of conducting the war. He died the same year, and was buried at Hadziacz, near Pultawa. His admirers built a house over his grave, in which a lamp is kept perpetually burning. Many of the Hassids are in the habit of making a pilgrimage to this Jewish Mecca, and leave their petitions in writing addressed to their deceased relations or friends, in the full belief that they will reach their destination. This circumstance may tend to account for the prodigious increase of the Hassids during the present century in all the Polish provinces incorporated with Russia.

We have travelled thus far with feelings much like those of Dante :

“ Abi quanto a dir, qual’ era, è cosa dura,
Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte,
Che nel pensier rinnuova la paura.”

And in the midst of this desert are glad to perceive at a distance a greener spot. We allude to the third sect of Polish Jews, called Caraites, or purely Scriptural Jews. Their origin has usually, though not altogether satisfactorily, been referred to the ancient Scribes, who adhered strictly to the Scriptures, disregarding all traditions. The Caraites do the same, but instead of viewing them as a sect, we are inclined to conclude from the disquisitions of Scaliger, Trigland, Morinus and others, as well as from what we have ourselves seen of them, that they are a remnant of true primitive Jews. This opinion is strengthened by the recent discovery which Mr. Samuel, to whose work we shall hereafter advert, thinks that he has made in Daghistan of the ten lost tribes. The Caraites speak amongst each other Turkish, which would point to their migration from the Crimea, when the latter country was a Turkish province, and where, as Dr. Clarke relates in his interesting account published about fifty years back, they still inhabit a town and portion of land. In Poland they are found in two places only; in the Lithuanian town of Troki and at Luck in Volhynia. Both their pursuits and conduct are honourable: agriculture is their favourite occupation, and although they have been settled in Poland for several centuries, there is no instance on record of a Caraites having ever been tried for a public offence.

The fourth and last is the sect of the Frankists, founded in the last century by Jacob Frank. He was a native of Wallachia, but little or nothing is known of the early circumstances of his life. About the year 1757 he came to Poland with the avowed object of reforming the perverted doctrines of the Talmud, the followers of which accused him of infidelity. Supported by some influential partisans, Frank successfully resisted the Talmudists; but the affair becoming serious, both parties were summoned before the Ecclesiastical Court of Lemberg, and subjected to a singular trial. They were commanded to hold a public disputation on the merits of their respective tenets, and the defeated party was to embrace Christianity. Frank acknowledged himself vanquished, and was accordingly baptized with his followers, the most distinguished persons in the country standing as godfathers. From Lemberg he proceeded to Warsaw, where the number of his disciples considerably increased; but a rumour

being spread that he was in the habit of entertaining them in secret with the most fantastic visions, he was again cited before an ecclesiastical tribunal. There he affirmed that our Saviour and the Prophet Elias had appeared to him, prior to his arrival in Poland, commanding him to convert the Jews, and that he was still reminded in nightly visions of his mission. He added however in conclusion, that should the Church disapprove of his proceedings, he was ready to obey its command as became a dutiful son. He was acquitted of having any bad intention, but lest he should at some future time use his influence for a bad purpose, he was confined in the monastery of Czenstochowa. On being released some time after, he retired into Austria, where Maria Theresa gave him protection, with the intention of making him instrumental in the conversion of the Jews. After a residence of several years at Brünn in Moravia, and then at Vienna, he finally settled at Offenbach near Frankfort. There he lived in regal state, and was waited upon by chamberlains and pages, his disciples. The rich contributions he constantly received from Poland, enabled him to defray the expenses of his court until his death in 1792. He was buried according to the Roman Catholic ritual, and a cross was erected over his tomb. His daughter next presided for some time over the sect; and it is generally believed that the present chief of the Frankists is a distinguished lawyer, a member of the late Polish diet, now living in France as an exile. A great number of them reside at Warsaw, all moving in the respectable circles of society, and are mostly physicians or lawyers.

Some assert that the Frankists only outwardly profess themselves Christians, and that in their hearts they adhere strictly to pure Mosaism. It is difficult to decide this question; but there is no doubt that such a simulation of Christianity by the Jews has many precedents. There are unquestionably swarms of such mysterious personages in Russia, who not unfrequently hold high offices in the state. It is also a historical fact that the same simulation was practised with perfect success in Spain and Portugal. A Jew is said to have even exercised the office of grand inquisitor in Portugal, and only to have revealed, on his death-bed, his real faith. According to the testimony of the celebrated Orobio, a Spanish Jew, who says that he himself feigned Christianity, monks of various descriptions, and even Jesuits, used to come from Spain, and expiate their simulation before the grand synagogue of Amsterdam. With such facts as these before their eyes, those who think that the Frankists are only half Christians have some reason on their side.

The real tenets of Frank have never been accurately ascertained. He is said to have maintained that both Elias and our

Saviour were still in this world, and that they continued to appoint twelve Apostles for the propagation of Christianity. Though he did not himself claim to be considered as Messiah, he yet never objected to being called so by others. It is also asserted that he believed that he had received a commission to unite all religious persuasions. Until more satisfactory proofs be adduced to the contrary, we may however call the Frankists Judeo-Christians. They have incurred much obloquy for the exclusive spirit that prevails amongst them; which, politically speaking, is *l'esprit du corps*, but which cannot certainly be allowed to be very Christian. Should this reproach be made against them by a Pole, it might be accounted for on the ground that they were only half Poles, though not half Christians; many of them, however, warmly espoused the cause of Poland's independence on the late occasion.

A most valuable addition to our information respecting the Jews under the Russian dominion at the present day has been lately furnished by the Rev. J. Samuel. His work, to which we have already alluded, is a well written volume on a very interesting question, which, though it has been often asked, has not yet been answered, namely, what has become of the Ten Tribes of Israel? Our author flatters himself that he has discovered the remnant of them—all that we are led by prophecy to expect—in Daghistan, a wild, mountainous country, situated to the south-west of the Caspian, bordering on ancient Media, and now nominally subject to Russia. Mr. Samuel is not a mere theory-monger, but is fully qualified to investigate his subject, being himself a converted Hebrew of the tribe of Aaron, and well acquainted with the rites and customs of his nation. To these advantages he adds a knowledge of the New Testament, and a deep religious sentiment and zeal, which supported him throughout his laborious journey. Having been sent as missionary to the Asiatic Jews, he visited India, Persia and other adjacent countries, and whilst exerting himself to bring them over to Christianity, he had ample opportunities of observing them as an antiquarian and a Jew. We will sum up his arguments in favour of his opinion, as far as our limits will allow. The Jewish power began to decline upon the death of Solomon, when the Ten Tribes revolted from his son Rehoboam and formed a separate kingdom. After a protracted period of civil and foreign wars, this kingdom was destroyed, and the people were carried into captivity by three several deportations.

"First, Of the two and a half tribes on the other side of the Jordan, by Pul and Tilgath-pilneser.

"Second, Of the bulk of the seven and a half tribes, by Shalmaneser.

"Third, Of the remains of the latter by Esarhaddon, who swept the

land: of even the poor lingerers on the mountains of Israel; so that Israel could not by any means become a people, but remained broken as a nation and broken as a people too."

A similar fate some generations afterwards befel the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin, but they were permitted by Cyrus to go back to Jerusalem and rebuild the Temple; whilst the ten tribes never returned. What then became of them? Mr. Samuel thinks he has discovered their descendants in Daghistan, and all the facts and reasons adduced by him seem to establish this point. On the shores of the Caspian a number of Jews are found; some in a state of slavery and ignorance; others free, but hardly more civilized; whilst those dwelling in Daghistan appear to be genuine Jews, ruling themselves according to the pure Mosaic law, unpolluted by Talmudic traditions, and to certain patriarchal customs. His inference that the latter are a part of those Israelites who were led captive into Media seems a very probable one. In the remote fastnesses of the Caucasian range they might easily have preserved their nationality, clinging to it with a tenacity peculiar to this stubborn people and to mountaineers in general. Our author thinks that their identity as primitive Jews might have been better established than it now is, had Daghistan been visited before it was invaded by Nadir Shah in the last century, when many of them were compelled to embrace Mohammedanism.

The proofs which he has collected are numerous and minute, touching upon slight differences in the rites and practices of the Hebrews, and consequently less manifest to a Christian than to a Jew. Three main points however may be noticed as deserving of particular attention. These Jews alone sacrifice the paschal lamb, the others substituting for it other meat roasted in a peculiar manner; they practise the ancient mode of circumcision, whilst others resort to that which was introduced after the time of the Maccabees; and finally, they observe the letter of the law concerning the Sabbath day, not even kindling fire nor a light.

"They remain," says Mr. Samuel, "in the coldest and darkest weather without these; and have no recourse, as other Jews, to the services of Gentiles to supply them with these, preserving in their own persons the letter, and destroying, through strangers, the spirit of the law. It is remarkable that as they are quite ignorant of the oral law and traditions followed by the Jews elsewhere, and which enumerates thirty-nine different species of occupations from which they consider themselves prohibited, the Jews of Daghistan observe all these prohibitions except the last. This last is called עירוב or עירובין, which is a reservation of a permission to carry loads from one house to another on the Sabbath day. It is allowed by the following ceremony practised by the Jews being observed. A cake, which is called עירוב, is consecrated and suspended in the synagogue. A string or rope is extended from

each corner of a street where Jews live ; and this is deemed to constitute those embraced within the extremities of the עירוב, one family ; thereby evading the penalty resulting from the prohibitory injunction.

“ If we refer to the prophet Jeremiah (xvii. 21—27), we find this is in direct opposition to the word of Jehovah :—‘ Thus saith the Lord, Take heed to yourselves, and bear no burden on the Sabbath day, nor bring it in by the gates of Jerusalem ; neither carry forth a burden out of your houses on the Sabbath day, neither do ye any work, but, hallow ye the Sabbath day, as I commanded your fathers.’ Thus, in this important respect, the Jews of Daghistan preserve the institution according to its appointment before the prophet in question was commanded to reprove the Jewish people for infringing thus its sanctification, which was after the captivity of the lost tribes.

“ They further differ from the Talmudists in the following observances. The Jews throughout the world abstain from those duties which necessity and mercy justify, such as feeding cattle, milking, &c.

“ The day is to them a day of rest and peace, and cheerfulness ; they dance, sing and play on instruments. These are of a religious nature, expressive of religious emotions, but are expressly forbidden by the oral law or Talmud. They spend the forenoon of the Sabbath in the way described in the following Scriptures, which serve to illustrate their religious habits on that day better than any description of mine. See Exodus : also Samuel, vi. 15 ; Psalm lxxviii. 25, 26 ; cxix. 34 ; xl. 4.

“ The afternoon is spent in a very profitable way, quite unlike the Jews elsewhere. They resort to the dwellings of their elders and of religious men, who sit in their places of abode to receive the visits of those who come to them, and instruct them in the doctrines of their Scriptures, and make allegories of the law of Moses. This custom of resorting to holy men on the Sabbath day is a very ancient one ; as may be gathered from 2 Kings, iv. 23 ; practices long before the great captivities. They surround these good men until sunset, who pronounce the Sabbath to be ended ; the women kiss the hem of their garments and the men the hands of the elders.”

Mr. Samuel’s account of the Scriptures in the possession of the Jews of Daghistan, will probably be interesting to some at least of our readers :—

“ They are in possession of a few manuscript copies of the law of Moses, which are divided into five books like ours, which they call the book of the covenant, ספר ברית according to Exodus, xxiv. 7. They are written in the original Hebrew character, without any division of chapters, sentences or points ; which manuscripts they hold to be very ancient, and would not part with them on any account. No man under thirty years of age is permitted to read them ; and I have been told, by the individual whom I sent expressly for the purpose of examining them, that their copies do not differ from the Hebrew copies in our possession, except in two places, namely, in the book of Deuteronomy, ch. xxxiii. where the last blessing of Moses places Judah after Reuben in our copies, and Simeon is omitted altogether, whilst in their copies Simeon

and Levi are placed together, as in the blessing of Jacob in Gen. xlix : second, the last chapter of Deuteronomy is omitted altogether, and the book concludes with the prophetic blessing, 'Happy art thou, O Israel. who is like unto thee, O people; saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency; and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places.'

"From this it appears that they are in possession of the original text of the book of the law of Moses; for it is certain that the last chapter of Deuteronomy was added after the death of Moses.

"They are not in possession of נביאים ראשונים, the first prophets, which consist of Joshua, Judges, 1 Samuel and 2 Samuel, 1 Kings and 2 Kings, and the last prophets, נביאים אחרונים, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the minor prophets.

"They have not כתובים, the Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Ruth, the Song of Solomon, Ecclesiastes, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, and the two books of Chronicles; but are in possession of a part of the book of Esther.

"They are in entire ignorance, with the rest of their brethren elsewhere, of the existence of the apocryphal books.

"They are very anxious to get the Psalms of David; and so ignorant are they of the New Testament, that in the year 1837-8, when two of the Jews from Andrewa visited me and saw the volume, they put it three times to their forehead and three times to their mouth, and kissed it. I sold forty-six New Testaments for a high price. They are free from the hatred and superstitions of their brethren towards Christianity."

. It is however to be feared, that the conduct of their new masters will soon inspire them with this hatred, since, according to Mr. Samuel, these latter carry their system of inquisition and espionage to the remotest corners of their empire.

"What a state of things," says he, "is that which owes its support wholly to bristling bayonets, where such a system of ramified espionage exists, that the very wife is an emissary to report the actions and opinions of her husband to an ever suspicious and jealous government."

In taking leave of Mr. Samuel, he must allow us to admonish him that slovenliness of style ought not to be mistaken for ease, and that however interesting the subject-matter of a work may be, the pleasure of the reader is materially influenced by the manner in which the author communicates his information. In spite of its defects, however, we recommend the work to the perusal of our readers; and will conclude our extracts from it by the following graphic description of the country which this peculiar people inhabit, and the author's allusion to the circumstances which led him to the discovery of his "Remnant:"

"Daghistan, on the west coast of the Caspian Sea, lies between the rivers Kaisin and Rubas. It is about 134 miles in length, by between 30 and 40 in breadth. It is almost entirely mountainous, as its name

Daghistan implies; the plain that runs along the shore being a narrow strip. It is usually divided into the following small states; namely, Lesgestan, Schamgal, the khanships of Derbund, and the domain of Tabasseran. Lesgestan is a stupendous range of mountains, running in a south-easterly direction, of great length, but of inconsiderable breadth, and forming the whole north-east frontier of Georgia. The inhabitants are a wild, savage banditti, divided into different tribes, whose habitations are secluded in the depths of the mountains, on the loftiest summits, or over the most frightful precipices. The country is rugged and impracticable; the soil is scanty; and the level ground being insufficient to enable the proprietor to raise the means of subsistence, he increases the surfaces, to the very summits of the heights, by graduated terraces. These rude tribes of the mountains are the terror and scourge of all the neighbouring countries, as they sally down from the mountains, laying waste villages, and carrying off or murdering the inhabitants. The other districts are of the same mountainous character: that of Tabasseran is covered with wood, but the vallies are beautiful and fertile. The greater part of the country is still *terra incognita* to the traveller, especially the region indicated."

The precarious tenure by which Russia holds the Trans-Caucasian provinces in which Daghistan is situated, is thus forcibly pointed out:—

"The Russians, as I remarked before, have contracted the limits of the independent tribes between the Euxine and the Caspian, and according to the working of that colossal and dangerous power, have largely succeeded in doing so. But to reduce them to real subjection is beyond the power even of Russia. Nearly half the country of the Ackbar is marked as subject to Russia in the maps of these provinces; but in fact the garrison of Sookoom-Kirluah live as in a besieged city, and their authority is regarded no further than their guns can reach. Swanati too has the same mark of subjection; though it is well known that the Swani confine themselves to the neighbourhood of the perpetual snows of Elburg, in order not to compromise their liberty. Two passes also through the mountain are marked as Russian soil; but not even the weekly mail is sent through that of Dariel without an escort, amounting sometimes to a hundred soldiers, two field-pieces and several cossacks. If an occasional traveller wishes to try the pass of Derbund, which is in Daghistan, he is not considered safe without a similar guard."

Whilst Mr. Samuel was at Teheran, he called on the Russian ambassador, Graf Simonitch—the same who was subsequently disavowed by his court for his intrigues against England—and obtained from him permission to visit Daghistan, a permission which in all probability the ambassador was not authorized to grant. He thus narrates his visit and the consequences that resulted from it:—

"In conversation with the ambassador concerning one of the objects of my mission, his excellency informed me, that about five years pre-

viously the Russian government had sent a commission into Georgia, to investigate the character and circumstances of the Caucasian Jews. The individuals sent returned without being able to give any satisfactory account of the object they were sent to inquire into; their qualifications not being such as to enable them to throw any light on a question of this character. His excellency perceiving my ardent curiosity and interest in what relates to the Jewish people, and in particulars as to any facts which might illustrate the fate of the long lost tribes, spontaneously offered me every assistance in his power if I would undertake to follow up these inquiries, laying no other obligation upon me than to furnish him with a copy of my journal when I should publish it, containing investigations through the east on this important subject.

"Having consulted Her Britannic Majesty's minister at the court of Persia, and obtained his sanction, I received from him a letter of protection, on which I could depend in the critical circumstances, of the country at that time. The Anglo-Indian army was preparing to march towards Cabul, and all individuals in connection with England were under strong suspicion. This letter of protection was of the utmost importance, as it enabled me to resist and overcome the intrigues and repugnance, of the Russian government of the Trans-Caucasian provinces, at my presence during the military operations against Khiva at this crisis; and I shall not soon forget the impressions left upon me at Tiflis after I entered upon my investigations, when summoned before the governor of those provinces. Every effort was made to daunt my courage by an array of military (consisting of Cossacks and *gens d'armes*), drawn up in front of the palace; the object of which was to expel me from the country, or to induce me to retire. I was enabled however, in the strength imparted to me at that trying hour, to maintain an independence of spirit I trust not unbecoming a British subject, and to read such a lesson to General Radifinitzki (son of the celebrated diplomatist), in the presence of the Russo-Georgian court, which he will not easily forget." "His Excellency (Graf Simbitch) furnished me with letters to the Governor-General, Baron Rosen, General Brechtöft, Commander in Chief of Georgia, and Civil Governor Palewandeoff. All these letters, though of importance, weighed as nothing beside the simple pass of the British ambassador."

We do not exaggerate in stating the number of Jews now under the dominion of Russia to be three millions, upon a population of fifty millions. What will be their lot at no very distant period? We venture to predict that it will prove much worse, since the Jew, however degraded, is still superior to a Russian subject, even to a noble. May a light descend upon those gloomy regions, for "as yet struggles the twelfth hour of the night; birds of darkness are on the wing, spectres rise up, the dead walk, the living dream. Thou, Eternal Providence, wilt cause the day to dawn;"*

* J. Paul Richter's *Hesperus*, Preface.

ART. II.—*Géographie d'Edrisi; traduite de l'Arabe en Français d'après deux Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi, et accompagnée de Notes*, par M. Amédée Jaubert. (*Recueil de Voyages et de Mémoires publié par la Société de Géographie*, Tom. V. and VI.) Paris. 1836, etc.

If we could take a correct inventory of the acquirements, whether of an individual or a nation, we should often be struck with the extraordinary want of balance, to use a technical term, which the several members of the whole amount would be found to hold to each other. We do not mean merely that the poet would be found deficient in mathematical knowledge, or that the mathematician would be so devoid of poetical taste as to inquire, according to the college jest, what the *Æneis* proved; this sort of deficiency seems to us natural enough, and we regard it rather as a proof of the consistency of a mind or a national character with itself. But if the mathematician should be proved ignorant of the commonest facts of geography, or if a nation whose literati and Mæcenases have taken the trouble to translate the works of half the Greek mathematicians should yet be unable to draw a map of the countries immediately adjacent to their own, we should surely be scarcely able to restrain our laughter at an incongruity as glaring as the composition of Horace's mermaid. Yet such is pretty much the position in which stand the Arabs; the inventors, or disseminators, of the decimal system of notation—the cultivators of mathematical science during the dark ages of Europe—the link, as it were, between the science of Greece and that of modern Europe. That they should deny the habitability of the southern hemisphere is conceivable, for the dogma was a legacy of their masters, the Greeks, in spite of the much-disputed Periplus;—that they should imagine an island of Wakwak in the extreme east of Asia, where a tree bore human heads, may be excused to a poetical people, the staple of whose poetry was the marvellous, and to whom the site of the wonderful sylvia alluded to, and of, a fauna equally miraculous, was almost forbidden ground;—but why a nation whose arms at one time almost girded the Mediterranean, and whose ships held undisputed passage through its length and breadth—why such a nation should never have been able to produce a chart of the coasts of that sea which might not serve equally well for a map of the United States, is a problem of somewhat difficult solution. No doubt, however, a partial explanation of this phenomenon may be found in the national pride of the Arab and Persian, and the religious exclusiveness of the Mahomedan. Themselves inhabiting the favoured regions

where the patriarchs and prophets had walked, which the last of the holy number had sanctified by his presence—even the richest provinces of Europe, and those which most excited their cupidity of possession, were considered as of very secondary importance in comparison with their own native country; and for the rest it was a matter of little interest to them, beyond the mere question of utility, what was the precise boundary of the nation with whom they permitted themselves a grudging commerce, or hailed with gladness a hearty and remorseless war.

Perhaps also much of this ignorance may be attributed to a defect inherited by the Arabs from their Greek masters—an inaptitude to put their theoretical knowledge to a practical use. In the case of the Greek philosophers, indeed, this was not in their own eyes a defect; they would have been much more likely to give that name to the *cui bono* spirit of modern times, and of none more than our own. The Greek's high intellectual development, and fondness for pure abstract reasoning, gave him a certain horror of what we call the *mixed* mathematics; whilst they tended to form his taste for that beautiful system of pure geometry which more than fifteen hundred years have done little if anything to improve. The Arabs were but the apes of their nobler predecessors; they were notoriously imitators rather than originators, and a certain oriental want of energy produced in them somewhat the same effect as that caused by the fastidiousness of the ancients. As Mahomedans too they were averse to innovations; the division of the earth into climates, the firm belief that the countries south of the Line were uninhabited, and many similar practices and notions, having been hallowed by their adoption by the men of the seventh and eighth centuries, were doubly worthy of the notice of the ninth, and the revolution of ages did but serve to strengthen them.

The grand problem, too, of the discovery of the longitude reduced itself among the Arabs to the mensuration of distances on a given rhumb line, by miles, fursungs, or the more doubtful quantity of days' journeys; these latter requiring of course to be determined very much by the nature of the ground passed over, and the greater or less facility it afforded for rapidity of travelling. Clocks they had none—none at least which could be applied to the comparison of time in different places; the clepsydra, more or less artificially constructed, being the utmost limit of eastern horology.

So much for the general character of Arabic geography; but there is a bright as well as a dark side to the picture. Though the "paynim" could never draw a passable map even of the countries they themselves possessed, they yet had facilities for

acquiring valuable geographical knowledge which were denied to more enterprising nations, and for want of which the bones of many an ardent adventurer are now bleaching in the sands of Africa. That immense peninsula, which has so long stood in the immediate vicinity of Europe, as if only to mock and baffle those powers of enterprise which have "put a girdle round about the earth"—of which little more than the coasts have been touched by Christian powers, with the exception of predatory slave excursions into the interior, or of rare visits from missionary labourers—Africa was penetrated by Mahommedan adventurers from the first establishment of Islam, and in fact before the death of its founder. From a more recent but still very remote period, Arabic traders have trafficked continually in the northern portions of central Africa; the Mahommedan religion, that strange free-masonry which has at one time or other bound together in a chain of common interest nearly half the old world, has long been established among the most important negro nations; and during the Moorish occupation of Spain, a Berber, or north African race, once shared the dominion with the invaders of Arabic descent. This last-mentioned tribe (the Berbers) are in many points of view by much the most interesting portion of the aboriginal inhabitants of Africa. Their language, which in spite of a strong admixture of Arabic in some of its dialects, is an original and marked tongue, is spoken with slight variations from the shores of the Atlantic on the west to Egypt on the east, and from the Barbary states to the great desert of Sahara; and such remnants as have been preserved of the language of the Guanches, or aborigines of the Canaries, show that they too spoke the same widely extended dialect.

From the preceding very general remarks on the Arabic geography, it will not be supposed that much reliance can be placed upon the *unsupported* testimony even of their most respectable writers; since credulity on the one hand, and imperfect and mistaken theories on the other, disfigure the works of them all. The Arabian Nights themselves are not more fabulous than many statements gravely repeated in scientific works—and these too sometimes confirmed by a closing paragraph warning the reader against *fables*. Indeed, wild as are the topographical notions embodied in the Mahommedan fictions, they are often only literal transcripts of what is taught in the writings of bearded doctors; the route of Sinbad, for instance, may be traced almost point by point on a map of eastern construction—cannibal islands, magnetic mountains and all; just as the inexplicable wanderings of one of Ariosto's knights might be laid down upon a map of the middle ages. A brief sketch of the world according to this system is

worth making, as it will assist in the understanding of some remarks which we shall afterwards have to offer upon particular geographers and their writings, and especially on the work of which the name stands at the head of this article.

The favourite oriental division, and that generally used in these works, is that of climates; but this, though convenient for reference, gives a very straggling air to their cosmogony. A climate is a zone of land and water, reaching from the extreme known west to the extreme known east, and varying in breadth from 3° to 7° of latitude. Of these climates there are seven, making altogether a breadth of something less than 37° . The immense difference between this quantity and the usually calculated extent of habitable latitude is explained by the supposition already alluded to, that the tropics, the arctic circle and all the land in the southern hemisphere, are uninhabitable—the part south of the tropic of Cancer from its intense heat and great drought, and the northern polar circle from its cold; for the Arabic astronomers appear to have supposed the increase of heat discovered on approaching the equator to have continued after passing it, and thus to have included the south pole in the same category of barrenness and unfitness for animal life with the torrid zone. Leaving aside this division as one tending to produce confusion in a conspectus of eastern geography, by artificially dividing countries without respect either to their natural or political boundaries, and beginning with Africa, we find that, as before stated, the Arabic geographers were better acquainted with this portion of the globe than their Christian brethren of the middle ages. The Barbary coasts they could describe accurately enough; farther south, nearly as far as the Guinea coast, they mark out with tolerable accuracy the situation of towns and of kingdoms, many names of which agree curiously enough with those known in our own times. Egypt, so long an Arab kingdom, was necessarily well known to them, but they had much less knowledge of Abyssinia; the famous source of the Nile, so long a *verata questio* with the learned of the west, was already settled, at least to the satisfaction of the less captious Orientals, early in the middle ages, and described with as much confidence and minuteness as if the ground had been surveyed with the chain. Leaving Africa, we find the towns of Spain minutely and in general accurately enumerated, an observation which may be extended a little distance into the south of France; but as we go further north in this and the adjacent countries, truth mixes more and more largely with fable. England is described in some geographers (in Edrisi, for example), but of anything further north they had but a faint idea, and speak of the Teutonic and Scandinavian races, the sea kings whose strength was felt by

Spain, Barbary, and probably by the extremest coasts of the Mediterranean, by the common appellation of Majusi. Is this an allusion borrowed from the name given to the priests of the Persian fire-worship, and pointing at a supposed general resemblance between the two races in the one fact of their being idolaters, or is it from the word Majouj; which, in conjunction with Hâjouj, is used in eastern geography to denote a race in the extreme north of Asia and perhaps also of Europe—a sort of half men, half demons—the people of Gog and Magog in short, of the Hebrew prophets? The knowledge of Edris on the subject of these northern countries is more extended than that of his fellow writers; as might naturally be expected from his position at the court of a Christian prince, and within reach of such geographical information as Europe afforded during the middle ages. Turning southward from Spain and France, we find Italy and Greece, as well as the countries immediately north of the latter, well known to the writers of the best ages of Arabic learning—well known, that is, comparatively, and always making due allowance for the very singular misconceptions in which the most learned of the Arabs have indulged. Russia and Poland, before the rise of the Turkish empire, were but little known in the east, and we might extend the remark to the west also. The relations of Persia, and the Mahomedan empire with the Tatars, gave a certain knowledge of their country to the Arab writers, diminishing in accuracy and distinctness with every degree of north latitude, though the conquests of Timour had early made known to the south of Asia the existence of a country where the sun was for many months beneath and as many above the horizon at one time; and where therefore (an important corollary for Moslem soldiers) it was necessary materially to modify the laws regulating daily prayers and other observances depending upon the revolution of the sun. India eastward may be considered as the extreme limit of accurate geographical knowledge in that direction, and the adjective is used with some laxity when thus applied, but much information had been collected by Mahomedan travellers, some of them enjoying peculiar advantages, who had penetrated into that country. China was known as a country of porcelain and perfumes, and desperate Kafirs, though the eastern romances (for we are come now to the point where fact and fiction more than meet) represent the inhabitants of the celestial empire as polished, wealthy, and ingenious.* The sea east of India is the great repository of islands full of marvels (the Arabic romancers are fond of islands, and

* China, or Sîn, is the scene of one half of the eastern romances, a princess of that country being the frequent object of the errant pursuit of a Mahomedan lover.

by choice make them the scene of their stories)—marine monsters, enormous birds, and tremendous serpents. We hardly know whether an Arab topographer would class with real or fictitious existences the mountain of Kaf, the chosen abode of the Anka, Simorg, Phoenix or Griffin—that “secular bird,” which in eastern as well as western fable lives a life of many ages, aloof from all other creatures, dies on a pile of its own collecting, and leaves to a single successor its solitary and mournful grandeur. The mountain of Kaf is said to encompass the world, and in some stories a series of seven concentric Kafs is mentioned, each circle the abode of a race of *Ginns*, or tolerated spirits, something less dangerous than the actual demons—the *Deeves* or *Afrits*.

Lest however we should be lost in regions “a hundred years beyond the earth,” as has happened to the heroes of some of the stories we have been alluding to, we return to our more immediate subject, the earth as described by Edrisi, an Arabic writer of the twelfth century. Such of our readers as are disposed to compare Edrisi with El Bekri may consult the excellent manuscript of the latter in the British Museum, No. 9577, and Mr. Cooley’s recently published work on the Negroland of the Arabs. Edrisi’s accuracy in many statements is more than disputable when compared with El Bekri. His distances of places are rectified by a comparison with El Bekri. Edrisi certainly copied from El Bekri, with some variations of his own, which are rarely accurate; and it would have been far better for his reputation to have adhered more closely to the source from whence he derived reputation. The circumstances under which this description was composed are sufficiently pointed out in the original preface, which for the information it affords, as well as for the sample it contains of our author’s style, we think will be found interesting enough to justify our quotation of the whole.

“Thanks be given to God, the existence essentially great and powerful, incorporeal, endued with goodness, beneficence and long suffering, the sovereign judge who has all power, who is clement and merciful, who possesseth infinite knowledge, who hath given perfect forms to all that he hath created, the knowledge of whom is graven in all hearts and reposes in all minds upon visible and incontestable proofs.

“His strength and his power are certain and evident indices of his glory. All tongues publish his goodness, which the true faith confirms. The perfect conformation of beings, emanating from his divine will, constrains us to recognize his existence and his eternity. Amongst the master-pieces of this will, the heavens and the earth are signs of high instruction for him whose mind is just and his perceptions right; first he admires the heaven, its immense elevation, the beauty of the stars and the regularity of their courses—amongst them the sun and the moon

shining in the firmament—the sun the focus of light which produces the day, the moon the torch which dissipates the darkness of the night. These miraculous signs tell him of the march of seasons and the revolutions of ages. Then he remarks the earth of which this same will fixed the first site and determined the extent—from whose entrails it caused the waters to spring, the vital principles of vegetation, and the necessary food for the fruitfulness of the fields and the fertility of the meadows; the earth which it left for the delight and the dwellingplace of man, the object of preference in all the movements impressed on the celestial bodies.—Man whom this same divine will inspired with the instinct necessary to distinguish good from evil and useful from dangerous, and granted to him the facility of transporting himself whither he pleased, by sea or by land, across the immensity of space.—All proves the existence of the Creator!

“Amongst the number of the beings formed by this divine will, the eye cannot note nor the mind imagine one more accomplished than the illustrious Roger King of Sicily, of Italy, of Lombardy and of Calabria, the Roman prince. This great king, whom heaven has crowned with glory and power, the protector of the religion of Christ, is the most celebrated and the best among all monarchs. His absolute will is the moving principle of his conduct in all affairs. He binds and unbinds according to his pleasure, he governs and judges his people with equity and impartiality, and hears their complaints with patience and attention. He has established in the administration of his estates the most admirable order and the elements of the most perfect happiness; he has carried his victorious arms from the rising of the sun to its setting—witness the countries near or distant which he has brought into obedience to him, witness the sovereigns of the same religion as himself whose pride he has humbled. He owes this astonishing success to the valour of his armies well provided with all things—to the power of his fleets, whose operations heaven protects. His glory shines in the eyes of all men, his name fills the world, is in all mouths, sounds in all ears. What desire does he form which is not followed by the promptest accomplishment? What project, difficult as it may appear, does he not succeed in executing?

“Honours and dignities are the portion of his partisans and his friends, ruin and humiliation of his antagonists and his adversaries. Of how much greatness has he not laid the foundation? The lustre with which he surrounds these dignities shines in the world with the brilliancy of the flowers in a parterre, and is beautiful as the verdure of the shrubs which ornament the groves.

“This great monarch joins the good qualities of the heart to nobility of birth, purity of manners to beauty of actions, courage to elevation of sentiments, profundity of judgment to mildness of character, acuteness of mind to an admirable perception of affairs, and a penetrating glance, which, like a rapid arrow, goes straight to the mark and enables him to judge of every thing without error. The gates of future events, closed to others, are open to him. All the art of government has fixed itself in his person; even the dreams of his sleep are benefits for the future, justice and impartiality are the bases of his administration; his liberalities,

resembling the waves of the ocean, are as beneficent as the rains which fertilize the earth. His acquirements in mathematics and in literature are immense; the deep study which he has made of the sciences has conducted him to the most extraordinary discoveries, in short the reputation which this great prince enjoys is so superior to that of other sovereigns, that it is useless to seek to prove such a truth by examples, the chief cities of the earth are filled with his name. If I had to enumerate the wonders which he had produced, my lungs would be fatigued, and my breath would not suffice. Who is there, who, wishing to count the pebbles of the universe, could succeed in ascertaining accurately the number of them?

"When the extent of his possessions had increased, the respect which his subjects bore him was every where come to its height, and he had subjected to his power dominions conquered from the Christian princes, this monarch, as a consequence of the interest which he took in noble and curious studies, occupied himself with the statistics of his vast states. He wished positively to know not only the limits in which they were circumscribed, the routes by land and sea which traversed them, the climates in which they were situated, the seas which bathed their shores, the canals and the rivers which watered them, but also to add to this knowledge that of other countries than those which depended on his authority in the whole space which it has been agreed to divide into seven climates, resting on the authority of the writers who had treated of geography and had sought to determine the extent, the subdivisions, and the dependencies of each climate. For this end he bade consult the following works:—

"The book of marvels, of Mas'oudi.

"The book of Abu Nasser Said-el-Jihani.

"The book of Abulcassem Adballah ben Khordadbeh.

"The book of Ahmed ben al A'dri.

"The book of Abulcassem Mohammed el Hankali el Baghdadi.

"The book of Janakh ben Khacan-el-Kimaki.

"The book of Mousa ben Casem-el-Cardi.

"The book of Ahmed ben Yacoub, known under the name of Yacfouli.

"The book of Is'hak ben al Hasan, the astronomer.

"The book of Kedamah el Bassri.

"The book of Ptolemy of Claudias.

"The book of Eresios of Antioch.

"Instead of finding in these works, clear, precise and detailed accounts, having met only with obscurities and motives for doubt, he sent for persons specially skilled in these matters, and proposed to them questions which he discussed with them, but neither thus did he obtain more light. Seeing that things stood thus, he took the determination of ordering that in all his states they should seek for well informed travellers; he had them called into his presence, and questioned them by means of interpreters, together or separately. Every time that they agreed and their account was unanimous upon a point, this point was admitted and considered as certain. When it was otherwise, their information was rejected and put aside.

"He occupied himself with this labour for more than fifteen years, without relaxation, ceasing not to examine by himself all geographical questions, to seek the solution of them, and to verify the exactness of the facts, in order to obtain completely the knowledge which he desired.

"After this he wished to know positively the longitudes and latitudes of the places and the respective distances of the points upon which the testimony of the above mentioned travellers was unanimous. For this end he had a table prepared for drawing; he had traced there one by one, by means of the iron compass, the points marked out in the works consulted, and those which had been fixed upon according to the different assertions of their authors, and of which the general confronting had proved the perfect exactness. Then he ordered that they should found in silver, pure and without alloy, a planisphere of an enormous size, and of the weight of four hundred and fifty Roman pounds, each pound weighing one hundred and twelve drachms. He had graven there by expert artists the configuration of the seven climates, with that of the regions, the countries, the shores near to or distant from the sea, the arms of the sea, the seas and the water courses; the indication of desert and cultivated countries, of their respective distances by frequented routes, either in determined miles or in (other) known measures, and the designation of the ports, prescribing to these workmen to conform themselves scrupulously to the model traced upon the drawing table, without in any manner deviating from the configurations therein indicated.

"He caused to be composed, for the understanding of this planisphere, a book containing the complete description of the cities and territories, of the nature of the cultures and habitations, of the extent of the seas, the mountains, the rivers, the plains and the marshes. This book was to treat besides of the species of grain, of fruits, and of plants which each country produces, of the properties of these plants, of the arts and trades in which the inhabitants excel, of their export and import commerce, of the curious objects which are remarked or are celebrated in the seven climates, of the state of the populations, their external form, their customs, religions, dress, and idioms.

"I have given to this work the title of 'Recreations of the Man desirous of perfectly knowing the Different Countries of the World.'

"This work was terminated in the last days of the month of Shewâl, in the year 548 of the Hijra (answering to the middle of January of the year of Christ 1154.)"

After this introduction (à propos of which we must remark however that if King Roger's planisphere is faithfully represented in his panegyrist's maps, its accuracy is somewhat overstated)—after this introduction our author gives a general notion of the figure of the globe, and of the division of its circumference into 360 degrees, each degree containing 25 fursungs (the parasang of the Persians according to the Greek spelling), each fursung twelve thousand cubits, every cubit 24 fingers (breadths), and every finger six grains of barley, not laid end to end as in our ancient popular scale, but side by side. He states that no lands are habitable

beyond 64° N. latitude, and that the southern hemisphere is altogether unpeopled, for the reasons already alluded to. The seven climates are then described, and after that the principal seas, which, with the well-known oriental predilection for that number, are made to be also seven: بحر الصين the Sea of Sin or Indian Ocean, الخليج الأخضر the Green (or Persian) Gulf, بحر القلزم the Sea of Culzum (Arabian Gulf), البحر الشامي Sea of Shâm or Syria (Mediterranean), خليج البنادقي Gulf of Venice, خليج البنطس Sea of Pontus (Black Sea), and بحر جرجان Sea of Jorjan (Caspian). Then we have a description of the division of the work into seven climates, and of each climate into ten equal sections, corresponding to parallelogrammatic divisions, or nearly such, of the climates, following one another on the map and in the description from west to east. Of each of these sections the author informs us he has drawn a plate, making 70 such illustrations in the whole; these are to be found in a MS. in the University of Oxford, and in one of the Bibliothèque Royale. Of these plates M. Jaubert has given three, with the colours, lettering and gilding, "barbaric gold," of the original. Our taste would have led us to prefer a plain lithograph of the whole map, either in as many plates as the original or in a reduced size, say 10 on a sheet. This could hardly have been much more expensive than the certainly magnificent specimens given. They afford us, it is true, an idea of the *style* of the original drawings, but on the plan suggested we should have had, it may be presumed, a copy of the silver map of Roger; a map in fact of the 12th century, and one which might be fairly supposed justly to represent the geographical knowledge of that period. It is scarcely fair however to quarrel with M. Jaubert, or his "fautores," the executive of the Société Géographique, on a matter which, after all, is a point of taste.

Our limits will not permit us any detailed analysis of the portion of Edrisi relating to Africa, with an account of the most southern portion of which known to him our author begins his description. This indeed is the less necessary, as this first part of the book is probably better known than any other division, from the excellent abstract and commentary of Hartmann. The natural products of this part of central Africa, the arms, food, manners, and dress of the inhabitants, are often minutely described, and with an individuality which gives the description something of the air of Herodotus's charming gossip. The description of Gana, a central province, whose king and inhabitants are described as Mussûlmans, reminded us strongly of Major Denham's interesting account

of the *Stielkh* of Bornou and his policy. Gana however, as far as we can gather from our author, is considerably to the west of the kingdom where our enterprising traveller found an organized army, and cavaliers clad in mail inhabiting a territory bounded by deserts and countries of savages. There is much talk, in this part of the narrative, of gold, of which the Sultan of Gana is said to have possessed a natural lump weighing 30 lbs. Denham or Clapperton, we forget which, inquired in vain for Wangara, a country mentioned by Edrisi as conterminous with Gana, and concluded, from certain indicia, that Wangara was a general name for a country producing gold. Unfortunately we have very little etymological knowledge on which to try the validity of such a conjecture. Our travellers have not been philologists, nor our philologists travellers. Even the Berber, the most cultivated and accessible of the native African languages, is still almost sealed to us. A vocabulary of the language in the *Bibliothèque Royale*, a translation of the Gospels and part of the Book of Genesis in the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a geographical fragment in the possession of the Asiatic Society, and perhaps a few other similar specimens, are all the materials we know of for the study of it in Europe. Talking of Berbers, our author has a curious story of one of them, who predicted the speedy arrival of a caravan at a watering place by taking up and smelling to the sand. This surpasses all we ever heard of savage acuteness of sense, but our geographer certainly avails himself at times of the traveller's privilege, unless indeed we should rather blame the informants of King Roger, on the "perfect agreement" of whose accounts was founded this veritable history. *Begharmah*, which figures so conspicuously in recent accounts of Bornou, comes next in order, and this also is said to be inhabited by Berbers, not a very probable assertion, but perhaps Edrisi has been misled, like some later writers, by the name of a Nubian race, the *Barabras*. The Nubian women are highly praised for their beauty, for which and for their accomplishments they are said to be eagerly sought after by the great men of other countries. We have an account of a certain wood which possesses an extraordinary power to counteract the venom of serpents, and even to deprive them of their power of injuring a man who carries it about with him. The story of the *Psylli* among the ancients naturally occurs to us upon the reading of this account. In our own days individuals in some parts of Africa pretend to the power of handling serpents with impunity and profess to impart it to others. An offer was made of this boon to one of Napoleon's savans, if we mistake not, but his love of science was not strong enough to carry him through the preliminary process, in which it

was necessary that the adept should spit into the mouth of his disciple.

The long sought fountains of the Nile are thus described, with that daring license of invention which the Arab often displays, loading an uncertain subject with more matter of doubt, telling, as worthy Mr. Oldbuck in the Antiquary phrases, it "a lie with a circumstance."

"To this section belongs the place where the two branches of the Nile separate; that is to say—Firstly, the Nile of Egypt, which traverses that country, running from south to north, on whose banks and on the islands which it forms, most of the towns of Egypt are built; and, secondly, the branch which sets out from the east, and runs towards the remotest extremity of the west: on this branch of the Nile are situated all, or at least the greater part, of the cities of Soudan. The source of these two branches of the Nile is in the Mountains of the Moon, whose commencement is 16° beyond the Equinoctial. The Nile takes its origin from this mountain by ten fountains, of which five flow away and gather in a great lake; the others descend also from the mountain towards another great lake. From each of these two lakes issue three rivers, which at length unite and flow into a very great lake, near which is situate a city named Tarfi, populous, and its environs fertile in rice. On the bank of this lake is an idol holding its hands lifted to its breast; they say that this is Masakh (or Masneh), and that he was thus transformed because he was a wicked man."—vol. i. pp. 27, 28.

After the cataracts of the Nile, which are slightly alluded to, we have a curious account of a race or tribe of predatory horsemen called El-belioun, who are described as black (a word which admits of no palliation of meaning from an Arab's pen), clad in steel armour, and, *mirabile dictu*, as Christians and of Greek descent! It is curious enough that in the account of Denham and Clapperton's Journey we have mention of certain mountain-dwelling tribes south of Bornou, some of whom came on an embassy to the Bornouese camp while Major Denham accompanied it and sued for peace. These were some of the Kafirs, whom the true believers were wont to carry away as slaves, and these wretched creatures, by no means such brilliant robbers as El-belioun, our traveller was required to acknowledge as fellow Christians. He parried this compliment by pleading that they had begged a dead horse for food the day before, but was reminded that he himself, by eating swine's flesh, was guilty of an equal abomination. The word translated Greek (*Rūmi*) is of very indefinite application in Arabic, and sometimes means nothing more than European Christian. It would be singular enough to find that Edrisi had here recorded the existence of a remnant of Romans or Vandals. Another race of Christians is again mentioned on the coast of the

Red Sea, though in his account of their migration thither our author is guilty of an anachronism, a besetting sin of Mahomedan historians. The iron and gold mines of Sofalah come in for a somewhat lengthened description, and we then, according to the plan already described, are carried eastward to India, Ceylon and China. The account of the Indian castes is tolerably correct, the names being either like the Sanscrit appellations or reducible to them by allowing for copyists' errors. The license of the Indian worship, the dancing girls attached to the temples, and other features of the Brahminical cultus, are touched upon. In the description of Ceylon the famous peak and footprint of Adam are mentioned, but the standard of size furnished by the latter is wofully belied by an estimate immediately following of the length of the patriarch's stride, a length which would much more than satisfy the most unconscionable advocate for the gradual diminution in size of the human race. The notion of sacred footsteps is very general in the East, and traces of it appear in Europe and America.

Passing from India to China we quote a description of the mode of administering justice in this latter nation, which is curious at least, though we apprehend that in the days of Edrisi, as in our own, the paternal majesty of the empire was more prompt in administering, or causing to be administered, the bamboo to the delinquent, than in listening to the appeals (or *peals*, as they are here represented) of the oppressed for justice.

"It is reported that there are in China three hundred flourishing cities, governed by princes who are all under obedience to the Baghbough, who is called, as we have just said, the King of Kings. He is a prince of pure morals, just towards his people, endued with a high solicitude for their welfare, powerful in his government, wise in his projects, provident in his enterprises, firm in his designs, facile in his administration, mild in his commands, generous in his gifts, attentive to the affairs of strangers and of distant countries, considering the end of things, and occupying himself with the interests of his subjects, who can come to him without intermediate agent and without hindrance.

"This prince has a hall of audience whose walls and roof are constructed in a manner equally solid and elegant. In this hall is a throne of gold on which the king sits surrounded by all his vizirs; above his head is a bell whence hangs a chain of gold artfully disposed, which falls on the outside of the building and the end of which reaches the basis of the edifice. When any one has a subject of complaint to expose, he comes with a written request to this chain and pulls it. Then the bell moves, a vizir puts his hand out of the window, which is as much as saying to the complainant, come up to us. He goes up in fact by a staircase expressly destined to this object [*literally* to the oppressed]. Arrived in the presence of the king, the complainant prostrates him-

self and then rises. The king stretches his hand to him and receives the request, examines it, returns it to his vizirs, and gives a decision agreeable to the laws civil and religious without any other solicitation, without delay and without the necessity of recurring to the mediation of the vizir or of any other person.

"This prince is fervent in his piety, firm in the observation of the laws of which he is the interpreter and the guardian, and liberal in the alms which he bestows upon the poor. His religion, which is the worship of idols (or Buddhism), differs little from that of the Indians; for these latter, like the Chinese, do not deny the existence of the Creator, acknowledge his wisdom and his eternal power, and although they admit neither the prophets nor the holy books, yet they do not deviate from the principles of justice and equity."—vol. i. p. 101.

The famous idol of Moultan is thus described—

"Moultan is near to India, and some writers even place it in this country. It equals Mançura in size and bears the surname of the house of gold. There is seen an idol venerated by the Indians who come to visit it in pilgrimage from the most distant points of their country, and to offer to it precious objects, ornaments and perfumes in prodigious quantities. This idol is surrounded by servants and slaves, who are fed and dressed from the products of these rich offerings. It is of a human form and has four sides, seated on a throne composed of bricks and plaster, entirely covered with a skin, which resembles red morocco leather, in such a manner that only its eyes can be seen. Some persons assert positively that the internal part of this idol is of wood, others deny this. However this may be, its body is entirely covered, its eyes formed of precious stones, its head covered with a crown of gold enriched with jewels. It is, as we have said, square, and its arms, above the elbows, appear to the number of four.

"The temple inhabited by this idol is in the middle of the city of Moultan, and in the most frequented of its bazaars. This edifice is in the form of a dome: the upper part of the dome is gilded; the construction of this, as well as of the doors, is very solid. The columns are very high, the walls coloured."

From the peculiar arrangement of the work, in climates, the description of Egypt comes after that of China, and to this we turn to remark the meagre description given of this country, so interesting both to Asiatics and Europeans. More space is taken up with the recital of traditions, the descriptions of supposed talismans, and the assignment of authors, after the oriental fashion, for the buildings whose ruins are to be seen there, than with descriptions of the ruins themselves. One of the most curious of his stories, though not the most authentic or intelligible, is one describing a Frankish invasion of Egypt. Surely this cannot be a bad transcript from a history of the Crusades.

"From this chain of hills and on the side of the sea depends a mountain, round, cut to a peak, and which it is impossible to approach from the polish of its surface and from its great height. They relate that there

are the important treasures of the high priest, whose name this mountain bears, and those of certain kings of Egypt, consisting of gold, silver, precious stones, figured pottery, curious images and representations of idols, symbolical of the stars. These kings learnt by their art that a king of the Franks had formed the design of attacking them, from what he had heard of their riches, and of their power of making gold. At this they were very much affrighted. In fact, this Frank king had equipped a thousand vessels, conquered Egypt, whose principal inhabitants fled and took refuge in this mountain, and the rest in the oasis, carrying their riches with them. The motive of the Frank king's expedition was, that a high priest having been obliged to take refuge in Europe to escape from the persecutions of an Egyptian prince, he determined the king to undertake this conquest by the bait of the riches which he would find there. The conquest in fact took place; the high priest accompanied him to the mountain in question, but not having been able to climb it, and deceived in his hope, he induced the Frank king to appropriate to himself the riches of the other inhabitants of Egypt, and, loaded with these spoils, to return into his own country."—vol. i. pp. 131, 132.

The description of Europe offers little that is capable of being extracted, being often nothing more than a list of names; some of them, it is true, curious enough, as showing the extent of geographical knowledge in our author's time. As a specimen we give the towns of England as they stand in the printed text of Rome, 1592.

"In this second division of the seventh climate we find a portion of the sea of darkness, wherein is the island of Alankaltarah, النكلطره, a great island shaped like the head of an ostrich. * * * The shore nearest it is Wadishant, وادي شنت, of the land of Afrandes, افرانديس (Flanders), and between this island and the great coast is a passage twelve miles broad. And of the cities which are in the extremest west of this island, and in a place where the land is very narrow, is Sahisnar, سهسنار —between which and the sea are 12 miles. And from this city to that of Garham, غرهام on the coast 60 miles; and so from the city of Sahisnar to the western extremity of the island, 380 miles, and from it to the port of Derbermouzah, دربرموزه (Dartmouth), 80 miles; then to the portion of the island named Kernoualia, قرنواليد 100 miles. From the city of Sahansar to Salábus, سلابوس (Salisbury?) on the coast to the north, 60 miles, and from the city of Garham to the site of the city of Haynunah (or Hambunah) هيموند which is a promontory running into the sea, 25 miles, and near it on the east runs the river Bouspiter, بونسيتير (Winchester?). To Sababúras 40 miles towards the west, and from Hambunah to the city of Sarham سرهام 60 miles, and it is near the sea. Thence along the coast to Hastings هستينكيس 50 miles, and

thence along the coast to Dubras دبرس 70 miles; and this stands upon the strait whereby they pass to the nearest portion of the continent. And from Dubras to the city of Lundras, لوندريس within the land 40 miles, and this city is on a great river which falls into the sea between Dubras and the city of Jarnamouh, جرنموه (Yarmouth?). From this last city to the city of Tar'in 90 miles, and this city is distant from the sea as much as 10 miles."

And in the same strain the account is pursued northward, giving names for which we confess we are unable to find modern English equivalents.

Some scientific fragments and accounts of natural phenomena, of a very interesting description, are to be found in Edrisi's work; from these we extract an account of a waterspout, and a dissertation on the tides—the former remarkable for its accuracy of description, and the absence of any impotent attempt at theorizing; the latter, less entitled to this praise, yet curious as showing how near an approximation to the true theory of the tides lay for centuries in the hands of the Mahomedan men of science, without their improving the conjecture into certainty. It contains also a remarkable and almost incredible error, for an eye-witness—a supposition that the tide rises every day at the same hour.

"From the island of Mouja to that of Clouds there are four days of sailing and more. This island is so named because sometimes there arise from it white clouds, which are very dangerous for vessels. There arises from them sometimes a point (literally *a tongue*), fine and long, accompanied by an impetuous wind. When this point reaches the surface of the sea there results from it a sort of ebullition; the waters are agitated as by a frightful whirlwind, and if this point reaches the ships it sinks them. Then the cloud rises and resolves itself into rain, without its being known if this rain comes from the waters of the sea, or how the thing happens."—vol. i. p. 91.

"The sea of China, the part of the sea of Senf, which is contiguous to it, the sea of Darladeri, as well as those of Herkend and of Oman, are subject to the ebb and flow of the tide. It is said that in the seas of Oman and Fars this phenomenon takes place twice in the year, so that the flow is felt during the six months of summer, whilst the contrary takes place in the western sea. Then the ebb is transferred to the west during the other six months.*

"As a vast number of opinions have been started on the subject of the tides, we feel ourselves bound to relate summarily what has been said to complete the explanation of this phenomenon.

"Aristotle and Archimedes pretend that it is owing to the action of the sun, combined with that of the wind and the waves, (as happens in

* Meaning apparently that the body of water, which, by leaving the east coast, forms the ebb there, is transferred to the western.

the Atlantic Sea, which is the ocean). This produces the tide, whilst when the wind falls and lulls, the ebb takes place.

"But Satoios* thinks that the cause of the tide lies in the successive increase of the moon up to the full, and that the ebb is to be attributed to the diminution of the phases of this celestial body. This opinion needs to be developed and explained in detail. We say then on the subject of the ebb and flow, that we have seen with our own eyes in the sea of darkness, that is to say, in the ocean which bathes the western sides of Andalusia and of Brittany, that the flood begins to take place in this sea from the second hour of the day to the beginning of the ninth. Then happens the ebb, lasting till the end of the day; then the sea rises again during six hours, after which it falls during six hours; so that the flow and ebb are each felt, once during the day and once during the night. The cause of this is the wind, which raises the sea at the commencement of the third hour of the day. As long as the sun is rising on the horizon, the flow augments with the wind. Before the fall of the day the wind falls, because the sun is more on his decline, and the ebb takes place. In the same manner, at the beginning of the night, the wind rises anew, and the calm does not succeed till the end of the night. The high tides happen during the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth nights of the (lunar) month. Then the waters rise excessively and reach points which they never arrive at until the corresponding days of the following months. This is one of the evident marvels of the Creator in these seas. The inhabitants of the Moghreb (west) are witnesses of it, and cannot doubt it. These tides are called *Feidh* or inundations."—vol. i. pp. 94, 95.

We shall conclude our extracts with a few of the incredibilia of our author, premising always that he is evidently not disposed to give them any such name. The fondness of the Mahomedan reader for accredited marvels is extreme, if we are to judge by the many works in which they are recorded, and in which the fiction is mixed up with important and valuable truths. The most famous of these is the *Ajaib Al Makhluât*, or Wonders of the Creation, by Kazwini; in this may be found one at least of the extracts we are about to give—the one immediately following.

"They relate that at an epoch anterior to that of Alexander, there was a dragon in this island that devoured every thing that came in his way, oxen, asses, and other animals. When Alexander landed there, the inhabitants complained of the mischief which this dragon did them, and implored the help of the hero; the monster had already devoured the greater part of their flocks—every day they placed two slain bulls beside his den; he came out to devour them, and then withdrew till the next day,

* Note by M. Jaubert. The name of this philosopher, probably a Greek, is indecipherable. Does the author allude to Ctesias, or rather to Poseidonius, whose system in fact was somewhat like the ideas developed in this passage?—See *Strabo*, Book iii.

awaiting a fresh tribute. Alexander asked the inhabitants if the monster was in the habit of coming out by one hole or by many; they replied that he always came out by the same. Then Alexander had the place pointed out to him, and went there, followed by several of the inhabitants, taking with him two bulls; immediately the monster advanced like a black cloud, his eyes glittering like lightnings, and his mouth vomiting flames; he devoured the bulls and disappeared. The next day and the day following Alexander made them place two calves near his cavern, but this prey was not enough to appease the monster's hunger. Alexander ordered the islanders to take two bulls, skin them, fill their skins with a mixture of oil, sulphur, lime, and arsenic, and to expose them in the place pointed out. The dragon came out of his cavern and devoured this new sort of prey; a few moments after, feeling himself poisoned by this composition, into which besides they had taken care to put some iron hooks, he made all imaginable efforts to vomit it; but the hooks sticking in his throat, he fell over with his mouth yawning open. Then, in accordance with the plan laid by Alexander, they heated a bar of iron, and placing it on a plate of the same metal, darted it into the monster's throat; the composition took fire in his entrails and he expired. Thus God put a stop to the scourge which afflicted the inhabitants of this island. They thanked Alexander for it, showed him great affection, and offered him considerable presents, consisting of various curiosities of their island. They gave him, among other things, a little animal which resembled a hare, but whose skin was of a yellow, brilliant as gold. This animal, called the A'raj, has a black horn, and by his presence alone puts to flight lions, serpents, wild beasts and birds."—vol. i. pp. 198—200.

* * * * *

"There exist in the sea of China and of the Indies animals a hundred cubits long and twenty-four broad, on whose backs rise like humps, and as if vegetating, rocks of scales, on which ships are sometimes broken. Navigators relate that they attack these animals with bows and arrows, and force them thus to turn from their path. They add that they seize the least of them and boil them in caldrons, and that their flesh melts and changes into a liquid fat. This oily substance is renowned in Yemen, in Aden, on the coasts of Fars, of Qinan, and in the seas of India and China. The people of these regions make use of this substance to stop the holes of vessels."—vol. i. p. 96.*

"There is in the sea of China an animal known under the name of El-Ghaidah. It has two wings, by means of which it rises from the bottom (of the sea) and transports itself, in spite of its weight, upon vessels. It is a hundred cubits long or thereabouts. When the sailors perceive it, they make a noise by means of pieces of wood struck one against the other. The creature retires and leaves them a free path.

* Many of the eastern fables of natural history appear to have arisen from mingling the accounts of two different creatures. Here, for example, if any thing really existing be alluded to, we should suppose it to be the cuttle fish, much exaggerated, whilst the deliquescent properties of the smaller specimens remind us of what is told of some of the sea snakes.

Besides, thanks be to God, the fate of this great animal is attached to that of a little fish named el Mabidah. When it perceives it, it flies and takes refuge in the abysses of the sea, at such a depth that it is safe from the pursuit of this little fish."—vol. i. p. 97.

Of M. Jaubert's share in this book—the translation, the notes and the various readings—we ought to say a few words, the rather as there is a spirit of very unaffected looking modesty running through the preface and notes whenever he has to speak of himself, and he in many places frankly acknowledges his obligations to his literary conferees for help in translation, or the suggestion of a conjecture. The notes are generally short, but to the purpose, and have the valuable property of coming in when they are wanted. Perhaps a little more paralleling of the Arabic with the European names would have been an improvement. The translator has adopted the judicious course of giving the Arabic as well as the Roman writing of the most important names of places, animals, &c. In spite however of the somewhat formidable appearance thus given to the pages, we can assure the general reader that he will find this a very amusing work to pick his way through—we do not say to read through—while to the student of geography it is certainly a valuable present, of which the worth is little diminished by the circumstance that there already existed the insufficient and not very accurate translation of the Maronites, Ecchelensis and Sionita.

ART. III.—*Om Straff och Straff-anstalter, 2dra Upplagan.* (On Punishments and on Prisons. Second Edition.) 8vo. Stockholm. 1840.

THE work bearing this title has excited so much interest in the country where it first appeared,* and is itself so interesting and important, that we cannot help thinking it our duty to give some account of its origin, and some specimens of the style and arguments to be found in its pages.

In 1832 a board of talented jurists, after many years' labours, published in the Swedish capital their celebrated "Proposition for an amended Code of Law and Punishment in Sweden." This work, the adoption of which has hitherto been prevented by the jealousies of the court, notwithstanding that Norway already enjoys the benefits of its improved code, lays down a separate plan

* A translation has lately appeared in German, and a French one is said to be in preparation. One in Norwegian will be published shortly.

for the reform of prison discipline and the abandonment of corporal punishments within the kingdom. The ill success attending the scandalously mismanaged corruption-spreading Houses of Correction established in 1819 and following years, the dreadful consequences to public morals resulting from the system of modified serf-ism existing by law in Sweden under another name (*försvarstöshet*), and the alarming increase of crime of late years throughout the country and especially in the capital, have deeply impressed the Swedish nation with the necessity of some thorough change in their whole system of prison legislation. Taking advantage of this feeling in the public mind, and anxious that the change may be effectual, advantageous, and enlightened, his Royal Highness Oscar, Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, and already not unknown as an author of taste, has entered the arena with the elegantly written pamphlet now under discussion, and more immediately intended for the perusal of the members of the Diet at present sitting in Stockholm.

This tolerably lengthy work is remarkable for its generally sound views and liberal sentiments, for its probing the question to the bottom in all its details, for the air of calm self-possession and unaffected benevolence which pervades every part of it, for the modesty breathing through the whole, and for the broadness of the principles upon which it founds its conclusions. Originality, of course, could hardly be expected on such a question; but we are everywhere struck with the noble author's comprehensiveness, clearness and decision. It is to these qualities and to the abundance of information carefully selected from various sources, and skilfully compressed within its chapters, that it owes its welcome reception and its having reached in so few days to a second large edition.*

True it is that this new *production*, however meritorious it may be in itself, on a *subject* new no longer, cannot but fill the mind with melancholy reflections and a gloomy foreboding. What is it that has driven so many hundreds of philosophers, men of letters, statesmen and philanthropists (as the age calls them, though they are often mere phrase-mongers), to devote week after week and year after year to the consideration of

“Subjects grimly weighty,”

social police, the laws of arrest, the minimum of existence to be

* The profits are devoted by the royal author to the lately-established Swedish “Gutenberg Institution,” a kind of Printers’ Benevolent Society formed at the late Printing Jubilee celebrated in Stockholm as well as over the Continent.

allowed in prisons, and the maximum of labour to be exacted out of them? What is it that now even disturbs a prince in his palace, drawing him from his pleasures and pursuits, winning him from the delicacies of refinement and the temptations of modern luxury, and calling him from

“Parliaments and courts and pomp and state,”

to questions of the prisoner's fare and the gaoler's pay, the starving pauper's prospects, and the straight and narrow cell of the criminal and the unfortunate?—Is it merely and in itself *benevolence*? Alas, no! We do not mean that the individuals who are daily communicating to us their thoughts on these points are more destitute of feeling than their neighbours; on the contrary, many of them are distinguished for their ceaseless exertions that they may enjoy the luxury of doing good, and for even daring to be “singular” in their ideas of right. What we do mean is, that the actual and immediate cause of this great European movement, the pressing reason assigned by these writers themselves as their apology for entering the field of controversy, is—the increase of crime, the crowding of old prisons and the want of new ones, the spread of demoralization among the lower (that is, the kernel) classes, and the alarming features gradually assuming by our modern pauperization.

Every effort, then, to modify or ameliorate prisons or their denizens should be a fresh incitement to us to contemplate for ourselves how matters stand among us, and to see that this boasted philanthropy of gaol-reforms does not aim at cure rather than at prevention, and does not often legalize terrorism and suffering under the disguise of benevolent change. Certain it is that the cell-system *may* be made one of the most atrociously cruel, negatively effective, and at the same time apparently innocent punishments ever invented by the spirit of our modern class-legislation. In our own country we have *personally* known it end, more than once or twice or thrice, in madness and misery, suicide and death.

But let us listen to our royal author's observations in the first part of his first chapter—“*On Punishments.*”

“A people's morals and intelligence are always best appreciated by the spirit of its legislation. This is more particularly the case with its criminal laws, which are more easily accommodated to the increasing claims of humanity and justice than the civil law, which is in many respects more dependent on national customs and ideas, and often on local peculiarities. At the same time it must never be forgotten, that a civil code founded on natural and reasonable motives is one of the most effectual means for destroying antiquated abuses and deep-rooted prejudices,

and constitutes a condition highly important for the developement of an enlightened national spirit and a genuine love of country.

"Society, in order to advance undisturbed to its great goal—moral and intellectual improvement and general prosperity—must be built on a foundation accordant with reason, and must be so established as to give protection against whatever may disturb the general security or insult private right. The outward independence and the inward legal subsistence of the state must be secured against traitorous designs; the private man's life and welfare must be guarded against violence and persecution; property must be shielded from lawless attacks. It is from these indispensable conditions for the existence and progress of society, which is the will of God revealed in the interior instincts and exterior wants of man, that we may trace the rise of the peculiar *right of punishment* which society wields, and which finally reposes on reason and on justice.

"But an acknowledged idea of legal right must, in order to continue its quality of rightfulness, be carried out in a spirit consonant with its origin. The form which it assumes must be supported by the admitted ground, and must conscientiously and consequentially fulfil all its demands; else this form will contradict its own archetype, and will at last pass over to its opposite.

"Hence it follows, that a choice of the punishments themselves must be made under a religious acknowledgment of a superior organization of the universe, and an enlightened respect for the value of man; they must be altogether just, both as regards their *quality*, or character, and their *quantity*, or the amount answering to the greatness of the crime. They must also be reasonable, that is, so psychologically calculated, as to tend to the criminal's improvement, and thus strive to prevent a renewed infraction of the system of law instituted for the common benefit.

"This, in its perfection, is the form assumed by punishment; this the end to which all organization of punishment ought to aspire. That it cannot in reality be completely reached, is to be explained partly from the imperfection inseparable from everything human, and partly from those outward circumstances which often exercise so powerful an influence as to form a kind of *relative law*. This fact may account for, and even excuse, the bye-paths to which criminal legislation has so often wandered, and where it may yet so frequently be found; but it can never be appealed to, either in regard to its historical ground or to its existence as a fact, in order to prevent an useful approach to a theory of punishment more adapted to the spread of intelligence and the claims of humanity,—for the effort to approach nearer and nearer to *perfection*, is one of the marks of the divine origin of man! To listen unprejudiced to the experience so often dearly bought of past times, to draw thence learning and leading rightly to judge and answer to the demands of the present age, and thus to prepare the possibility of a rational understanding of the problem which posterity in its turn will have to solve,—this it is which constitutes the real *continuity* in the advancing cultivation of the human race. The actual value of every foundation, whether in the

range of thought or of matter, depends upon the structure which can be raised upon it; for, just as undeniably as that the latter cannot subsist without the support of the former, so little can the ground constitute of itself anything whole and complete.

"Heathenism had *its* legal views, which were compelled to give way before the loving, the justice-breathing doctrines of Christianity. Ignorance and darkness long intercepted its everlasting and all-enlivening light, but its mild spirit overcame at last outward hindrances and worldly opposition, and taught man, even while punishing his fallen brother, to seek the fulfilment of the demands of Christian love. To adapt these sentiments to both punishments and prisons is an object of worthy emulation between the enlightened nations of Europe and of the New World."*

Prince Oscar next investigates the question of capital punishments, against which, whatever may be the nature of the crime committed, he opposes himself with great strenuousness. He would not retain them in any case or on any condition. For our own part we cannot help regarding the punishment of death for such crimes as rape and murder as the most agreeable to reason and instinct of any yet adopted, and as *far more merciful* than a cagement for life in a horrible cell, where year after year goes by without human intercourse, with no interchange of affection, with an almost hunger-diet simple but not sweet, and deprived of the least gleam of hope! What can such a life amount to but an idiotic vegetation, or the gnawing of the spirit upon itself?—"Life is more than meat and the body than raiment." There must be some shield round the sanctity of human existence more than round the "stuff" or the "states" artificially created by "the developement of society." The extremes of punishing crimes against the person with death,—the same penalty as *was* exacted for crimes against property,—and crimes against property with perpetual isolation,—the same punishment as *is* proposed for crimes against the person,—are both, and for the same reason, equally *immoral*; they put asunder what God hath joined, like for like (property or its equivalent for property or its equivalent), and life for life (blood for blood). In fact, we imagine the modern sensitiveness of executions and dread of death to arise merely or principally—not from any sentiment of mercy, for this is a virtue our statutes daily outrage, but—from the effeminate petty cowardice produced by modern selfishness and luxury.

In the course of the views advanced by our author on the inefficiency of capital punishments, we are presented with the following interesting table.

"TABLE OF ANNUAL EXECUTIONS.

Spain	one in .	122,000	Inhabitants.
Sweden	one in .	172,000	do.
Norway { from 1832 to 1834	one in .	720,000	do.
{ from 1835 to 1837	none.		
Ireland	one in .	200,000	do.
England	one in .	250,000	do.
France	one in .	447,000	do.
Baden {	one in .	400,000	do.
{ in 1834	one in .	1,230,000	do.
Austria, in Germany	one in .	840,000	do.
Wurtemberg	one in .	750,000	do.
Pennsylvania	one in .	829,000	do.
Bavaria	one in .	2,000,000	do.
Prussia	one in .	1,700,000	do.
Vermont, since 1814	none.		
Belgium, since 1830	none.		

"In spite of the number of executions, comparatively to the population, being greatest in Spain and next in Sweden and Ireland, it is sufficiently well known that the number of crimes committed there is greater instead of being less, than in many other lands where capital punishments are either quite unknown or are very sparingly used. We also find that capital punishments have been least necessary in those states where the greatest efforts have been made for the spread of intelligence and the removal of those bands which fetter private industry. The example of Prussia is in this respect highly remarkable."*

"Another objection, not less important, attending punishments so repulsive to humanity is, that if they are applied without mercy, the supreme power is reproached as excessively severe; if pardons are conferred too often, we encourage contempt of the law and carelessness for its punishments. We have seen that in Sweden, next to Spain, the punishment of death has been most frequently applied, and yet, during the last seven years, forty-three individuals condemned to death have upon the average been pardoned annually."†

From *capital* Prince Oscar proceeds to *corporal* punishments, which he very justly considers as highly injurious to the community no less than to the criminal.

"But, it is objected, corporal punishments are inseparably united with our manners, our habits and our traditional customs. This assertion reposes, I imagine, on a misunderstanding, a confusion of the views of a past period with those of the present. Corporal punishments were connected with public opinion, as long as they were in accordance with the prevalent religious ideas. The church itself pointed *them* out as a means of salvation, and the penitent sinner believed that by flagellation, bodily suffering and severe fasts, he should recover the peace of conscience he

* Pp. 7, 8.

† Pp. 10, 11.

had lost. So far from being disgraceful, corporal punishments were then regarded as an act of atonement, and the only proper way to a second reception into the bosom of the church. Thus we find them united with church penance and confession, whereby the criminal, purified by his punishment, was restored to the congregation. But this belief, these ideas, have long since disappeared. Public opinion, in our day, brands the punished criminal with an almost indelible disgrace, and throws him back with detestation from its bosom. Of all those who defend the suitability of public whipping, is there one who will take the whipped offender into his service? Have we not then created a class of *Parias*, or moral outlaws, who are compelled to regard themselves as at continual war with society?"*

But if corporal punishments are to be altogether abandoned, we must of course find a substitute *at least* equally efficacious without being disproportionately expensive. This leads to an examination of the so-long applauded transportation system, that mistaken theory which has inflicted such serious injury on Great Britain and her colonies by its enormous expense, its tempting laxity or passionate cruelty, for extremes beget extremes, and the flood of deep pollution it has poured into the bosom of a young world. After a calm review of the whole case, Prince Oscar very naturally concludes, that any plan of transportation would in no way be suitable or advantageous for Sweden, every possible benefit resulting from it being equally to be found at home, and "it being, if not sufficiently terrible to those against whom it is directed, only so much the more so to those whose taxed incomes must supply the financial means which are so oppressive."†

Transportation being condemned as dangerous and dear, the amiable writer goes on to inquire into the relative values of the different systems of improved imprisonment now spreading over Europe and America. The many attempts based on a plan of classification are shown to have been entire and necessary failures; no one being able to classify and gauge the evil dispositions of an evil heart, so that parity of outward offence may herd the hardened criminal with the comparatively untutored novice in vice, and all the consequences of mutual corruption speedily exhibiting themselves in the discharged but returning prisoners. There remains no choice therefore, if we will cut down the monster by the roots, but between the Panopticon Penitentiary of Bentham, and the modified Silent System of Auburn. After having shown that the Philadelphia system, when humanely guarded, is *not* injurious to the health, and that the number of relapsed criminals is far under that attendant on the Auburn plan, we are presented with the following simplified results of the whole:—

* Pp. 14, 15.

† Pp. 20.

"That the Auburn system, by completely separating the prisoners during the night, and prohibiting any communication during the busy employments of the day, already contains an important reform upon the usual prison punishments with or without classification.

"That, however, it gives occasion to dangerous abuses; that the discipline can scarcely be kept up for any length of time, and demands severe and capricious applications of corporal chastisements which irritate as well as degrade the prisoner.

"That, as regards the erection of the prison, it is less expensive; unless we suppose that the length of confinement can be materially diminished in consequence of the punishment being rendered more severe. In this latter case, the calculations of Dr. Julius show that the cost of building is as nine to ten in favour of the Pennsylvanian system.

"That the Auburn plan requires a greater number of men as guards than the Pennsylvanian.

"That the factory work in common of the former system, a labour which is forced by outward means, is certainly more profitable than cell free labour, but that it operates less advantageously on the prisoner's inclinations for industry and his real ability to support himself at a succeeding period.

"That the Philadelphian system works out more deeply and more directly the prisoner's mental improvement. That, through self-reflection and a painful but beneficial loneliness, it tames his disposition and quenches his evil passions. That it represents labour as a desirable and comforting employment, and encourages greater skill in the workman.

"That it entirely prevents injurious acquaintances and dangerous communications among the prisoners.

"Hence, again, we may draw the following conclusions:—

"That the Philadelphian system ought in the first place to be made use of for the separation of those unfortunate beings who are only just entering on the path of crime, from old and hardened criminals; for in this way alone can the contagious interchange of instruction, which produces in our prisons such continual and increasing corruption, be efficiently stopped.

"That this system is also exceedingly suitable for those individuals who may be regarded as capable of reformation, and who, after suffering their free punishment, will return to society.

"That all District, County, and other Detention Buildings, Houses of Correction, and Prisons in which malefactors are condemned to be confined for a term of years, ought to be provided with cells and otherwise organized on the Pennsylvanian plan of entire isolation.

"That the Auburn system, on the contrary, only seems applicable as the improvement of the prisoner is despaired of, (for instance, after many relapses, or exposure for a number of years to the deep demoralization of our present prisons), and for those who are condemned for a longer period than that for which the solitary system is regarded as suitable without injury to the health."*

Having thus established the undoubted excellence of the Solitary System over that of mere silent labour,* which always exposes the unfortunate penitent to the recollection and future designs of his associates, the Prince examines how far this system is applicable to Sweden, and whether or not it is called for by the state of crime and the tendency of the lowest classes to *swamp* all legislative barriers by ignorant audacious degradation and brutal insolence. This subject is one of deep importance to those who have any regard for the great principles of analysis which ought to precede every important change in legislative enactment, and especially to all who have followed the late dispute between Mr. Laing and his adversaries on the Criminal Statistics of Sweden. Written so recently, and by an author so well informed and who has access to every material afforded by the private and public archives of the state, we cannot doubt the truth of the facts presented to us, or the justice of the reasonings deduced therefrom:—

“ The following statements, partly taken from a report delivered in 1839, by the chief inspector of the Swedish prison discipline, afford us serious subjects for contemplation.

“ The number of criminals received into the county gaols and town prisons, amounted

	Males.	Females.	Total.
In 1835 to 10,500.....	1931.....		12,431
.. 1838 .. 12,488.....	2784.....		15,272

“ The increase of this kind of prisoners has thus been in three years,

	Males.	Females.	Total.
1988.....	853.....		2841

“ In this number the so-called transport prisoners† have not been reckoned, but as this head may yet possibly include persons under arrest who have been several times repeated in the lists, as having been removed from one prison to another for further examination, we will deduct about one-sixth,‡ which will then leave the following results:—

In 1835.....	10,368 persons.
.. 1838.....	12,727 ..

“ If this increase of 2359 prisoners in three years, or on the average 7.58 per cent. annually, be allowed to proceed unchecked, the Swedish county and town gaols would receive in the course of 1848 not less than 20,589 individuals, which shows that in thirteen years the number of prisoners would be doubled.

* For information on the American systems of prison discipline, see the Foreign Quarterly Review, No. xxiii., July, 1833.

† “ Namely, such as have been received into the county gaols on their line of route, when under transport, and thus ought only to be registered at one place.”

‡ We cannot help thinking this very serious diminution far too great, especially as the transport prisoners were not included in the total number.

" If we compare the number of criminals with the Swedish population, we shall find the following ratio between the one and the other:—

Population.		Prisoners.	
In 1835..	3,025,439..	10,368,	making 1 in 291=0.34 per cent.
.. 1838..	3,100,439..	12,727	243=0.41 ..
.. 1848..	3,345,439 ..	20,589	162=0.62 ..

" The increase of population is calculated at 25,000 yearly, which, on comparing the statements of the table commission for the last twenty years, would appear to be a correct average.

" We learn from the above that, while the population only advances 0.83 per cent., but the number of prisoners (as the experience of the last three years shows us) 7.58 per cent. yearly, the latter increase in a proportion nine times stronger than the advance of the population.

" In the capital especially, this fact exhibits itself with a really melancholy truth; for if we compare the population (82,625 inhabitants) with the number of the prisoners, we shall find

In 1835.....	2611 prisoners,	or 1 in 31.65.
.. 1836.....	3135 ..	or 1 .. 26.36.
.. 1837.....	4285 ..	or 1 .. 19.29.
.. 1838.....	5404 ..	or 1 .. 15.29.

" This shows us that the number of prisoners in the capital has been more than doubled in the three years which have elapsed from 1835 to 1838.

" If we examine separately the increase among the prisoners condemned to hard labour, and the inmates of the houses of correction, we shall find the following results:—

Prisoners for Life.

In 1834....	561.
.. 1838....	654, making + 93, or 4.46 per cent. yearly.

Prisoners condemned to a certain Period of Labour.

In 1834.....	556.
.. 1835.....	745, making + 189, or 8.45 per cent. yearly.

Pioneers.

In 1834.....	307.
.. 1838.....	307.

" Pioneers remaining in the county gaols in 1838, for want of room in Carlsborg, 103.

Prisoners condemned to an indefinite Period of Labour.

In 1834.....	1523.
.. 1838.....	1699, making + 176, or 2.89 per cent. yearly.

" In addition to the above, 144 prisoners were still in the county gaols in 1838, for want of room in the houses of correction.

Prisoners on Confession.

In 1834.....	12.
.. 1838.....	13.

" Total amount of the above-mentioned prisoners,

In 1834.....	2959.
.. 1838.....	3665, making + 703, or 5.95 per cent. yearly.

" If we add this number (3665) to that of the prisoners in the county gaols, the 1st of January, 1839, (2016,) we shall have a product of 5681, or 1 in every 546 souls, (the number of inhabitants being reckoned at 3,100,439).

" In the same proportion as the number of prisoners, the amount of expense has also increased.

" The payments were

In 1824.....	153,934	R. D. Banco.
.. 1829.....	270,390	..
.. 1837.....	464,478	..

" But besides these sums, the expenses for the criminal department of the city of Stockholm reached

In 1834..... to	6,769	R. D. Banco.
.. 1838.....	11,364	..
.. 1839, first half-year,	9,485	..

" In these sums are not included either the allowances from the general building grant, or the several payments granted by the diet, or the separate payments of the towns for the prisoners confined in their gaols.

" If hereto we add the number of days' labour entirely lost—amounting in the houses of correction alone, where opportunities of work are notwithstanding provided on a tolerably large scale, to 110,000, only in the year 1838—we shall easily perceive how exorbitant these payments are, and how they annually increase with an increasing list of criminals.

" This picture, which faithfully represents a state of things, as sorrowful to the humane as it is dangerous to the calm and contentment of society, proves most unequivocally the very pressing necessity of attempting to uproot this terrible evil by powerful and extensive measures, before its destructive plague reaches the vital principle of civil organization. In the first chapter of this work, I stated the subjects which ought to be investigated in relation hereto. The want of more general education occupies the very first place, and the surest method of advancing this national concernment is, the establishment of popular schools which shall teach not merely a certain amount of worldly knowledge, but also a deep and true religious feeling. Without this harmonious development of understanding and of feeling, the reading of a catechism will degenerate into an empty and meaningless act of memory, and practical knowledge will be easily degraded into a dangerous tool for corrupt purposes. Education, which is always the greatest balancer of prejudice and suspicion, is a *conditio sine quâ non* for the possibility of more generally spreading principles of rational agriculture, while at the same time it has a very great influence upon the enlargement and improvement of domestic arts and home employment.

" Let us never forget that 1200, or about the half, of our parishes are still destitute of schools, and that parental care—which in Sweden has long been the only means, and will long be an important one, of popular education—in our days requires the assistance of the school to preserve its influence and its sanctity.

" But if it is a truth, no one will deny, that uncultivated savage ignorance is the chief source of crime, we must also admit that it is often

caused by misery and want. Society ought therefore to protect and encourage trade, commerce and navigation, and this not so much as a guardian, but rather like an attentive and enlightened physician, who knows when and how to do away with whatever hinders the free and powerful development of the natural tendencies. This should exhibit itself less in a severely juridical examination of the possibility any one may have of obtaining his support, than in actively procuring him new and widened paths for that purpose.

"An improved municipal system, and an improved poor law, are also among those measures which are imperatively called for to enable us, with any hope of success, to put a limit to the increasing poverty and demoralization which surround us. It is only by these energetic and united means that society can heal the evil at its very root." *

But our space forbids us to extract more largely from these interesting pages, interesting in themselves and for their own sake, and not less so as showing the sentiments of the future sovereign of two united nations. Surely some one will favour the English public with a translation of the whole work.

The expense of erecting prisons on the solitary system, where required, and of modifying those already in existence, after the Auburn system, so as to ensure an efficient and moral control over the whole body of Swedish criminals, the Prince estimates at 2,777,820 R. D. Banco, or about 231,485*l.* sterling. This is certainly a large sum, but our author proves that, if things are allowed to remain on their present footing, this sum *will* be paid in a very few years without *any* improvement in those schools of crime, the existing prisons, and that a change of system would allow a material diminution of the periods of imprisonment, so as to cut off a large share of the present outlay for the support of the prisoners in the public gaols. He also recommends the *gradual* introduction of the Philadelphian system, so as to learn by experience what advantages it may possess, and lessen the expense attending its adoption.

The whole subject is exemplified in all its details. We have drawings of plans, estimates, calculations, explanations, &c. on every point. At the same time, a due regard is paid to the claims of Swedish peculiarities. The book is national, and this is not the least of its merits.

Notwithstanding the gratification which its perusal has afforded us, however, we cannot but remark one or two omissions which we would willingly see supplied in a third edition. Nothing is said as to the treatment or classification of *political prisoners*. Now if by this silence it is meant—by the aid of a Swedish "jury," as *lucus a non lucendo*—quietly to hand over a political opponent

or unruly oppositionist, or hated man of letters, to the tender mercies and intolerable sufferings of solitary imprisonment, in a cell 9 feet by 5 (if for one year), or 13 feet by 9 (if for more than one year), *with* one or two hours' exercise per *week* in a small yard, and *without* any other alleviation than "work" if requested, two or three "religious books," and the "consolations" of the "official chaplain,"* too often merely a sneaking, spying, tale-bearing informer,—friends and relatives being all prohibited entrance,†—then we say such a law would suit the purpose of modern state-prosecutors equally as well as the "wells" of Venice or the "fortresses" of Austria, without the odium of either the one or the other!

We also find nothing added in defence of the right of the *unconvicted* prisoner, to every comfort and privilege consistent with the safe keeping of his person. Solitary confinement, in his case, we would highly recommend; it preserves him from the contamination of gaol acquaintances, and affords him leisure for repose and instruction; but it should always be understood that the prisoner is innocent until he is proved to be guilty; and as such his friends should have free access to him, under proper regulations, and the indulgence of air and exercise, books and writings, should never be denied him.

This subject of the exclusion of friends is one which has been too much overlooked. Why should we endeavour to make the prison as painful, as torturing as possible, without the infliction of *physical* thumb-screws, pullies, and Spanish boots? Is the great end for which we *say* we institute solitary cells,—the awakening of moral feelings and the restoration of its proper tone of innocence to the corrupted heart—to be accomplished by forbidding the unfortunate prisoner ever to see or hear the endearing associations of father, mother, wife and child; or do not the tender, and melting, and purifying ideas these visits would excite, aid the other appliances and connections with humanity, and a higher principle inculcated by the ministry of God and his medical attendant? Of a verity, we are too inhuman in our projects; too refined in our exclusions of natural instinct from the prison-house.

* It gives us pleasure to observe, that Prince Oscar severely blames the present neglect of prisons by the public, and the turning over of the important duties occurring there to a state functionary, and then washing our hands of the whole business. The chaplain he keeps as a necessary officer, but he urges the Christian citizen-philanthropist to lose no opportunity of *personally* visiting the poor man's prison, and of administering to his sick soul and broken fortunes.

† The above are a part of the Prince's proposed sizes and regulations for his new prisons.

Instead of barring the cell inmate from sunbeams* and from society, we would plant a wide garden-plot with trees, filled with singing birds, and pretty harmless flowers; we would let him bask in the golden ray and feast his eye on the shooting leaf; his wife should not be far from him, his child should once more climb upon his knee; God, man, nature, grace, solitude, society, and judgments mixed with *mercy*, should all call him back to innocence and purity, and then we might hear at last that gaol reformations were not† Utopian!

Before we conclude, we take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to Prince Oscar for the general tone of real humanity pervading his pages. He demands, for instance, that mother and child shall never be separated; that the prison fare shall *not* be a starvation torture; that the prisoner's earnings shall not all be swallowed up to reimburse the state; that efforts shall be widely and zealously made by local committees and general inspectors to provide honest employment for the *discharged* victim of crime, poverty or ignorance; and that, above all, education, poor relief and Christian love, shall endeavour to prevent, rather than to punish, breaches of the law. Sentiments such as these do Prince Oscar honour; they will flourish when thrones are forgotten and empty titles shall be no more. They will smoothe the pillow of disease and death in this world, and will "go before" to brighter realms, to welcome him to laurels which will never fade, to a crown which shall never be removed from the immortal temples it wreathes and enfolds. "*I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me!*"

To Mr. Kelly, the proposer of the abolishment of capital punishment altogether; to Sir Hesketh Fleetwood, the elegant advocate of Victor Hugo's notions on this subject, on which we have adverted in F. Q. R. No. 50, and to all other abolitionists, we recommend a careful perusal of Prince Oscar's book, since they are bound to make out a system of equal efficiency and moral restraint with the one they seek to demolish.

* We have seen in several of the newly-erected more or less solitary confinement prisons of England and Scotland, that the cell windows are so constructed as to admit a little light but to exclude the sun! *We will not* characterize as we ought this cruel detail of a cruel system in a Christian land!

† All parties agree that, even in the new cell-gaols, partial reform is rather the result of terror or of prudence than of conviction.

- ART. IV.—1. *Guida dell' Educatore, e Letture per i fanciulli, foglio mensile, compilato da Raffaello Lambruschini.* No. 1—60. Florence. 1836—1841.
2. *Lettture Popolari, foglio settimanale, pubblicato a Torino.* 1837—1841.
3. *Saggio di Racconti, offerto ai giovanetti Italiani da Pietro Thouar.* Firenze. 1841.

"NOWHERE does the *plant man* grow so well as in Italy," was the quaint but pithy remark of Alfieri, who of all writers ought to be the least liable to the charge of patriotic partiality, if, at least, we are to believe that he was sincere in his assertion, "that Asti was his birth-place, but he looked on the whole world as his country."

That the soil and climate of the Italian peninsula is highly favourable to the growth and development of all physical, moral and intellectual faculties of the human race, as to every other kind of animal and vegetable life, it would be as idle and useless to attempt to demonstrate as it would be difficult and unjust to gainsay.

We need not go far back in the past and ascend to the happier eras of Roman and medieval greatness, when the high training of military discipline, or the spirit of commercial enterprise, called into action the energies of that gifted nation; we have only to visit the most obscure suburbs of the *Trastevere* at Rome, the *Molo* at Naples, and the *Porto-Franco* at Genoa, or otherwise to ramble along the whole range of the Apennines, or through the vallies of Brescia and Bergamo, to feel convinced that nature is still true to herself, and that individually the *plant man* springs from that genial ground as robust, sound and healthful, and is as susceptible of attaining the highest degree of mental and bodily perfection, as when fostered by the blessed air of liberty, and cheered and warmed by the sacred sunbeams of religion, glory and patriotism.

The comparative barrenness and deterioration of that privileged garden is consequently attributable only to one obvious reason—the want or the inopportunity of culture.

Education is all that constitutes the wide difference between a free citizen of the Roman commonwealth, and the ragged, priest-ridden, brutified Lazzarone, whose very worship is an abomination in the sight of God.

Hence the necessity of preparing the lowest classes for those political vicissitudes which may eventually rescue their country from its civil and religious thralldom, is universally felt among those Italian patriots who most earnestly labour at the promotion of

their national cause. Every one feels that their people must be men ere they presume to be freemen: that education is the first, the surest, the most efficient and radical, as well as the only legitimate revolution. Hence this word—education—which has of late given rise to so many wild and vague speculations, on which honest men of all creeds, sects and parties seem equally to place implicit reliance, but to which all of them are apt to give such strange, such widely different interpretations, has made its way and created its wonted ferment even in Italy: and surely there is no country in the world so utterly in want of the redeeming influence of that most powerful social engine, or one in which its application is likely to be attended with more immediate and luminous results. The most fertile field can best reward the toils of the husbandman.

To doubt the influence of education would be to call in question the infinite perfectibility, and, therefore, the divine origin of the human mind. And we do not, for a moment, admit that any honest man will conscientiously oppose or discountenance the efforts of those who ardently and zealously, though sometimes rather too sanguinely and indiscriminately, labour at the propagation of popular instruction.

Education—that most irresistible of moral agents, whose ascendancy can be equally extended over all created things, that Orpheus' lyre which dragged stones and trees after its charmed strains, that indefatigable virtue which

“ — homini docuit parere leones,”

which gave the English horse so decided a superiority even over the native Arabian breed, cannot lose its redeeming powers when turned to the improvement of that sovereign being, whose mortal part alone is liable to the imperfections and infirmities of this perishable world.

Man is essentially the most docile of beings; he is equal to any station to which he is properly trained; who doubts it? but these universally-acknowledged and long-hackneyed truisms which sound so fair and irrefutable in theory, cannot equally stand the test of practical experiment.

Education has hitherto been considered only in the abstract, as if the whole social order could be made subservient to its Utopian views; as if, according to the ideas of Lycurgus and St. Simon, the political edifice could be based on the fundamental discipline of the school.

But the main object of education should be to fit man for life. It ought to instil into the youth's mind that there is a society already in existence, in which he is to fill a place, in which he will have duties to perform, hardships and storms to endure. It ought

to teach man to know himself, to resign and reconcile him to his lot; to recognize and adore the hand of Providence, even in those social arrangements which might strike him as unjust and arbitrary; to lift him above the petty miseries of life, not only by a firm but by an active belief in another and a better world.

Religion is the foundation of all education. But we know of no establishment, either in Italy or elsewhere, where instruction is based on such holy principles. We know of no school, however humble, in which the hope of worldly preferment is not held up as the reward of diligence and perseverance, in which study is not considered as the great leveller which is to raise the low-born and indigent on a par with the minion of fortune.

Hence the most immediate effect of education has been hitherto only to bring up a restless, anxious generation, tortured by the cravings of inordinate ambition, maddened by rare examples of individual, exceptional success; fretting, wrestling, elbowing each other with a wrathful emulation; most apt, no doubt, to give the whole social order a rapid onward impulse, but no less tending to drive contentment from the face of the civilized world. This state of feverish activity, which allows no man to rest quietly under his father's roof, which causes all human felicity to consist in the ascent of a few steps in that scale which rises as we climb, can, however, be turned to more practical objects and prove less pernicious to the social order in those countries which by their peculiar situation afford a more ample sphere of action. In England and America, for instance, there is less want of elbow-room than in many of the continental countries. America has a continent, England a world to colonize. On the back-ground of civilization there opens before the Briton and American a wide region of swamps and forests, of islands and peninsulas, a refuge for the outcasts of society. As long as Van Diemen's Land has coasts to settle on; as long as the valley of the Mississippi has marshes to drain and woodlands to clear, a rich soil and a blessed climate to rebuild broken fortunes and soothe disappointment, these two countries will proceed with uninterrupted prosperity; as long as they are in possession of such extensive and immediate means of getting rid of all corrupting elements, corruption cannot strike deep roots. Civil and religious passions may ruffle the surface, but the waters are too shallow to be much troubled by storms.

The continental nations, with the exception perhaps of heroic Greece and medieval Italy, have never well understood this system of colonization, on which, however, more than on any constitutional providence, lies the secret source of social security. They never learnt, as the Britons, to carry their country along with them, to bid their homes a lasting farewell without looking back or repin-

ing. The Briton is the true cosmopolite. He is, as it has been cleverly observed, proud of his country, as of something that belongs to him, that is part of him, and that follows him from pole to pole. His rights, his inalienable franchises are his country: and wherever there be liberty, he can feel equally at home. Before the second generation he considers himself as separate from the father-land he sprang from. He forgets it, abjures it, throws off its allegiance and wars against it, whenever its claims interfere with his own interests. At home and abroad the Briton is the reasonable being par excellence. Patriotism with him is never mingled with the alloy of local predilections. The dread of penury is stronger in him than home-sickness. With him "*Patria est ubicumque est bene.*" Disappointed in one branch of industry, he calmly turns to another; crossed by fortune at home, he resignedly migrates to new climates. The sun shines elsewhere as well—ay, and somewhat better too, than in dear old England.

But fancy for a moment these islands deprived of their safety-valve of periodical emigration. Suppose that, out of natural but narrowminded fondness, the thousands of pilgrims that embark every year for the Canadas or New South Wales, should obstinately cling to the soil and claim their rights, to drag on their life of abjectness on the step-mother land which gave them birth, and refuses them sustenance—that all the surplus population should be turned loose and hang on society!

Such is, however, the case all over the continent. Southern people especially never well understood, nor can be made to understand, the blessings of emigration. The Spaniards laid waste a whole world and exhausted themselves in a work of destruction. The French are undergoing the severest sacrifices to subdue a colony which they will never be able to turn to any profitable account. But Italy has not even an African colony, wherein to dispose of its hundreds of thousands of adventurers every year. The Italians are too fatally in love with their country to be induced, even by utter distress, to emigrate. They are the least migratory, therefore it must be feared the most stationary race in Europe. Expatriation is for them always exile; and this word is still in that country associated with all the horrors it had under the Roman empire, when the outcast had to choose between the steppes of Scythia and the deserts of Lybia.

Hence, of all civilized countries, Italy is under the most urgent necessity of relying on its own resources. These are indeed inexhaustible; and it is difficult to understand why two-and-twenty millions of people cannot live at their ease in a country where in happier ages a population three times larger has been known to thrive.

Were we even to admit that home-sickness is for an Italian an incurable complaint, that education and opportune provisions could not wean from that fascinating country a few of its spoiled children, that they might make room for "their betters," as it is done in happy old England; or were it even to be taken for granted that such a measure would be no more adviseable than it is practicable, what else then should be inculcated among the first principles of education into the mind of the Italian people, but that theirs is the true land flowing with milk and honey; that it never did, never could, prove ungrateful to the cares bestowed upon it by its cultivators; that penury and distress can only arise from their indolence and unthriftiness; that the apparent barrenness of some of its districts is only owing to neglect or mismanagement, but that their own rich, luxurious, bountiful land, will always be sufficient to them and to all that may spring from them; that theirs is the home-field in which, according to that dying father's golden advice, they are to dig, and dig incessantly, sure that their treasure lies buried therein?

Education in Italy should, then, have an essentially agricultural tendency.

Now nowhere is that first and noblest of arts, agriculture, held in more utter contempt than in the country of Fabricius and Cincinnatus—those dictator-husbandmen. The non-residence of landed proprietors on their estates, the imperfect state of the roads, the unfrequency and slowness of commercial communications, contribute to keep the Italian peasant in a state of nearly absolute isolation. Like the oaks and elms of his field, he is rooted to the spot where he grew. He is generally honest, and guileless, because he is trained up in what is there called the "holy fear of God,"—because his parish priest, different from the pampered prelate in town, is himself too artless and primitive to have any power and too undesigning or unambitious to have any interest to deceive him. He is sober and frugal, thanks to his poverty, to the enfeebling influence of climate; he is, at least in Lombardy and Tuscany, laborious and diligent, in consequence of the reward that, owing to the liberal system of *mezzadria*, is sure to attend his work; but he is ignorant beyond all human conception. He is a creature of habit; a ploughing, reaping, thrashing machine, and as such jealous and mistrustful of every mechanical innovation, which, by endeavouring to alleviate, might, he apprehends, supersede the necessity of his incessant material exertions: he opposes his force of inertia to all personal or technical improvement; he clings with a superstitious pertinacity to the picturesque, perhaps, but clumsy and unwieldy instruments, and to the old fashioned systems of husbandry illustrated by Co-

lumella and Virgil. A being, in short, not many degrees above the dumb and tardy brute, the sharer of his toil.

That such a degraded race and their humble employment should be looked upon with no better feeling than commiseration we can easily understand, and we may also readily believe that the humanity of generous souls may have been prompted to raise so large, so useful and important a class from their helpless state of actual serfage and helotism.

But the education of the labourer must be effected by a universal revolution in the ideas of mankind. His humble calling must be revered and honored; he must be made proud and fond of the share he has in the public welfare; he must feel that although there may be higher and prouder stations in life, his own is not only far from being despised or abject, but is, on the contrary, the one that is most conducive to health, contentment and innocence, as well as one of paramount, of vital importance. The first object of education, in Italy at least, should be to make every man satisfied with his lot. But with the exception of a few private institutions, such as the agricultural school at Melegnano, and the so-called technical schools of Lombardy, the object of all philanthropic establishments directed to improve the moral and intellectual condition of the peasantry and of all the labouring classes, seems rather to subtract a few individuals from the common share of misery and ignorance of their fellow labourers than to attempt a general reform of the whole cast.

"Study, my son"—says the aged husbandman, who has begun to taste of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and who judges of things according to the estimate of worldly wisdom. "Work and endure. Yet one year or two of fagging and perseverance and thou wilt fling sickle and spade for ever from thee, thou wilt throw off this coarse jacket from thy shoulders and don a doctor's gown or a clergyman's surplice. Look about thee, my son, who was our curate but a farmer's boy? I saw him with my own eyes a poor cripple, crawling after his father's pigs. What was our prætor? why, a coachman's lad whom his master through charity sent to a law school at Pisa, and now, thou seest, he keeps coach and coachmen himself, and fares like a lord. Study, my son; thou art a smart and clever lad, as your schoolmaster said when I brought him the fat goose at Christmas. While thy father lives, were it to cost me my last mouthful of bread, thou shalt lack nothing in the world. Perhaps I shall not live to see it, but the thought of having withdrawn thee from the hardships of this wretched life will follow me to my grave and lighten the earth on my bones." It is thus that the dawn of civilization breaks on the peaceful slave of the soil. It is thus that to the idea of mental emancipation he always associates a vain aspiration after worldly

advancement. Selfishness assumes the sacred character of paternal tenderness, and affection lends its sanction to the most deplorable illusion.

From the lowest to the highest ranks of society, this fatal restlessness conspires against the peace and serenity of men's minds, and its influence is the more universally and irresistibly felt, the greater the result of that fictitious state of mental improvement, which is universally mistaken for education. Thus the poor, ignorant husbandman may perhaps covet for his son no higher preferment than a humble place among the pampered menials of his landlord's household, and the footman or butler perhaps aspires no higher than to have his son apprenticed to a woollen draper's shop, but the shop-keeper's clerk is sure to send his son to the university; so that after two or three generations, at the most, by a regular gradation, if not by a sudden transition, the good farmer's most sanguine hopes are sure to be realized, and he may rest at peace in his grave under conviction of having spoiled a good farmer to make an indifferent doctor.

It is true that such a state of rebellion against the dispensations of providence is as ancient as man himself; as ancient at least as the "*qui fit, Mæcenas*" of Horace. It is true that it is more general and more active in those countries which boast a higher degree of social improvement, that nowhere are so many strange metamorphoses to be seen as in America, where the same individual is by turns a farmer, a merchant, a physician, a clergyman, a professor of a university, and a member of congress: but besides the peculiar circumstances in which that country, as we have said, is happily situated, the American is almost as ready for a downfall as for a rise; and it is not uncommon in that country, during one of those commercial crises that go by the name of "*hard times*," to see hundreds of Boston or Philadelphia merchants, accustomed to all the splendour and luxuries of life in their Atlantic cities, repair to their western backwoods with holy resignation, and betake themselves to that hard but wholesome planter life from which themselves perhaps, or at least their fathers, have sprung.

But in our old countries there is no unexplored region to fall back upon. Once fallen, our speculator has nothing to do but to sit down in despondency, bemoan his losses and encrease the list of hangers-on and malcontents. Italy has no navy or army, no houses of parliament, and scarcely any but the most passive commerce and trade. There is no career open to juvenile ambition but the university. Whoever is too lazy to be a farmer or tradesman or too proud to be a shopkeeper; whoever has no voice to be a singer or no courage to starve as an artist, must necessarily set up for what is there emphatically called "*a professional gentleman*."

Thanks to the liberal endowments of the numerous academical institutions, nothing can be easier in Italy than to become a doctor. Almost every town of any consequence boasts its university, besides a number of colleges, lyceums, gymnasiums, seminaries and other preparatory schools. Every thing seems calculated to smooth the path to that happy goal which appears to the many the *ne plus ultra* of sublunary felicity. Not only is instruction afforded utterly free of expense, but not a few poor young men of "promising genius" are maintained out of the funds of the establishments. Their directors seem to pride themselves above all things in seeing their halls swarming with crowds of expectant students from every class, and setting every year new batches of hungry M. A.'s, D. D.'s, LL. D.'s and M. D.'s loose upon society.

This may seem in the abstract, and will be considered by many, as the greatest of blessings for the country; and yet, however it may sound paradoxical, we do not hesitate to affirm that education in Italy ought to begin by a suppression, or at least a reform and rigorous exclusiveness, of no less than two-thirds of its noble and ancient universities.

We may appreciate the generous and philanthropic spirit that presided over the foundation of these truly republican institutions. They arose in dark ages, when the mind first engaged in its glorious struggle against brutal strength. Its champions were few and weak, and, feeling the necessity of numerous allies and coadjutors, they left nothing unattempted to enlist new proselytes in their cause. But now the battle has been fought and won. Now the motto of the doctors of Bologna, "*Cedant arma togæ*," has become the order of the day, and all civilized nations are ruled by, what was the bug-bear of Napoleon and his fellow-campaigners, the *avocats*. Now scholarship has become a profession, a trade, more neat and decent, may be, but not more useful or respectable, than a great many others. Modern science no longer requires men of extraordinary genius any more than modern religion has need of prophets and martyrs. A man endowed with very common understanding can make an excellent surgeon or solicitor. Diligence and assiduity are more important requisites for a "professional gentleman" than the brightest imaginative faculties.

Why then should we be so anxious to throw open the academical halls to throngs of famished candidates who would otherwise find more suitable and profitable employment in a humble but safer walk of life? Why should we stand in such a dread lest we should fail in securing to the learned professions the highest capacities—lest forsooth

"Full many a gem," &c. &c. ?

We repeat there is need of a universal reaction, of a general revolution in the notions of mankind. It is necessary that men should fall back from those professional pursuits, which they have so improvidently invaded and overflowed, to those more tame and homely, but more sure and practical undertakings, which may admit of an indefinite number of applicants without jarring and jostling, without snarling and wrangling for that sole, meagre bone of contention—the doctoral laurel. It is necessary that by a rational retrogression they should be driven back to the field which they have so unwittingly and ungenerously deserted.

All this is to be effected by a sound and truly moral system of education. Were the world to proceed on the same footing in the long continuation of these blessed, piping times of peace;—were the zeal of the promoters of popular instruction to be crowned with complete success, and the threshold of the university to be made accessible to all, as it is already a great deal too much to many:—and this without a previous temperament and modification of the ambitious tendencies of the human mind—without a general submission to the decrees of Providence, such as result from the established order of things—without feeling that all men may have an equal share in Adam's sad inheritance, even though all be not doomed to "eat their bread in the sweat of their brow;" that happiness and contentment are doled out with wise and paternal impartiality to all the members of the human family, however wide their differences of ranks and social condition, and that our efforts should be directed not to overstep the barriers that divide us from the upper classes, but to fill with credit and dignity our own station in life—without, in short, adopting as the universal social device the precept of the poet:

"Act well your part, there all the honour lies;"—

the institution of primary and preparatory schools would have no better effects than to create a general rush of the whole rising generation to those learned professions which are considered as the most direct path leading to power and wealth and worldly distinctions; and the first intellectual enfranchisement of the labouring classes would be attended either with an agrarian distribution of property, or, if men were too wise and moderate for an open violation of laws, to a mutinous secession to the *Mount Sacer*, from which the limbs might not be as easily brought back to minister to the wants of the vital organ as in the days of *Mænenius Agrippa*.

Hitherto man has only been kept to his work through want, ignorance or compulsion. Be it the boast of education to pene-

trate him with a sense of his duty and persuade him to work through reflection.

We have been assured, though the fact appears too beautiful and unprecedented for us to vouch for its authenticity, that there lives among the swamps and morasses of the island of Sardinia, a rude, primitive population of goatherds and woodmen, among whom knowledge is pursued for its mere sake, and without any secondary views of personal ambition. The young herdsman comes down rough and uncouth from his forests and hires himself as a servant to some of the rich burghers in Cagliari or Sassari, stipulating for some leisure to attend lectures at college, and after "eating his terms" in want and humiliation, and going through all the academical degrees, he repairs to his home in the mountains, hangs his laurel on his father's hut and walks out—a shepherd doctor after his father's flocks, with as much philosophical dignity and stateliness as Abdalonimus, the shepherd-king.

Strange that one of the most uncivilized spots in Christendom should offer so luminous a specimen of what society ought to be in its highest degree of rational improvement!

Yet until the universality of men are like the Sardinian shepherds, induced to cultivate learning merely for the soothing, cheering, humanizing influence that it is apt to exercise over the mind and heart—until they study principally, if not exclusively, in order better to understand their mission on earth, better to enable themselves to fulfil their duties and to vindicate their true rights—until they derive from their knowledge the means of ennobling their nature, and approaching, as near as can be obtained by mortal means, that future state of perfection to which divine clemency entitled them to aspire—until, in fine, education is essentially moral and religious, we have no hesitation in denouncing the university and all its accessory establishments as so many active instruments of evil.

This evil, then, has attained in Italy to the most alarming extent in consequence of political misfortunes. The ancient divisions of the territory, in so many small states and republics, naturally tended to multiply universities with indiscriminating profusion. In proportion as the different towns began to be incorporated into larger states, it would have been necessary likewise to reduce the number of their academical institutions. But as it has always been the policy of those vile governments to cultivate and foment all that remained of old emulous municipalism, they never dared or never cared to interfere with those superannuated establishments, which, useless or dangerous as they had become through the general degeneration of public

spirit and activity, still flattered the vanity of the deluded Italians as monuments of their forefathers' munificence.

Thus we understand, for instance, that Charlemagne in 800, or Theodosius in 425, or whoever else it was that did it, conferred a great blessing on the human race by the installation of the university of Bologna; and we conceive also that Boniface VIII. was right, when, in 1300, Bologna not acknowledging the papal rule, he felt the necessity of a similar establishment in the metropolis of Christendom, and we equally applaud the generous intentions of Nicholas III. of Este, who, placed at the head of a rich and flourishing state, bestowed large sums for the foundation of the university of Ferrara; but now that both the republic of Bologna and the Duchy of Ferrara, with many more illustrious states, have been brought under the sway of the pope, and that, thanks to the priestly improvidence of its rulers, the aggregate has been plunged into the utmost squalor and beggary, is it not absurd to hear that the ecclesiastical state boasts, besides its two ruling universities of Rome and Bologna, six other institutions of secondary rank, at Ferrara, Perugia, Camerino, Macerata, Fermo and Urbino, all of which, bad of course as they may be expected to be, are equally entitled to fit young starvelings for the doctoral gown? But there is worse. The evil is not every where, as in the Roman states, hereditary. In the terra firma of the Sardinian monarchy there were before 1820 only two universities, one at Turin, the other at Genoa, and they were numbered among the most flourishing in the country. But the active part that the ardent Piedmontese youth took in the insurrection of 1821, called forth the wrath of their despots, who wreaked their vengeance against those obnoxious seminaries of learning. The two leading universities were dissolved, and dismembered into eight secondary gymnasiums, situated in almost all the petty towns of the kingdom, and, for a better security, placed under the paternal direction of the Jesuits. Pavia and Padua, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, suffered severely from the political commotions of 1821. Bologna and all the other universities of Romagna were closed for two years after the troubles of 1831, and the university of Parma was by order of Maria Louisa divided into two branches, situated at Parma and Placentia, the small compass of the duchess's territory happily admitting of no further subdivision.

In Tuscany alone some attempts have been made to give a simpler and more compact organization to public instruction. Ever since the Florentines had established their sway over Pisa, they transported their university into that town, which their jealousy had dilapidated and deserted. Pisa increased and thrived under the patronage of all the dukes of Tuscany, and almost

entirely superseded every other rival institution. Sienna alone, which was united to the duchy only in 1555, and even then preserved some shade of its primeval municipal charters, continued, to our days, to have a university of its own. An attempt was made last year by the grand-duke to suppress it and transfer its funds to the further endowment of the academy of Pisa. But the prince was thwarted in his intentions by the remonstrances and petitions of the Siennese, and the project has been, we believe, entirely abandoned. The opposition of the citizens of Sienna was not, however, owing to a mean spirited jealousy of their Pisan brothers, or to the municipal pride with which they looked on that last remnant of their republican greatness. It originated in that universal mistrust and indocility which, under absolute monarchies, keeps the subjects in a constant alarm against any measure of government; in the dread in which they stand of a power which enacts, without ever condescending to explain, administers without reckoning, without allowing them any better satisfaction than meekly to repeat, "He has given, he has taken away. Blessed be his name."

The Siennese could plainly see only thus far, that they were going to be stripped of the funds which their ancestors' liberality bestowed on their literary institutions. Whether those funds were to be employed to add new lustre to the Pisan academy, or to dry the Tuscan marshes, or to feed the pampered courtiers of his highness's household, they had no means to ascertain.

But if the grand-duke's intentions were as pure and sincere, as they were providential and plausible, why did he suffer himself to be deterred by supplications and entreaties? Is he not as absolutely free to do good, as he is omnipotent in doing evil? Could all the petitions of his two millions of subjects wrench from him a decree for the liberty of the press? Did he suffer himself to be moved by remonstrances when all Tuscany interceded in behalf of the ill-fated *Antologia*? Knows he not how to show himself restive, harsh and self-willed whenever the personal interests of his family are concerned?*

* It would seem, however, from the recent communications of our correspondents, as if the grand-duke were bent on carrying into execution his salutary measures, and had overcome all spirit of opposition. "Great reforms," we are told, "have, during these last few months, been introduced into the University of Pisa. New chairs have been added to the several faculties, such as the *Storia del Diritto*, *Filosofia del Diritto*, *Diritto Patrio e Commerciale*, *Economia Politica*, *Geografia Fisica*, *Meccanica Celeste*, *Filosofia Morale*, *Agraria*, *Pedagogia*, &c." This bids fair to raise the University of Pisa far above the common standard of all Italian universities. It seems rather strange to hear of the reinstalment of such institutions as a School of Political Economy, of Right of Nations, and other liberal studies, which were first introduced into Italy in the palmy age of Genovesi and Beccaria, and were afterwards suppressed either during the tumults of French invasions, or under the iron rule of the government of the Re-

Some opposition, on the part of the deep-rooted prejudices and fond predilections of the people, is doubtless to be apprehended. The Italians are aware of the immediate advantages of a university within the walls of every one of their towns, and may perhaps require a little violence in order that the evil attendant on such a state of things may be permanently put a stop to. But if the absolute suppression of universities is either impossible or undesirable, nothing prevents the legislator from introducing into them the most salutary reforms. If the truly philosophical spirit of the Sardinian shepherds could be made to prevail in every part of Italy, there would be no reason to complain of the idle number of Italian universities. It is not that we object to the cobbler's son being as learned as a doctor, if he can afford means and leisure to attain equal knowledge, but it is because if every cobbler's son must needs become a doctor, and no doctor is willing to fill the cobbler's vacancy, we shall soon have a society of laureates, and the world can no more go on without cobblers than without doctors.

But, it is urged, necessity will soon bring the needy to reason, and, after a few ineffectual experiments, the tradesman, *volens, nolens*, will walk back to his shop. Perhaps so; but then you will have a population of fretting, murmuring labourers, cursing their fate, looking upon themselves as the victims of society, and glad to avail themselves of the first opportunity of political commotions, to avenge what they call their wrongs. Education, under similar circumstances, will lead to chartism! But education, well understood, far from conjuring up, will powerfully tend

storage. We accept it as an omen of a happy reaction towards a better order of things, for, hitherto, the Italian governments have been every year curtailing school after school with unremitting diligence, until scarcely any but the most useless and idle branches of learning and literature were suffered to flourish. Thus, after having done away with all political and statistical sciences, the chairs of Eloquence, History, and even *Agraria*, or Agriculture, were considered as dangerous, and put under the interdict. Moral Philosophy had been most obstinately warred against. Two professors of that science received pensions from the University of Parma without being suffered to discharge their functions.

"We have already," our informant continues, "several illustrious names in science, such as Mussotti, formerly professor at Corfu and Matteucci. The Marquis Ridolfi, the philanthropic director of the 'Istituto Agrario Toscano,' an establishment which, as every one knows, owes its origin to that nobleman's unbounded liberality, will accept the Professorship of *Agraria*, if government will grant him permission for a similar institution in the vicinity of Pisa. It is yet doubtful, however, if government will accede to such terms. All these innovations, good and useful as they appear in themselves, even if carried into effect, far from being sufficient to cure, will only have the result of showing more glaringly the evils of our old social systems; nor can our princes think of opening so unlimited a field of scientific inquiry, if they do not at the same time reform those abuses in their administration, which an increase of knowledge must necessarily tend to expose."

to avert these evils, if its prime object be the diffusion of sound moral and religious principles.

Now there is in Italy no public or private institution, in which, as in the London University College, or at the Jefferson University in Virginia, religion avowedly forms no part of education; yet it may be frankly asserted that religion is nowhere taught in Italy.

The observance of the practices of the Catholic Church is indeed more or less rigidly enforced in every academical institution. In Turin and Genoa especially, where the whole system, as we have said, is given into the hands of the Jesuits, the university is subjected to all the discipline of monastical rule.

Nothing that can be read in the history of the past equals the zeal and discernment of the monarch that presides over the destinies of those happy states. Charles Albert King of Sardinia, a prince evidently cast after the model of his noblest progenitors of Savoy, never distrusted that native instinct which, from his earliest years, prompted him to achieve great things. Atoning for that unfortunate lapse of juvenile levity—for that ill-defined vanity of precocious ambition that induced him to join the Piedmontese Carbonari in 1820—dazzled by that specious title of King of Italy which was made to gleam temptingly before his eyes—atoning for it, we say, by the laurels he afterwards reaped in 1823 at the head of a column of French grenadiers at the Trocadero against the Spanish patriots—he mounted his throne in 1831, restored to credit in the eyes of all the sovereigns of Europe. Hence, having come off conqueror of all political adversaries, and having stifled in blood all revolutionary attempts with what was then called hasty and summary—but what in the end proved to be efficient—justice, he was soon enabled to turn all his thoughts to the arts of peace. We should incline to think that it cannot be without considerable repugnance that he accommodates himself to the quiet and humble tendencies of the age, if we were to believe that, after the style of Alexander or Napoleon, he never sits at table more than ten minutes, and rides every day one of his horses to death. Yet, although a soldier, and a friend of his soldiers, whom he marches and countermarches to their utter exhaustion, it is evident that his heart and soul are with the priests; and those who have seen him at the head of his ten thousand grey, white and black-hooded friars, during the solemnities of the Corpus Domini, or who have witnessed the holy wrath that was kindled in him when his people refused to volunteer their oil for the general illumination that he ordered in honour of the handkerchief of Santa Veronica, will not hesitate to confer upon him

those titles to which he seems so ardently to aspire—of the sceptered Loyola and of King of the Jesuits.

Under the half-chivalrous, half-ascetic discipline of that holy militia, the pious conduct of the rising generation at the university is attended to with a vigilance and solicitude that leaves nothing to desire to the anxiety of the fondest parent; an order and silence pervades those seminaries, as well as the whole of the Sardinian dominions, especially the capital, which strikes the traveller at his first arrival, and suggests to him the idea that he is entering a vast monastery or a prison.

"The scholars of the gymnasiums," says a recent traveller, "are not allowed to read any books which have not been either given or furnished by the prefect. They are forbidden to swim, to frequent theatres, balls, coffee or gaming-houses; to perform in private plays and the like; and it is the business of the police to see these prohibitions attended to.

"The students are not only under strict scientific superintendence, but also under the close *surveillance* of the police. No student is allowed to choose his dwelling or leave it without permission of the prefect, who appoints the place where he is to lodge and board.

"Whoever wishes to receive students into his house must undertake the responsibility for their observance of the laws which regulate their going to mass and confession, fasting, and even their clothing and their beards. Neglect of these rules is punished by exclusion from the examinations or from the university itself."

Against these paternal provisions the natural indocility of human nature may sometimes be expected to kick. But the magnanimous indignation of the pious monarch has been known to visit the refractory students so severely, that it is to be hoped by this time it has come off conqueror of all opposition.

The students are ordered to confess and communicate once a month at the chapel of the university, although the leniency of the Church of Rome only expects the faithful to perform such duties once in a year. This worthy and wholesome practice proves irksome and troublesome to those bolder and more rebellious youths whose presumptuous reason cannot rest satisfied with the tenets of the Romish Church. A young student of medicine, well known and beloved at Turin for his mental and moral qualities, was suspected to submit with repugnance to the performance of religious duties to which he could attach no heartfelt veneration. One morning he knelt with his fellow students at the communion-table, penetrated with the indignity of that sacrilegious, because compulsory, act of devotion. The officiating priest drew near, and the holy host was laid on the tip of the student's tongue. The priest's hands, he said, were unwashed—a circumstance which will not at all appear improbable considering the notorious slovenliness of the lower ranks of the Catholic

priesthood ; and the young Turinese, seized with a sudden nausea, turned abruptly, spat the still dry host on the floor, and hoping thus to conceal his rash deed, he laid his foot upon it. No one can describe the fury of Charles Albert when the atrocious profanation of the sacrament was made known to him. He ordered the criminal to be thrown, untried, into a dungeon of the citadel of Turin, where he has lain ever since, and where he perhaps lies still awaiting his majesty's good pleasure.

Certainly, in the eyes of a conscientious Romanist, who goes the whole length of believing what that Church teaches concerning the mystery of transubstantiation, nothing short of parricide can equal the enormity of that unhappy student's misdeeds. It was a crime—according to the letter of the law, but of a law which the pope himself would not dare to enforce—punishable with death. But even if we were not to admit the extenuating circumstance of momentary indisposition, the guilt was to be considered as a natural reaction against that rigid despotism that exacts a more implicit abnegation of reason than is compatible with the inquisitiveness of the human understanding. The prince ought to have reflected that what seemed to him an unheard-of sacrilege would be looked upon, even in its worst character, merely as a wanton profanation among Protestants, and would pass as an idle trick in a Unitarian congregation : that, in short, what shocked his jealous piety as the most dreadful of transgressions, is merely a matter of opinion,—of that opinion on which neither cannons nor bayonets, nor kings nor Jesuits, can have any effectual control.

Another set of law-students, on the eve of receiving the highest degrees, were tempted to celebrate the happy close of their academical labours by a friendly banquet in the privacy of their lodgings. They were not over-scrupulous in the choice of their amusements, and some young ladies of rather ambiguous character were introduced among them to cheer with their presence the young candidates' convivial festivity. Midnight had long since struck, and Turin, as usual, unlike every other Italian town, was for more than an hour plunged into the death-like stillness of sleep, when a loud knocking at the house-door announced the unseasonable, but not at all extraordinary, visit of the prefect. The boarding-houses opened for the accommodation of students are liable to frequent interruptions by day and night, on the part of the officers of the university charged with the superintendence of the students' conduct at home. The landlord, who, according to the terms of his licence, is obliged to perform the duties of a guardian and spy to his boarders, but who in the present instance, won by the kindness and liberality of the students, had winked at the riot that was going on within his walls, rose to admit his un-

welcome visitor. The silence that reigned in the house, and the protestations of the conniving housekeeper, were not sufficient to reassure the suspicious Jesuit. He insisted on being led to the students' dormitories, and asked for immediate admittance. The affrighted rioters, pretending to be roused from their slumbers, acted their part as they could best, and pleaded their unwillingness to be seen in their bed-clothes; but as the priest continued to roar and storm at the door, the students' fear gave place to their indignation, and throwing the door ajar so as to admit only half of their impatient and incautious visitor, they shut it back upon him, and leaning against it with all their weight and might, they pressed him so rudely and savagely in their exasperation, that they nearly squeezed the soul from his body.

No sooner had the king risen from breakfast (a Jesuit is sure of admission at every hour of the day) than the inspector sued for an audience and amazed his monarch with an envenomed exposal of the indignities he had been made to endure. The culprits were immediately put under arrest, and expelled from all the universities in the kingdom; so that the honest and brilliant career that the ceremony of the morrow was to open before them, was irreparably closed against them, in consequence of the unhallowed, but still not wholly unpardonable, frolics of the evening.

We could quote a great number of similar facts, collected during our residence in the happy and thriving metropolis of the Sardinian dominions, all equally tending to demonstrate with what consistency the observance of moral and religious discipline is enforced in the educational establishments of that country, and with what stubborn and restless spirits the provident legislator has to contend. The disciplinarian code is, literally, no less severe in other Italian states; but as it always happens in despotic countries that laws and ordinances are observed only in proportion to the personal energies and determination of the ruler and the zeal and watchfulness of his administrators, so evasion and even violation of Christian duties is with more impunity practised in Tuscany, Lombardy and Parma, where public instruction is not essentially given up to the priests, and to those most indefatigable and inexorable of all priests—the Jesuits.

This body of clever, wary and sleepless beings are watching every opportunity of re-establishing their influence in those states whence the hasty and insolent demeanour of their predecessors in the last century had driven them. Already their operations have been crowned with success in Vicenza and other towns in the Austrian dominions; and though they met with repeated rebukes at Parma, still they pursue their tenebrous work with their wonted patience and exemplary resignation.

The universities of Pavia, Parma, Bologna, and Pisa, are, or were hitherto, governed with the mildest and most conciliatory measures; but as this apparent toleration is not only never sanctioned, but is, on the contrary, in flagrant opposition to the law, and is always the result of subterfuge and deceit, it has the pernicious effect of training the Italian youth to a school of hypocrisy and base fiction, which gradually takes hold of and becomes an integral part of the national character.

Such is the kind of religious instruction uniformly administered at an Italian seminary, nor can it be expected that it should be better in other subordinate establishments. What the Jesuits are to the university, the *Scolopii*, or *Ignorantini* are to the primary schools. These last have all the ugliness without the sting and venom of the former. The ignorance from which they seem proud to take their name prevents them from exercising as mischievous an influence as their more aspiring brethren. They do not at least corrupt, if they do not edify the human souls entrusted to their care. They are the means of removing several hundreds of ragged urchins from the streets, and employing them in harmless, if unprofitable pursuits. Every traveller must have been struck, when visiting Piedmont or the South of France, by the appearance of those long processions of boys drawn up in two rows with their eyes cast upon the ground, their arms folded to the breast, marching in a profound silence, order and gravity, on their way to the "Benedizione," under the escort of two or more long-robed monks, very dark and very fat, with a marble, lustrous countenance, with a stern, glassy look, carrying a black greasy "ufficio" in their left hand and a birch rod in the right. These are the pupils and teachers of the *Scuole Pie* or *Écoles Chrétienues*—in other words, the schools of Ignorance.

The above-quoted traveller gives the following account of the pious exercises connected with the little knowledge imparted to their pupils by these good Frati Ignorantini.

"Every morning: 1, a quarter of an hour religious reading, (i. e. 'Le sette allegrezze' and 'I sette dolori' of the Virgin Mary, ascetic effusions to the 'Sacro Cuore di Gesù,' and the like); 2, the hymn 'Veni Creator'; 3, according to the season the Ambrosian hymn, and other extracts from the *Ufficio della Beata Vergine* (all Latin but the title-page); 4, mass; 5, hymn or the litanies of the Holy Virgin; 6, spiritual instruction (that is, long commentaries on the mysteries of incarnation, transubstantiation, &c.); 7, the psalm 'Laudate pueri' and a prayer for the king. In the afternoon: 1, a quarter of an hour of religious reading; 2, hymn and prayer; 3, three quarters of an hour explanation of the catechism, (namely, dissertations on the importance of fasting, confessing, and otherwise observing the five commandments of the Church). The

schools last three and a half hours in the forenoon, and two and a half hours in the afternoon, &c., &c."

In similar manner are the rising generation provided with moral and religious instruction in the gymnasiums. For the rest of the population, who have no leisure or inclination to attend those daily establishments, Sunday schools, under the name of "*Dottrina Cristiana*," are or ought to be opened throughout the country. But the little attention almost universally paid to the observance of the seventh day greatly interferes with a regular organization of this wholesome institution. Neither in the Jewish nor in the Mahometan, we could almost say in none of the living religious denominations, is this practice more disregarded than in Catholic countries, and in none of the Catholic countries more so than in Italy. Here, indeed, the evil cannot be imputed to negligence on the part of the Church. The houses of public worship remain open on Sundays, as on every day, from earliest dawn till late in the evening. Prayers and sacraments, high and low masses, vespers and rosaries are reiterated at every hour of the day. The festive bells, loud even to annoyance, announce the day of the Lord. The clergy of all classes waste admonitions and reprimands against irreverence and profanation. But the original cause of such a disorder is to be referred to the Church herself, and dates from the days of ignorance and barbarism, when, fearing lest the unthinking mass of the lowest classes of people should abandon themselves to excesses of vice and intemperance, she countenanced and authorized such plays and spectacles as could be innocently substituted for the more brutal games of wild beasts and gladiators, of which the memory was still dear to the sons of the Romans. The fault of the Catholic church in this, as in most of her institutions, is the consequence of decrepitude. Using an authority which they believed they held from heaven, the popes and the general councils adopted such modifications and restrictions as they judged consonant with the passions of the ages of darkness and violence through which Christianity has passed, and it would perhaps be difficult to bring any argument against the soundness and expediency of any of the Catholic laws and practices, if considered in relation to the ages and countries for which they were intended. But now that the progress of civilization has removed the causes which seemed to call forth these institutions, to insist upon their sanctity and inviolability implies either a conviction, that our generation unites the barbarism of all past ages, or a design of driving the world back to barbarous ages again. The service of the Catholic Church, consisting in showy ceremonies principally directed to strike the senses, though it may, at times, effect powerful impressions, is not apt to excite a lasting interest or to afford

any kind of intellectual entertainment. Hence, as soon as released from immediate attention to the spectacle exhibited before his eyes, the Catholic, with a mind unused to meditation and fond of excitement, turns to pleasure the rest of that day that the Church has exempted from the toils of life.

It would be difficult to form an idea of the manner of observing the Sabbath in Catholic countries by what can be seen of the people of that denomination in the Protestant countries, where their priests are kept in awe by the immediate competition of other sects. The Italians, for instance, have hardly any preaching at all, except in Lent, and even then attendance on sermons is not among the absolute commandments of the Church. Sermons, moreover, are only panegyrics of the life and miracles of some favourite saint, or gloomy descriptions of hell and paradise, after the poetic visions of Dante. Mass only is the order of the day, and, as priestly industry has contracted the duration of that sacrifice within the space of ten minutes, few Catholics ever think of infringing so condescending a law, except the haughty philosopher who does it as a demonstration of independence and out of spirit of contradiction. Accordingly, before day-break, before the opening of the church, a sleepy, hurrying crowd is besieging the door for the discharge of their duty. The doors are thrown open. Enter traveller and his valise,—driver and his whip,—housekeeper and her basket,—sportsman and his hounds, supposing him to be civil enough to have left his gun at the entrance. Two meagre candles are lighted, a huge folio is opened, some buzzing prayers are muttered, and thus terminates what is called *Messa degli affrettati*; and then exit the crowd, sanctified for the rest of the day.

Towards noon all the ladies' toilets are over, all the new suits are donned; a large concourse of fine fashionable people assemble in their favourite church, generally a small insignificant building, but having the advantage of being secure from the intrusion of the vulgar. The ladies kneel at random in low pews, or are helped to chairs by the gentlemen. These last stand at the extremity of the aisle—a various, gaudy, ever-fluctuating group, talking and laughing, and from their eye-glasses darting death at the beauties on the right and left. In the interior of a small chapel something is going on that nobody sees and hears, and nobody cares to see and hear. When that something is over, off walks the male part of the audience, and ranges itself in two long rows, leaving a narrow avenue for the passage of the ladies, who appear radiant, edified, glorified, ready for the promenade. This they call *La messa dei belli*.

Last of all, the tradesman, who, in order to supply the luxuries of the wealthy, has been at work behind the half-closed shutters

of his shop, is hurried, by the last peals of the bell, to the parish church, where he arrives in time to get his two-thirds of what is called *La messa degli ostinati*.

In the afternoon all that the city possesses of proud horses and gilt chariots is prancing and glittering up and down the Corso, in the evening the cafés are dazzling with a thousand lamps, the theatres are trembling with the strains of intoxicating music, the private parlours are glowing with all the ardour and transport of an Italian soirée. This is the Sabbath in town.

In the country, in many a village of the Lombard plain, in many a parish of the remotest Apennine, is easily found as true, as pure, as ignorant a piety as could have been in the times of the earliest Christianity. The manners of those people are stationary and know no progress either for better or worse. They are nothing to the rest of the world, the rest of the world is nothing to them. In their genealogical traditions they go back as far as the proudest nobility of the land. The cottage of the valley is often as old as the castle towering upon the hill. Be the multiplication of the species as active as it may please Providence, in those patriarchal dwellings there is room for all. Here the same roof covers the numerous branches of four generations; there the old stock withers in loneliness, which famine or pestilence has stripped of its foliage. Vice in no shape can find its way to these sacred recesses. Were it even brought there from abroad, it would perish, discountenanced by that instinctive innocence, as it is said, of those fortunate climates, where all reptiles are naturally innocuous, and even such as are imported from foreign shores lose their venomous properties at the very first landing. In his conception of the purity and singlemindedness of his Lucia, and the rectitude of mind of his Renzo, Manzoni has most immediately drawn from nature.

It will be easily supposed that the tenants of these privileged districts, a primitive race among whom the use of bars and bolts is scarcely known at all, must be much addicted to the practice of going to church. No distance, in fact, no hardship of weather or road, were ever known to deter the Lombard peasant from his devotional duties. Still before and after the fulfilment of these duties, in the intervals between the long services of his church, morning and evening, until late in the night, he gives himself up without a scruple or restraint to such enjoyment as his limited sphere can afford. In the morning they are the sports of the wood, in the afternoon athletic exercises; in the evening the whole village assemble, in winter in a large parlour, in summer on the threshing-floor by moonlight—and there with the music of self-taught fiddlers and pipers, seniors and matrons sitting gravely around, they appoint managers and partners, and what with gigs, *tarantellas*, *fur-*

lanas and a variety of dances and country-dances, they go on till they feel completely rested and refreshed for the toils of the morrow. In all these sports the pastor is expected to join, and no joy is complete unless he is there to take his share. We must confess we have never seen an Italian minister dancing, though a Spanish *padre* we have; but we have seen more than one on the Apennines, rising very early with a gay company, on a fine Sunday morning, loading and shouldering his gun and hallooing after his hounds, shooting his hare with tolerable skill and remarkable good luck, and at the ringing of the bell hurry back to the parsonage at full gallop, wash his bloody hands in the vestry, put on in great confusion his gown, his surplice, the hundred paraphernalia of his Levitical attire, and ascend to the altar, as venerable in the eyes of his flock and his fellow hunters, as holy and infallible as ever. Such is the Sabbath in the country; and as the people see no fault and mean no harm by it, while we grieve at such a state of things, we have but the sad consolation that it has always been so, and that, until education has brought about a total subversion of all ideas and manners, there is little hope that it may ever be otherwise.

With a people and clergy so lightly and carelessly disposed, it must be obvious that Sunday-schools, established as they are pretended to be ever since San Carlo Borromeo, have done little towards the improvement of public morals. Religious instruction has indeed, no matter how long since, been regularly afforded in every parish church on Sundays, and parents have been warmly recommended and even obliged to send their children. But the example of the parents themselves, accustomed to look on the Sabbath rather as on a day of recreation than religious meditation, cannot fail to have the worst effect. Moreover the extreme ignorance, carelessness and indolence of the clerks on whom the office of teachers devolves, and the abstruseness and mysticism of the Catholic catechism, frustrates every hope of ever bringing that scanty and imperfect instruction to bear upon the pupil's understanding. Indeed not the slightest attempt is made towards it. Children are directed to repeat every chapter of the *Dottrina Cristiana* till they have got it materially by heart, when they are considered as fit to be admitted to the sacraments. On the anniversary of the solemnities of the *Corpus Domini*, the children of every parish are mustered up in a long procession, and promenaded about town dressed in fanciful costumes of lamb-skins, gay ribbons and flowers, bearing lighted tapers in their hands, preceded by the parish standard, and singing psalms and hymns; and he and she and they, who have recited the *Dottrina Cristiana* with the least hesitation and stammering, closing the rear clad in courtly robes as

king, queen, knights and maids of honour, &c., which distinctions and insignia are intended to last for a whole week, during which the juvenile monarchs and their attendants are loaded with presents and caresses, and crammed with sweetmeats at every convent and nunnery in town.

All this may prove maternal tenderness and charity on the part of the Catholic Church, but cannot equally be brought forward as a proof of her discernment and judgment, and we must indeed have been hitherto stating facts and describing manners and customs to no purpose, if, from what we have said, it does not result, that, even were we unwilling to question the soundness and sanctity of the Catholic morals, were we not to doubt the holy influence of many of the tenets and rites of the Church of Rome, nothing whatever is done by their clergy, even after their own views, either in any manner addressing the understanding or intended to penetrate the heart. A religion of symbols and ceremonies, almost exclusively directed to impress the senses, almost entirely dealing in mysteries and asceticism, is not calculated to forward the interests of a liberal, rational, practical education. Without going the whole length of accusing the Catholic priests as teachers of immorality, we have no hesitation in denying their influence as instruments of moral instruction. For them the man is sufficiently educated that has been trained to place on them the most absolute, implicit reliance. The illiterate peasant, the idiot are the best of Christians. The incompetence, or at least insufficiency, of their priesthood to administer to the wants of an active and intellectual age, is so forcibly felt, in Italy, even by the most conscientious Catholics, that the whole nation seems to have come to the determination of sharing at least with them, if not altogether taking education out of their hands. In the north of Italy, under the Austrian and Sardinian governments, the state has provided for the organization of infant and primary schools. In Tuscany, at Parma and a few other states, they have been left to the exertion of private beneficence; at Rome and Modena they have been interdicted with all the jealousy and violence of arbitrary governments. The south lies still in an almost total darkness of barbarism.

At Milan and Venice such institutions have been almost altogether placed under the rule of the laity. In Piedmont, as we have seen, Jesuits and Ignorantini have every thing under their control.

The traveller whom we have often quoted, M. von Raumer, gives the most satisfactory account of the state of these incipient establishments in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. Where government takes public instruction under its immediate responsibility, little of course is left to the zeal of private individuals,

besides a prompt and cheerful compliance with the law. There is no doubt but that the Austrian government, when proceeding to the organization of primary instruction, only acted in compliance with the urgent demands of the most enlightened part of the nation, and that the funds for the erection and maintenance of schools have been and are chiefly furnished by private donations and voluntary contributions.

"The outlay for elementary schools," says Von Raumer with his wonted statistical accuracy, "amounted to 507,000 florins. Of this 21,000 florins were derived from endowments, 423,000 were contributed by the communes and 63,000 were defrayed by the state. In 1837, there were in Lombardy, with a population of 4,558,000 inhabitants, 4531 schools, and only 66 communes remained without an elementary school for boys. The teachers, including 2,226 clergymen, directors and school authorities, amounted in number to 6,284. The infant schools are attended by 2,026 children and directed by 93 teachers; their yearly revenues amount to about 16,000 florins. In 1834 there were in the Venetian part of the kingdom alone, with a population of 2,094,000, 1438 schools with 81,372 pupils and 1676 male and female teachers. In the town of Venice there were four infant schools containing already 1000 children, and it is now in contemplation to establish a fifth and to hire an entire palace for the purpose, at the yearly rent of 230 dollars."

All this may go far to prove that the natural good sense and intelligence of the Italian people needed no great compulsion to enter into the views of their legislators. Still but few of the lowest classes can be made to understand and value the blessings of education, and the rest must be guided to their own good by the argument of force. Now, "the law," says Von Raumer, "compels parents to send children to school between the ages of six and twelve, and a fine of half a *lira* per month is incurred by those who neglect to do so, but it is not enforced in Lombardy." It is much to be regretted that it should not be, and that the fear of causing some irritation among the lowest classes should deter the Austrian government from following up to the last their salutary regulation. What else indeed would be the use of despotism, if when sure of the vote of the wide majority, when intimately convinced of the sacredness of its undertaking, it should hesitate to bring to reason a few degraded beings whom their very brutality renders refractory and restive?

Have not parents been deprived by law of the right they enjoyed under the Romans of killing, selling, or disinheriting their children? Why should they not be equally deprived of their authority of killing their children's soul, by suffering them to wallow in all the wretchedness of ignorance and vice?

It is only with this object that the centralizing omnipotence of a despotic government may more readily prevail against the natural

sluggishness or stubbornness of a degraded population, that the Italian patriots have resigned education into the hands of their rulers. Were it otherwise, were it not because they felt that coercive measures would be necessary to induce a few unnatural parents to perform the most sacred of their duties, they needed not to lay their funds and their co-operation at the disposal of the state; since, under any other point of view, it was neither advisable nor desirable that the great mover of public education should be utterly and unconditionally placed under governmental control. In Tuscany, where the Grand Duke never encouraged but never at least interfered with the progress of popular instruction, voluntary associations and subscriptions have led to no less splendid results.

The imperial government could not of course be expected to give its Lombard subjects any but a thoroughly Austrian education. Thus we see, for instance, not without regret, that the rising generation in the gymnasiums are directed to study not the history of their own country, but that of the Austrian monarchy; that students are not allowed to read even such works as the "Conversations' Lexicon," &c. These jealous and narrow-minded restrictions are far from answering the hopes of the most liberal Italians, who have every reason to expect that the diffusion of useful knowledge would soon lead them, at least, to as much rational latitude and freedom of inquiry as is now enjoyed, under the same absolute rule, by the subjects of the Prussian monarchy.

Popular education in England, in America, in almost every other civilized country, may or should have no other object than to promote the greatest happiness of the lowest classes by improving their intellectual and moral condition. But in an enslaved, divided, distracted country like Italy, education is not considered as an end, but as a means. The work of regeneration must lead to a deed of emancipation. Popular instruction must be among the most active elements of nationality. The Italian people must be raised to the dignity of rational beings, that they may be fairly entitled to claim their rights as an independent race of freemen. Education, we have said it, must be the beginning of a fundamental revolution.

This, both the governments and the patriots are well aware of: hence the want is universally felt in Italy of withdrawing and emancipating, as far as can be practicable, popular education from civil as well as from ecclesiastical authority; hence also the alarm has been spread among the rulers of the land, who perceiving the hostile tendency of the age, either hope to counteract the revolutionary influence of education, by taking it under their own immediate patronage or submitting it to priestly rule, as it is done

under the Austrian and Sardinian governments; or otherwise by waging a relentless war against its promoters and abettors, as the Pope, the Duke of Modena and others, have done.

"I beg of you," thus writes one of our own correspondents, whose words we quote, because they are most apt to give the reader an idea of the state of men's minds in that country—"I beg of you to seize the first opportunity to announce among our most praiseworthy Italian publications that of the 'Letture Popolari,' published at Turin, of which the programme for this (the fifth) year is to be found in the last number of the 'Guida dell' Educatore.' You will see by what high feelings its compilers are inspired. But behold, what I receive from one of its most active editors.

"The hour of persecution has struck for my 'Letture Popolari' also, and Monsignor the Archbishop of Turin has given the first signal of the attack. In one of his pastoral homilies, in Lent, the right reverend prelate thundered with great vehemence against them, and in the same time against all our other schemes of popular instruction. After his lordship's example, as well might be expected, violent diatribes were uttered from all, or nearly all, the pulpits in his diocese, every minister of the Gospel zealously adding his commentaries and corollaries to the paternal admonition of their spiritual leader. The most alarming rumours are afloat, and we are waiting every moment for the decree that must condemn our 'Letture Popolari' to share the fate of the 'Subalpino' (a literary journal suppressed by the Sardinian government in 1839), and nothing short of a miracle can avert the storm which priestly craft has conjured up against us. Here I subjoin a specimen of the archiepiscopal effusion:—

"Oh! this indiscreet zeal of spreading among the people the desire of reading and thirst for instruction, far from being favourable to the cause of religion and morals, is even not unfrequently fatal to the public tranquillity. Because by teaching the lowest classes how to read, without previously strengthening their understanding with the first rudiments of Christian knowledge, they learn to pronounce their sentence on all religious and political matters; they become bolder and bolder in their censure of every government measure, till at length they lose every feeling of respect and allegiance towards their rulers and are ready for rebellion and anarchy.

"Ignorance is bad: who doubts it? But there may be a kind of knowledge still worse: therefore, even in his own age the Apostle proclaimed: *Non plus sapere, quam oportet sapere** (Rom. xii. 3). It is true

* Αἶψα γὰρ, διὰ τῆς χάριτος τῆς δοθείσης μοι, παντὶ τῷ ὄντι ἐν ὑμῖν, μὴ ὑπερφρονεῖν, παρ' ὃ δεῖ φρονεῖν ἀλλὰ φρονεῖν εἰς τὸ σωφρονεῖν ἰσχύοντες ὡς ὁ Θεὸς ὑμῖν μέτρον πίστεως. We subjoin the original text for the benefit of our readers, whose opinion may be easily formed on the profundity of the textuary who can give to ὑπερφρονεῖν the sense of *plus sapere*, or describe a state of ignorant pride of heart as a state of knowledge. True science is always accompanied with humility—ignorance with unseemly pride. The application of the text as an interdict on knowledge is perfectly absurd. When will that pregnant source of error, the Latin Vulgate, be extirpated from Romanist countries? The Apostle's argument is also wholly directed to particular offices, and his

that these words are meant as an admonition to those who are too prone to think highly of themselves, but such will exactly be the result of these same popular journals, which by fictitious tales, purposely selected to pervert the people's minds, seem to insinuate that virtue only resides among the lowest orders; that equity, disinterestedness and magnanimity are the characteristics of the labourer and poor, whilst oppression, injustice and hardness of heart are the appanage of the higher classes.' "

"What say you," continues our correspondent, "to this archiepiscopal promulgator of the Gospel?" and then, as a contrast to the gloomy prospects of the war that the friends of education are likely to endure, he subjoins a few words from another of his associates on the state of the Tuscan *Maremma*, a wild district scarcely issuing from utmost desolation and barbarism.

"I have hardly yet visited one-third of the Tuscan marches, and have already organized five societies for the institution of infant asylums, numbering nine hundred members and contributing an annual revenue of 20,000 *lire*. Words can not express how ardently my words have been received, and what a spirit of true charity and patriotism prevails among this population, so little known and so often abused. I have seen the townspeople meeting by hundreds to draw up the regulations for these charitable institutions on the most liberal plans, and bishops and parsons vieing with the laity in zealously promoting the interests of education, &c.

"We are," concludes our friend, "neither deterred by the episcopal threats at Turin, nor elated by the adhesion of priests and prelates in Tuscany; but since we are to fight on this ground, I am glad to perceive a division among our adversaries, which gives us fair chances of victory."

Certainly as long as government does not openly declare against them, the friends of education are sure of success, at least in Tuscany, where, were it only as charitable institutions, schools and asylums might always rely on the support and favour of that benevolent population. It must not be forgotten that the north of Italy, and especially Lombardy and Tuscany, have always taken the lead, and are even now unsurpassed in Europe for their true Christian charity and beneficence; and that nowhere are

injunctions are to exercise a due humility in the wielding of even the miraculous powers, or any other gift or grace. It has nothing to do with the subject to which the archbishop has misapplied it. Where are the chances of a super-fetation of knowledge for Italy? When will even her archbishops comply with the Catholic injunction "Give attention to reading," and get rid of their present deplorable ignorance, "understanding neither what they say nor whereof they affirm." How different is the expression of Dante's ardent gratitude to Ser Brunetto compared to what the Italian child must feel to these darkeners of knowledge.

"In la mente m'è fitta ed or m'accora
La cara buona imagine paterna
Di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora
M'insognavate, come l'uom s'eterna."

hospitals, poor houses, and orphan asylums, objects of a more assiduous and inexhaustible liberality.

As houses of charity, those educational establishments will be aided by the co-operation even of those who might be less sanguine as to the moral results attainable from a diffusion of knowledge among the lowest classes, and less disposed to lay too implicit a belief in the indefinite perfectibility of their fellow-beings. Whoever visited the infant asylums at Florence or Venice, and saw, as Von Raumer relates, "those Italian children, whom he was accustomed to behold in the streets, dirty, ragged and crawling with vermin, now clean in their persons and tidily attired in their airy and spacious school-houses," however sceptically inclined as to the future prospects of the rising Italian generation, will, at least, applaud the immediate, palpable advantages resulting from those truly maternal establishments.

We have ourselves witnessed the gratifying spectacle last year in Florence, and as we surveyed the little innocent creatures, the children of sin and misery, but recently rescued from the squalor and wretchedness of their parental roofs, still bearing on their haggard and emaciated features and on their rickety limbs the prints of hereditary disease and deformity, we bethought ourselves of Alfieri, and wondered what curse of heaven could thus have nipped and blasted the "plant man" in that most genial soil; and offered our prayers to God that he would smile on the efforts of the new cultivators, and bear them up against the hatred and malignity of their opponents.

But what shall we say, when, foremost in the ranks of their adversaries, we meet the vicar of Christ, the servant of the servants of God, Pope Gregory XVI. himself, not only opposing reasons to arguments, sermons and homilies to pamphlets and journals, but, as a last resource, betaking himself to excommunications, and banishments, and throwing schoolmasters into the dungeons of the Castle St. Angelo?

We have already expressed our belief that there may be precipitation and imprudence among the champions of popular instruction, and we may, to a certain extent, chime in with the opinions of the Archbishop of Turin, that there may be systems of education far from being conducive to the happiness and contentment of individuals, or favourable to the preservation of social order. But would it not be the duty of the pastors, who are, at the same time, the legitimate instructors of their flocks, to counteract the evil tendencies of a premature culture by the peaceful insinuation of sound moral principles, rather than by unholy diatribes and insane persecutions? Is God's own truth so afraid of broad day-light as to have no chance to prevail but in the ob-

security of a prison? Can the arrest of Enrico Mayer,* or of any other individual, put a stop to the rapid progress of opinion, any more than all the scaffolds and burning-piles of Paul IV. and Pius V. prevailed against Protestantism? The schoolmaster in prison! out upon thee, Antichrist!

Meanwhile the promoters of education are not to be easily discouraged by these first outbursts of pontifical wrath. The books which we have placed at the head of this article, selecting them from among a vast number of penny magazines, cyclopædias, and other popular publications, edited in imitation of our English works in the same style, are sufficient to prove that public suffrage is openly in favour of the institutions which such works are intended to advocate, and that the weight of opinion is more than sufficient to frustrate the evil ascendancy of power.

* Though we have already alluded to the arrest of Signor Enrico Mayer in our article on "Copyright in Italy," (see FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. LIII., p. 300,) yet we think that a few particulars of that event may serve to give an idea of the police regulations of the Italian states, and show how far the right of inviolability of person is respected in that country.

Early in the month of May, 1840, Signor Mayer applied for, and obtained from, his native Tuscan government, a passport for Naples and Sicily, the only part of Italy that the pedagogical traveller had never visited. In that epoch, it will be remembered, the differences between his Sicilian majesty and Great Britain had created an universal ferment in Italy; for such is the state of that unhappy country, that every prospect of hostilities, every anticipation of anxieties and difficulties, in which their governments may be involved, is hailed as an object of rejoicing, as a chance of reurrection on the part of the people. *Mors tua, vita mea*, is there the mutual bond of union and love between the two opposite elements of social order, power and opinion. Consequently, the Neapolitan consul at Leghorn refused to sanction, by his signature, the passport of M. Mayer. This gentleman was therefore compelled to undertake an unnecessary journey to Florence, where he obtained from the Neapolitan minister what he had in vain applied for to his Excellency's subaltern. Provided thus with a passport in due form, M. Mayer started, by land, towards the south, and by a direct road proceeded to Rome. Here another Neapolitan ambassador countermanded the order of his colleague at Florence, and M. Mayer was once more stopped short in his journey. He humbly and resignedly protested against this abuse of power, and prolonged his stay in Rome, hoping by his remonstrances to soften the unjust rigour of the ambassador. One morning as he, according to his wont, applied to the Post Office for his letters, he was attacked by the *stirri* of his Holiness, and thrown into prison, while his domicile underwent the most severe and minute investigation. For more than four months he was kept in the closest confinement; he and his friends were left in a state of utter incertitude as to his fate. But the clamour raised by so arbitrary a measure, against so popular and irreprehensible a personage, was so very loud and incessant, that even the Pope's inflexibility was not proof against it. The dark and mysterious proceedings were broken short, and the prisoner was, at the request of the Grand-Duke, sent back, under an armed escort, to the Tuscan confines; sentence of perpetual banishment from the ecclesiastical states was, however, issued against him, and enforced by threats of hard imprisonment and the galleys:—all this before he could receive the slightest information as to the crime he stood accused of. His guilt, however, it is well known, was only that of having by every effort promoted the institution of infant asylums, and other primary schools, against which the Pope has declared a most insane and relentless war, and having travelled through Switzerland, England and Germany to inspect the state of popular instruction in those countries, and give an account of it in several numbers of the "*Guida dell' Educatore*."

The oldest and most deserving of these periodical works is the "Guida dell' *Educatore*," conducted by the *Abate Raffaello Lambruschini*, an evangelical, as well as a Catholic, priest. The first manifesto of the journal was published in September, 1835, and the first number appeared in January of the following year. It has ever since continued to appear in monthly numbers, and is now in the highest plenitude of success and popularity. At first the editor had to struggle hard against the difficulties of his isolated situation; but he soon found valiant fellow-labourers in Florence and elsewhere, and now there is scarcely a literary man in Italy that does not take the most lively interest in the progress of his noble undertaking. Among the most distinguished writers we notice the names of *Pietro Thouar*, *Niccolo Tommaseo*, and *Enrico Mayer*, whose *Fragments of a Pedagogical Journey* are intended to give a very satisfactory account of the state of popular education in every country of Europe, particularly in Switzerland, Germany and Britain. These articles were the principal guilt that called upon the author's head the papal resentment, to which he owed his confinement at Rome, and which have rendered it either utterly impossible or unsafe for him to stir an inch beyond the confines of his native state of Tuscany.

The last of these valuable, though, to the Roman see, obnoxious papers, refers to the state of education in England, and ought to prove an object of uncommon attraction to our readers, as the extensive connections and the long residence of *M. Mayer* in this country, and his indefatigable diligence and perseverance, enabled him to obtain the fairest insight into our political, religious and educational institutions.

It will be easily perceived that that essay is written in accordance with the democratic views warmly espoused by *M. Mayer*, and almost universally prevailing in his country, but which, owing to the political organization of our free and happy island, are yet, we think, far from having thrown deep roots among our people. Apart, however, from all party spirit, *M. Mayer* deserves the highest credit as an intelligent, fair, and conscientious observer.

To every number of the "*Guida*" are annexed a few pages of "*Letture pei fanciulli*," consisting of tales, dialogues, biographical or historical essays, &c., calculated to the capacity of a juvenile understanding: these, together with the "*Letture Popolari*" published at Turin, to which we have alluded above, and the "*Racconti ad uso dei Giovanetti*" by *Pietro Thouar*, will furnish every school-house in Italy with an useful and entertaining, economical library.

Meanwhile, as a proof of the universal encouragement that such works obtain from the Italian nation at large, we shall con-

clude this article by quoting the words of honest exultation with which the worthy Abate Lambruschini announces to his readers the reduction in the price of annual subscription, occasioned by a more extensive circulation and sale of his work.

"*La Ruche*, a French journal, edited by two excellent promoters of education, Mesdames Belloc and Mongolfier, has fallen in France. *L'Educazione pratica*, conducted by the clever M. Michel, also came to its end: whilst books and journals, tending either to amuse the readers with idle inanities, or to corrupt them with immoral and lubric works of fiction, are sold and republished with unabated success—while the "*Guida dell' Educatore*," after five years, proceeds with redoubled vigour, thanks to the persevering indulgence of the readers, and the all-absorbing importance of its subject. Were any other than myself the editor, I think I might venture to say—SUCH IS ITALY!"

ART. V.—*History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent.* By George Bancroft. 3 vols. Boston. 1839—1840.

THERE are few things more interesting in history than to trace the gradual formation and developement of a great nation, especially where its government has been formed on principles widely differing from those of the old world; where the sceptre and purple robe have never appeared at the head of its councils, and where the poorest man in it may, by the universal suffrages of his fellow-countrymen, be raised to that position in which he is the chief voice of a great people, and holds communication with the kings and princes of other countries. In contemplating a democracy like the American, we have yet to learn, as time rolls on, whether the laws which govern that nation are so framed as to hold together a people which may at one time or another become too numerous a family to remain under the same roof.

The mighty continent of the new world, teeming with luxuriant vegetation, attracted the early fathers of democracy to its shores. Quitting their own country with the avowed object of seeking higher religious freedom than they conceived themselves to enjoy in it, they sought a land where they might unmolested govern themselves by their own laws, and carry out their own political and religious sentiments. From these men sprung a people, remarkable for their adherence to their early form of government, and for the prominent position they now hold amongst the nations of the earth, both in commerce and manufactures.

One result from the peculiar opinions which induced these small bands to adventure their lives and fortunes in an unknown

region, would be equality of rank and position amongst their members; and their general admission of the truth, that "all men are equal in the sight of God," would give to each a voice in forming those laws which were necessarily made so soon as on their arrival at their future abode.

Mr. Bancroft has had many difficulties to contend against in compiling the valuable history, of which the three volumes already published form but a portion of the arduous task he has undertaken.

In drawing from the resources before him, it required some discrimination to separate strict facts from the multitude of vague rumours and fabulous narrative with which they are mixed, as well as to steer clear of the prejudices which warped the judgment of the early European writers.

The Americans are much indebted to him for the patience and labour manifested in his early volumes; and we feel confidence in the sincerity with which he endeavours to accomplish his object of giving to his fellow citizens a trustworthy history of their country. The work commences with the early voyages of the intrepid navigators of the thirteenth century. Columbus, whose early dreams were haunted with the existence of a western continent, established the truth of his theory, and has handed down his name to us as the hero of maritime enterprise. Although there may be some truth in the report mentioned by a historian of Iceland, of a vessel driven from Greenland to the shores of Labrador, yet we entirely agree with Mr. Bancroft that this in no way diminishes the claim of Columbus to that discovery which had been the constant object of his thoughts, and the hope of which gave him that patient endurance of the many disappointments which so impeded the execution of his purpose. England, always interested in maritime affairs, fostered the adventurous spirit of John Cabot, and he obtained from Henry the Seventh a patent, empowering himself and his three sons, with a fleet of five ships, "to search for islands, countries, provinces or regions, hitherto unseen by Christian people; to affix the banners of England on any city, island or continent that they might find, and as vassals of the English crown to possess and occupy the territory that might be discovered."

The patent also further secured to the family of the Cabots the exclusive right of frequenting all the newly-discovered countries without limit of time. Thus encouraged, in 1497, Cabot and his son Sebastian set sail; but there is no record of their voyage; they however returned home, declaring their discoveries, and to their energy England was indebted for those rights which, although not recognised by the courts of Spain and Portugal, were too strongly established to be shaken by opposition.

The career of Cabot is sufficiently familiar to us; that of the son Sebastian was still more fortunate and glorious. His maps and narratives have not come down to us, but there appears little doubt that in his expedition for the discovery of the north-west passage, when in the service of Ferdinand of Spain, he actually passed through the straits and entered the bay which afterwards received its name from Hudson. On returning to England he was honourably received, and a pension was conferred upon him. During his extreme old age, and at the hour of his death, his thoughts wandered to his beloved ocean; so much was he attached to his profession.

The French were not long in claiming a share in the new discoveries, and in 1504 the fisheries of Newfoundland were frequented by the mariners of Brittany and Normandy. John Verrazzani was the person appointed by Francis I. to explore the new regions. A terrible storm overtook the *Little Dolphin*, which was the name of his vessel, and fifty days elapsed before they beheld the continent. The unsuspecting natives welcomed the strangers to their shores, abounding with delightful fields and forests, but their hospitality was basely repaid by various attempts to kidnap them. Verrazzani acquired considerable knowledge of the country before he returned to France. Arriving first in the latitude of Wilmington, he passed the coast of North Carolina, after which he was greatly attracted by the harbour of New York, and thence, passing by Newport and leaving Rhode Island, he pursued his voyage until he reached the fiftieth degree of latitude. There are many conjectures respecting his death, but the common tradition is that he perished at sea. We have not space to dwell upon the voyage of Cartier, who, successful in his expedition, raised a tall cross near the small inlet of Gaspé, bearing upon it the arms of France, with an appropriate inscription. A new commission was in consequence issued, and many of the young nobility of France volunteered their services. With a solemn pageant and the full absolution and blessing of the bishop did they depart, full of hopes for the colonization of the new territory, which, in 1535, was first known by the appellation of New France. Arriving in the gulf of St. Lawrence, which then first received its name, and sailing to the north of Anticosti, they entered the harbour in the isle which is now called Orleans, and were received by the Indians of the Algonquin descent. Enduring great hardships in the winter, Cartier claimed possession of the territory, and on returning to Europe gave no very encouraging accounts of the country. Imagination, however, still rested on the advantages which might be derived from such a land, and five years afterwards Francis de la Roque, Lord of Roberval, obtained a commission, together with

Cartier, who was appointed captain general and chief pilot. He was to take with him artisans and mechanics; but of those who were able to support themselves by their industry in their own country, none could be found who would accompany him, and he had recourse to the refuse of the prisons, and these formed the first population of the colony.

The expedition was unfortunate. "Roberval was ambitious of power; and Cartier desired the exclusive honour of discovery." They embarked at different periods, and the latter, after passing the winter without making any further advances in his discoveries, returned to Europe, when the former had just arrived with a large reinforcement. Roberval however soon abandoned his viceroyalty and his troublesome subjects, and returned to his own estates in Picardy. No further favorable results took place, nor could any enterprise succeed, as our author remarks, from "a government which could devise the massacre of St. Bartholomew." In 1578 the importance of the fishing stations was considerably augmented, as there were one hundred and fifty French vessels at Newfoundland, and before 1609 one French mariner "had made more than forty voyages to the American coast." It was reserved however to Champlain to become "the father of the French settlements in Canada—a man remarkable for possessing a clear and penetrating understanding, with a spirit of cautious inquiry; untiring perseverance, with great mobility; indefatigable activity, with fearless courage." He was appointed by the company of the merchants of Rouen to command the expedition, and the narrative which he wrote on his return to France is full of interest. An exclusive patent was granted to the Calvinist De Monts, and we refer our readers to Mr. Bancroft's interesting account of the gradual footing De Monts obtained in the country, until the merchants of St. Malo, Rouen, and La Rochelle, obtained another patent from their king, and Champlain in 1615 once more embarked for the new world accompanied by the monks of St. Francis. He did not desist from his efforts until he successfully established the supremacy of the French over the country which he colonized and which received his bones. Still following the author in his history of the early discoveries, we find much interest in the chapter which he has given to the Spanish adventurers; this people, full of romance and superstition, gave ready credence to the many legends with which the famed land was invested, and their avarice made them desirous to explore a country which in their imagination teemed with gold and precious stones. Tired with the repose which they enjoyed after the conquest of Granada, they looked forward to new acquisitions which promised inexhaustible wealth. Passing over Juan Ponce de Leon, Fernandez,

and one or two others, we come to Ferdinand de Soto. Florida, which for some time had occupied the golden dreams of the ambitious courtiers of the Spanish monarch, inspired the mind of Soto with the desire of vanquishing the natives and of exploring its wealth. He had already distinguished himself by many chivalrous deeds as the favourite companion of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, when the unfortunate Atahualpa was taken prisoner. Charles the Fifth readily entered into his project, and in 1538 a gallant fleet, with six hundred young men, who formed his companions, many of them "in the glittering array of burnished armour and very gallant with silk upon silk," gaily proceeded to Cuba, where they were welcomed with joyous acclamations. They arrived in the Bay of Spirito Santo; and Soto, following the policy of Cortez, dismissed the ships, for fear of any of the faint-hearted returning. They carried back in them however Porcallo, an old man, who despairing of success, and frightened at the first aspect of the land, prudently preferred the wealth which he already possessed. The Spaniards, ever prone to cruelty, had provided themselves with the various instruments of torture and oppression which they had hitherto used in former invasions, and bloodhounds accompanied them for the purpose of running down the unhappy natives. The reader must peruse for himself the interesting account of the sad disasters which attended them. The yellow ore ever haunted their imagination, and they still pressed forwards through weary forests and marshes. "I will not turn back," said Soto, "till I have seen the poverty of the country with my own eyes;" and the adventurers pressed onwards towards the north east, passing the Alatomaha and the beautiful vallies of Georgia. The Indian guide continually involved them in difficulties, and would have been torn in pieces by the dogs, but that he was required as an interpreter. The Indians, everywhere rendered hostile by the manners of the strangers, were unsparing in their opposition. Wearied with continually lodging in the fields, they sought to occupy the Indian town of Mavilla or Mobile. "A battle ensued; the terrors of their cavalry gave the victory to the Spaniards. I know not if a more bloody Indian fight ever occurred on the soil of the United States; the town was set on fire; and two thousand five hundred Indians are said to have been slain, suffocated, or burned. They had fought with desperate courage; and but for the flames, which consumed their light and dense settlements, they would have effectually repulsed the invaders. 'Of the Christians eighteen died;' one hundred and fifty were wounded with arrows; twelve horses were slain and seventy hurt. The flames had not spared the baggage of the Spaniards; it was in the town and was entirely consumed." We cannot but

admire in the following extract the unyielding perseverance of the Spanish governor :

"He retreated towards the north, his troops already reduced by sickness and warfare to five hundred men. A month passed away, before he reached winter quarters at Chicaça, a small town in the country of the Chickasaws, in the upper part of the state of Mississippi; probably on the western bank of the Yazoo. The weather was severe, and snow fell; but maize was yet standing in the open fields. The Spaniards were able to gather a supply of food; and the deserted town, with such rude cabins as they added, afforded them shelter through the winter. Yet no mines of Peru were discovered; no ornaments of gold adorned the rude savages; their wealth was the harvest of corn, and wigwams were their only palaces; they were poor and independent, they were hardy and loved freedom. When Spring opened, Soto demanded of the chieftain of the Chickasaws two hundred men to carry the burdens of his company. The Indians hesitated; human nature is the same in every age and every climate. Like the inhabitants of Athens in the days of Themistocles, or those of Moscow of a recent day, the Chickasaws, unwilling to see strangers and enemies occupy their homes, in the dead of night, deceiving the sentinels, set fire to their own village, in which the Christians were encamped—on a sudden, half the houses were in flames; and the loudest notes of the war-whoop rang through the air. The Indians, could they have acted with calm bravery, might have gained an easy and entire victory; but they trembled at their own success, and feared the unequal battle against weapons of steel. Many of the horses had broken loose. These, terrified and without riders, roamed through the forest, of which the burning villages illuminated the shades, and seemed to the ignorant natives the gathering of hostile squadrons. Others of the horses perished in the stables; most of the swine were consumed; eleven of the Christians were burnt or lost their lives in the tumult. The clothes which had been saved from the fires of Mobile were destroyed, and the Spaniards, now as naked as the natives, suffered from cold. Weapons and equipments were consumed or spoiled. Had the Indians made a resolute onset on this night or the next, the Spaniards would have been unable to resist. But in a respite of a week, forges were erected, swords newly tempered and good ashén lances were made equal to the best of Biscay. When the Indians attacked the camp they found" the Christians "prepared."—vol. i. p. 49.

Vainly endeavouring to overawe the Indians of Natchez by asserting a divine origin, he gradually sunk under the accumulation of fatigue and disappointment and was carried off by a malignant fever. However disastrous might be the result of the expedition, yet it should not be forgotten, that to Soto and his companions belong the honour of the discovery of the Mississippi, and they were the first to observe that the sea is not salt at its mouth, from the immense volume of fresh water, which this mighty river discharges. Our readers must bear in mind, that Florida at that period was widely extended in its geo-

graphy; and that the Spaniards claimed under its name the whole sea coast as far as Newfoundland, and that it included also Canada. Religious zeal met with no better success, and Florida dyed with Spanish blood was abandoned. The efforts of France are next presented to our attention.

In 1564, Coligny obtained the consent of Charles IX. and three ships were provided for the service under Laudonniere as a leader. The voyage was favourable, and the followers of Calvin, with psalms of thanksgiving, erected a fort on the River May. Many of our readers will remember the sad termination of this attempt, on the part of France, to establish a colony through the agency of the Huguenots. It forms a striking picture of the bigotry which darkened the actions of the men of that age, whose deeds might, under other circumstances, have been chivalrous and noble. The colony already began to experience the comforts of a home, when the cry was raised in Spain, who never voluntarily relinquished her claims, that "the heretics must be extirpated." Fanaticism was at its height, and more than twenty-five hundred persons, consisting of priests and jesuits, soldiers, sailors, and other men, joined the expedition under Melendez, a man who was in every way calculated to carry out the views of the Spanish court.

"It was on the day which the customs of Rome have consecrated to the memory of one of the most eloquent sons of Africa, and one of the most venerated of the fathers of the church, that he came in sight of Florida; for four days he sailed along the coast, uncertain where the French were established; on the fifth day he landed, and gathered from the Indians accounts of the Huguenots. At the same time he discovered a fine haven and beautiful river, and remembering the saint on whose day he came upon the coast, he gave to the harbour and to the stream the name of St. Augustine. Sailing then to the north, he discovered a portion of the French fleet, and observed the nature of the road where they were anchored. The French demanded his name and objects. 'I am Melendez of Spain,' replied he, 'sent with strict orders from my king to gibbet and behead all the Protestants in these regions. The Frenchman who is a Catholic I will spare, every heretic shall die.'"—vol. i. p. 68.

Melendez returned to the harbour of St. Augustine, and after a solemn mass was performed, founded the city of St. Augustine, which is now the oldest town in the United States. The Spaniards ultimately made their way to the garrison of St. John's, and a horrible massacre ensued, in which for a time even the women and children were not exempt. A few escaped into the woods, and a portion surrendered themselves, vainly relying on a mercy which had no existence in the breasts of their hardened conquerors. The infamous exploits of Melendez are too gene-

rally known to need our dwelling further on the fate of the unfortunate Huguenots. France relinquished all claim to Florida, and the dominion of Spain was firmly established from the south-eastern cape of the Caribbean sea to beyond that of Florida.

The colonization of Virginia by the English, in 1607, occupies a prominent part of the work. Previous to this period, England had made considerable progress in her maritime affairs. Henry VIII. was favourable to the views entertained towards the new world, and he took some interest in the commercial prosperity of his kingdom. The possibility of the north-western passage was a subject which engaged much attention during Elizabeth's reign, and Martin Frobisher, accounting it "the only thing of the world that was yet left undone, by which a notable minde might be made famous and fortunate," was patronized by Dudley, Earl of Warwick. Two small ships of twenty-five and twenty tons, together with a little pinnace, set sail for the unknown regions, receiving the approbation of Elizabeth as they passed down the river. He entered to all appearance a strait, in latitude sixty-three degrees and eight minutes, but his hopes were fallacious, and he returned home without having accomplished so much even as Cabot. Such was the result of many of these early voyages. We must pass over those of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who unfortunately perished at sea.

The account of Raleigh's invincible spirit in forwarding the views of colonization is very interesting, and we think that Mr. Bancroft has not overdrawn the character of that great statesman. His genius was early displayed as "a soldier, a courtier, and a seaman," and in his later days he combined with these qualities that of an honourable statesman and an English patriot. His end was indeed a stain upon English history. His memory slumbers not in the country which is so much indebted to him; "after a lapse of two centuries, the state of North Carolina, by a solemn act of legislation, revived in its capital 'the city of Raleigh.'" The same idea occupied the minds of the English emigrants with regard to the golden resources of America, and the first settlers in the reign of King James were more disposed to augment their wealth by exploring the mines of the new country, than by the cultivation of the soil. The population of England was much increased since the Spanish peace, and James readily granted a charter to the early adventurers. Gosnold, Smith and Hakluyt, were the enterprising men who applied for it. The conditions of the first colonial charter are very interesting, and claim our attention. We must however bear in mind that the first settlement in Virginia was undertaken by two distinct companies. The first was composed of various noblemen and gentlemen, together with merchants who resided in and about London,

and the second by gentlemen and merchants of the west of England. To each were assigned so many degrees of latitude. The former from thirty-four to thirty-eight, while the latter possessed between forty-one and forty-five degrees. The land between was open to both companies.

"The conditions of tenure were homage and rent; the rent was no other than one-fifth of the net produce of gold and silver, and one-fifteenth of copper. The right of coining money was conceded, perhaps to facilitate commerce with the natives, who, it was hoped, would receive Christianity and the arts of civilized life. The superintendence of the whole colonial system was confided to a council in England; the local administration of each colony was entrusted to a council residing within its limits. The members of the superior council in England were appointed exclusively by the king, and the tenure of their office was his good pleasure. Over the colonial councils the king likewise preserved a control; for the members of them were from time to time to be ordained, made and removed, according to royal instructions. Supreme legislative authority over the colonies, extending alike to their general condition and the most minute regulations, was likewise expressly reserved to the monarch. A hope was also cherished of an ultimate revenue to be derived from Virginia; a duty to be levied on vessels trading to its harbours was, for one-and-twenty years, to be wholly employed for the benefit of the plantation; at the end of that time, was to be taken for the king. To the emigrants it was promised that they and their children should continue to be Englishmen—a concession which secured them rights on returning to England, but offered no barrier against colonial injustice. Lands were to be held by the most favourable tenure."—vol. i. p. 121.

Such was the short-sighted policy shown by King James in the first charter he conceded to the mercantile corporations; a policy which was not amended in later reigns, when the civilization and extent of New England, greatly increased, required that protection from the mother country which might tend to their mutual advantage. The rites of the Church of England were strictly enjoined, "and no emigrant might withdraw his allegiance from King James, or avow dissent from the royal creed." The president and the council, which formed a pure aristocracy quite independent of the emigrants, could summarily dispose of any civil cause requiring fine or imprisonment, and it was ordered that the proceeds of the industry of the respective colonies should, for five years, form a common stock. On the 19th of December, 1606, the little fleet of three vessels, with one hundred and five men, set sail for Virginia, and of these men there were only twelve labourers and four carpenters, together with a few mechanics. The rest consisted of forty-eight gentlemen. There were continual dissensions during the voyage. Newport commanded the vessels, and he occupied considerable time in sailing round by the Canaries and the West India islands.

After encountering a violent storm, the deep waters of the bay of Chesapeake received them, "putting the emigrants in good comfort." About fifty miles above the mouth of the river which they ascended, was selected for a site of the colony. Newport soon afterwards set sail for England, and John Smith took the management of affairs. The character of this extraordinary man is singularly romantic; "in boyhood he sighed for the opportunity of 'setting out on brave adventures.'" In his early life he fought the battles of the Batavian republic. He became a traveller in Italy and Egypt, and on his return through Hungary he greatly distinguished himself against the Turks, in their religious wars. Here his usual good fortune deserted him, and after being severely wounded in the glens of Wallachia, he was taken prisoner, and sold as a slave at Constantinople, where a Turkish lady taking compassion on him, in the hopes of being able to restore him to liberty, caused him to be removed to a fortress in the Crimea. There he was most harshly treated; but rising against his oppressors, he escaped on horseback to the borders of Russia enduring many hardships during his wanderings, which however were again mitigated by the gentle hand of woman; he at last, "bidding farewell to his companions in arms, resolved to return 'to his own sweet country.'" Before he had crossed the continent, the rumours of a war in Morocco attracted his daring spirit, and it was some time before he reached his native land. He then entered with enthusiasm into the project of colonizing Virginia; and his experience of human nature, his firmness of disposition, and power of enduring every hardship, admirably fitted him for the duties he undertook, of regulating the turbulent and often desperate spirits that composed the infant colony. The same romance attended him in his expedition amongst the Indians, for the purpose of exploring the geography of the country, and when surrounded by the painted warriors, who doomed him to death, from his having gained that ascendancy over their minds by his fearlessness of disposition, the tomahawk was already raised with unerring aim, when an Indian maiden, Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan the chief, rushing to him and clinging to his neck, the warrior's arm was irresistibly arrested and his life was saved. The Indians were awed by this unlooked-for interruption: They felt that it was an interposition of the Great Spirit, and Smith was received as their brother and made one in their councils.

More emigrants arrived; but they consisted of "vagabond gentlemen and goldsmiths," sent out by the council in England, with the hopes of sending home immeasurable riches. The mistaken policy of the London company caused a change in the constitution of the colony. A new charter was granted, transferring to the

company the powers which had previously been vested in the king. The auspices were far more cheering, and five hundred emigrants left their native country. Lord Delaware was appointed governor and captain-general for life. The fleet unfortunately was dispersed by a storm, and only seven ships arrived in Virginia. Their arrival was a fortunate relief for the distressed colony. Smith, who resolutely maintained his authority over the "unruly herd," unfortunately met with a severe accident from an explosion of gunpowder, and resigning his command to Percy, returned to England, and for his long and faithful services received nothing but ingratitude and neglect. His memory however lives, and he justly merits the appellation of "the Father of Virginia." Had his high powers and reflecting mind met with their fellow, the first efforts in colonization would have been more successful, for he clearly perceived that it was not gold which it was the interest of England to seek for, "but to enforce regular industry." "Nothing," said he, "is to be expected thence but by labour."

On his departure he left behind him four hundred and ninety persons in the colony. In the short space of six months indolence, vice, and famine had reduced them to sixty, and if relief had not arrived so opportunely, few traces would have been found of the colony. It was on the tenth of June, 1610, that the restoration was begun, after a fervent prayer to God for its well-being and advancement. Lord Delaware's health sunk under the climate, and he was obliged to return to England, and his departure cast "a damp of coldness" on the hearts of the London company. Sir Thomas Dale, "a worthy and experienced soldier in the low countries," succeeded to the government. In a later age his introduction of martial law would have caused the utmost indignation, but the infant colony were unaccustomed to any franchises, and under Dale's administration the colony assumed a more cheerful aspect. A new charter was issued in 1612 confirming its stability; and the natives, feeling the supremacy of the English, recognized, by a formal treaty, the authority of King James. An interesting circumstance happened at this time. A foraging party stole away the daughter of Powhatan and demanded a ransom. The indignant tribe were preparing for hostilities, when a young Englishman, John Rolfe, captivated by the gentle qualities and native dignity of the fair Indian, demanded her in marriage of her father, and its solemnization was the signal for the war hatchet to be buried. She was instructed in the English tongue, and accompanied her husband to his own court, where she was admired and caressed. But, alas! the English climate was not fitted for this gentle flower of the wilderness. She died at the early age of twenty-two, just when she was about to return to her native country. In June,

1619, the authority of the Governor of Virginia was, at the instance of the London company, controlled by a council, and in the same month the first colonial assembly met together at James-town, consisting of the governor, the council, and two representatives from each of the eleven boroughs, who were styled burgesses. Such was the early dawn of legislative liberty in America. The ancient planters had already, under the administration of Yeardley, been absolved from all further voluntary service to the colony, and now the possession of their estates being fully confirmed to them, the people of England were eager to risk their fortunes in the same country: previous to this period few women had ventured to the new continent. A speculation was entered into by the corporation to send some over, and about an hundred and sixty actually embarked, being severally valued at the price of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco. They were followed by many more of both sexes, so that within three years about three thousand five hundred people, amongst whom were many Puritans, increased the colony. A memorable assembly was convened in July, 1621, and a written code was given to the colony, which was very similar to the English constitution, and was the model of those which were subsequently introduced into the other provinces. Mr. Reeves remarks, in the preface to his translation of Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, that the more ancient parts of our constitution are revived in that of the United States, while those of the Feudal or Norman are excluded. Their dispensation of justice in their county courts has originated from the Saxon laws, and this common source of our liberties forms the basis of the American constitution. Mr. Bancroft has dedicated a portion of his work to the history of slavery and its gradual diffusion over the world, and again its diminution as the spirit of Christianity became firmer established. Tocqueville remarks that "Slavery dishonours labour. It introduces idleness into society, and with idleness, ignorance and pride, luxury and distress. It enervates the power of the mind and benumbs the activity of man." Its history may be traced in the United States from the works before us. The time has not yet arrived for its abolition: at the present period, even when so much has been done by England for its extinction, the traffic has *increased* and is flourishing under the Spanish and Portuguese flags.

The soil for slavery was already prepared in Virginia by a kind of conditional servitude, which early existed between the servant and the master. "The supply of white servants became a regular business." They were sent over at the rate of eight or ten pounds a piece, and often resold at forty or fifty pounds. The apprenticed servants however gave way to the large importations of

negroes. Their labour was considered necessary to the well-being of the colony, and the policy of slavery was admitted and advocated by many of the southern states in after-times. The navigation act was an important epoch in the maritime world. Spain and Portugal having found their way to America and round the Cape of Good Hope, tried to establish a monopoly of the traffic of the whole world: severe penalties were adjudged against those who infringed it. The consequence was, that the seas were infested with pirates, who boldly pillaged the richly laden vessels, and often made predatory incursions into the settlements; for the freebooter could not suffer more than the merchant who should infringe the monopoly. During the reign of James and Charles the First, the Dutch by their energy and perseverance began to engross the trade of the world; their ships were seen in every part of the globe. So much influence did they gain, that English sailors sought employment under the Dutch flag, and "English ships lay rotting at the wharves; English ship building was an unprofitable vocation." The energetic spirit of Cromwell employed itself in protecting the British shipping, and the Puritan St. John devised the first act of navigation, which was carried through parliament by Whitelocke. A naval war ensued: we need not dwell on the glorious manner in which the supremacy of England was established over the seas. "Jamaica and the Act of Navigation are the permanent monuments of Cromwell." We pass over the colonization of Maryland, merely remarking that Lord Baltimore, who was a papist, was the person who matured the plan for the colonization of that portion of America. His brother, Leonard Calvert, led the emigrants in person (consisting of about two hundred people, most of them Catholics) to the new land. Our author gives an interesting account of the early struggles of the papist colony, and we pass on to the history of the pilgrims.

The austere principles of Puritanism were practised by these emigrants. They tolerated no ceremony unless enjoined by the word of God in the book of Truth. They adhered to the Established Church as far as their interpretations would allow them, and asserting the equality of the inferior clergy, resisted the supremacy of the bishops. The surplice and square cap were rejected "as the livery of superstition." The horrors of Mary's reign induced multitudes to hurry away into other lands, to escape from the fearful oppression of their own country. There were two parties—one who tried to establish the forms of discipline in the Church, which had been approved of by parliament in the reign of Edward; the other, "on the contrary, endeavoured to sweeten exile by a complete emancipation from ceremonies which they had reluctantly observed," and these were the Puritans. Mr. Ban-

croft's remarks on the progress of religious opinion in England, the origin of the Independents, and persecution of all Non-conformists, are very interesting. The account of the theological conference which James held at Hampton Court, and the pedantry of the royal theologian, are amusingly given. The Puritans, now resolved upon exile, made an attempt to leave their native country, but were prevented by the magistrates.

"The next spring the design was renewed. An unfrequented heath in Lincolnshire was the place of secret meeting. As if it had been a crime to escape from persecution, the embarkation was to be made under the shelter of darkness. After having encountered a night storm, just as a boat was bearing a part of the emigrants to their ship, a company of horsemen appeared in pursuit and seized on the helpless women and children, who had not yet adventured on the surf. 'Pitiful it was to see the heavy case of these poor women in distress; what weeping and crying on every side.' But when they were apprehended, it seemed impossible to punish and imprison wives and children for no other crime than that they would go with their husbands and fathers. They could not be sent home, for 'they had no homes to go to;' so that at last the magistrates were 'glad to be rid of them on any terms;' 'though in the mean time they, poor souls, endured misery enough.' Such was the flight of Robinson and Brewster, and their followers, from the land of their fathers."—vol. i. p. 302.

They arrived at Amsterdam, and afterwards removed to Leyden, where they remained about eleven years. Still retaining a love for their government and native country, they were led "to the generous purpose of recovering the protection of England by enlarging her dominions," and accordingly Robert Cushman and John Carver were sent as envoys to England, to obtain the consent of the Virginia company. The pilgrims early displayed their principles of democratic liberty, when they transmitted their request, signed by the congregation.

"We are well weaned," added Robinson and Brewster, "from the delicate milk of our mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land; the people are industrious and frugal; we are knit together as a body in a most sacred covenant of the Lord, of the violation whereof we make great conscience, and by virtue whereof we hold ourselves straitly tied to all care of each other's goods and of the whole. It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage."—vol. i. p. 304.

The terms of the contract between the pilgrims and the London company show the severe and grasping nature of their demands upon this simple people. The whole company formed one partnership, and the services of each emigrant were rated at ten pounds a head, to go to the company; all profits for seven years were sequestrated and divided amongst the shareholders and the Lon-

don merchant, who embarked a hundred pounds, and received "ten-fold more than the pennyless emigrant for his entire services." We will give the account of the departure of the emigrants for the land of promise in Mr. Bancroft's own words:

"And now the English at Leyden, trusting in God and in themselves, made ready for their departure. The *Speedwell*, a ship of sixty tons, was purchased in London; the *May Flower*, a vessel of one hundred and eighty tons, was hired in England. These could hold but a minority of the congregation, and Robinson was therefore detained at Leyden, while Brewster, the teaching elder, conducted the emigrants. Every enterprise of the pilgrims began from God. A solemn fast was held. 'Let us seek God,' said they, 'a right way for us and for our little ones, and for all our substance.' Anticipating their high destiny, and the sublime doctrines of liberty that would grow out of the principles on which their religious tenets were established, Robinson gave them a farewell, breathing a freedom of opinion and an independence of authority, such as then were hardly known in the world. 'I charge you, before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the counsel of God. I beseech you remember it—'tis an article of your church covenant—that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God.' The pilgrims were accompanied from Leyden to Delft Haven, where the night was passed 'in friendly and Christian converse.' As morning dawned, Carver, Bradford and Winslow, Brewster, the ruling elder, Allerton and the brave faithful Standish, with their equal associates—a feeble band for a perilous enterprise—bade farewell to Holland, while Robinson, kneeling in prayer by the sea side, gave to their embarkation the sanctity of a religious rite."—vol. i. pp. 306, 307.

They arrived safely at Plymouth, and leaving behind them a few of the "cowardly and disaffected," on the 6th September, 1620, thirteen years after the colonization of Virginia, the little band set sail for the new world, and on Monday, the 11th of December, old style, "the Pilgrim Fathers" landed at Plymouth. The rock which received their first footsteps is venerated by posterity, and travellers at the present time carry away small portions as relics. Such was the commencement of the first attempt to colonize New England, by a people whose simple virtues have been commemorated by historians and poets. Puritanism has been remembered more for its outward peculiarities than for the real truth and purity of its principles. Their enthusiasm in many instances carried them too far, and exposed them to censure and ridicule, but we must not forget that they in every way acted up

to their principles, that religion formed a part of their daily and hourly avocations. Every congregation had the right of electing its own minister, and religion being with the people, and being exercised by themselves, all ecclesiastical tyranny was set aside—"the voice of the majority was the voice of God; and the issue of Puritanism was therefore popular sovereignty." With all their simplicity, activity and intelligence formed a part of their character, and with a firm faith in his Creator, the Puritan never wanted courage. "He that prays best and preaches best, will fight best," was the opinion of Cromwell; and we remember another remark of that celebrated soldier, previous to his commencing a battle, which is an illustration of the blunt religious feelings of the times, "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry." Loyalty was not inconsistent with their democratic tenets. Before even they landed they drew up a solemn instrument, commencing with

"In the name of God, amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together, into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame, such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."—vol. i. p. 309.

Their early struggles were borne with calmness and cheerful resignation. The seeds of democratic liberty took firm root, and were gradually reared until they stood in their own strength. Europe had at that time but little thought for the obscure community, which was silently making its way; they gradually freed themselves from their debts and became the freeholders of the soil they cultivated. The progress of population was slow, but their courage failed not.

"Out of small beginnings," said Bradford, "great things have been produced, and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone to many, yea, in some sort to one whole nation; let it not be grievous to you that you have been instruments to break the ice for others. The honour shall be yours to the world's end."

It was in 1622, that the extended colonization of New England was projected, and we must refer our reader to the work itself for the account of the colonization of Maine and of Massachusetts. The charter granted to this latter colony passed the great seals a few days before Charles the First announced his intention of

governing without a parliament. The charter bearing the signature of that king was long preserved as a most important document, for it secured to the colony a corporation. It was not, however, until thirty or forty years after, in the reign of Charles the Second, that their existence was legally recognized by a royal charter.

The concession of the charter to Massachussets was an important epoch in the history of colonization. It was proposed by Mathew Cradock that the charter should be transferred to those freemen who inhabited the colony. A meeting was held at Cambridge, and an agreement made amongst men of fortune and talent, that they should embark for America, provided the whole government should be legally transferred to them and their fellow colonists. This plan was energetically advocated by the family of the Winthrops.

On October the 20th, 1629, a court was convened, and John Winthrop was chosen governor. His character was admirably formed for this office. Eminently pious, he possessed a calm decision and gentleness of temper. He was a firm royalist and opposed to pure democracy, yet possessing a true regard for popular liberties. At one period of his administration he was accused of committing some arbitrary acts, and it was on that occasion he pronounced that very fine definition of liberty which Tocqueville has quoted in his *Democracy*:

“Nor would I have you to mistake in the point of your own liberty. There is a liberty of corrupt nature, which is affected both by men and beasts to do as they list; and this liberty is inconsistent with authority, impatient of all restraint; by this liberty ‘*sumus omnes deteriores*,’ ’tis the grand enemy of truth and peace, and all ordinances of God are bent against it. But there is a civil, a moral, a federal liberty, which is the proper end and object of authority; it is a liberty for that only which is just and good; for this liberty you are to stand with the hazard of your very lives, and whatsoever crosses it, is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained in a way of subjection to authority; and the authority set over you will in all administrations for your good be quietly submitted unto by all but such as have a disposition to shake off the yoke and lose their true liberty, by their murmuring at the honour and power of authority.”

Such were the sentiments of Winthrop which were diffused among the people, and which give us a good picture of the state of Anglo-American civilization of that period. About fifteen hundred souls accompanied Winthrop; they found the colony in a deplorable state, and they themselves suffered much after their arrival. Their trials were augmented by witnessing the sufferings of the women, who struggled with them through the same sorrows. Arabella Johnson was hurried by grief to her grave, and her hus-

band, subdued by disease, and sorrow soon followed her, but he died willingly and in sweet peace, making a most godly end." Two hundred died before December. Those who survived were supported by their faith in the Divine Being. In August, 1630, the government was more fully organized, and it was finally determined that the governor and assistants should be annually chosen. The Indians were anxious to make friends with the strangers, and both the Mohegans and nearer Nipmucks came to smoke the pipe of peace. The son of the aged Canonius brought presents to the governor, and the great Mantonómob, chief of the Narragansetts, became the guest of Winthrop. A friendly intercourse was also set on foot with the other European settlements, and the Governor of Massachusetts with Wilson, the pastor of Boston, made a journey to Plymouth, where they were met by Bradford and Brewster and their friendly union was confirmed. From this moment a rapid progress was made in popular liberty. The history of Roger Williams, who arrived at Nantasket in February, 1631, contains some interesting details. His clearness of mind and the purity and truth of his doctrines are well described and commented upon by Mr. Bancroft. We have not space to dwell upon his exile and wrongs, nor upon the colonization of Connecticut in 1630. England was not indifferent to the well-being of the colonies. Many complaints were made of the disorder of the plantations, and the high church party, jealous of the success of the Puritans in the new world, willingly listened to these insinuations. Finally a requisition was forwarded, which commanded the letters patent of the company to be produced in England. Massachusetts was prepared to resist the innovation, and a subscription was raised for fortifications. The fury of the bishops made the pillory become a scene of torture and bloodshed. A proclamation was now made to prevent the emigration of Puritans, and hemmed in on every side, they tried to escape, but the Privy Council prevented the squadron of eight ships from sailing. Mr. Bancroft is of an opinion that there is nothing to corroborate the story of Cromwell and Hampden being on board this fleet. Hampden's "maxim in life forbade retreat," and Cromwell was equally resolute. The fleet was only detained a few days, and had they been on board they would have reached New England with the rest. Before the assembling of the Long Parliament, about twenty-one thousand two hundred souls arrived in New England, and in less than ten years fifty towns and villages had risen up. Rhode Island soon after obtained its charter through the energetic labours of Roger Williams, and to Sir Henry Vane it owed its existence as a political state—"under God, the sheet anchor of Rhode Island was Sir Henry." Maine was in 1652 attached to

Massachusetts, and thus extended its frontier to the islands in Casco Bay. The history of the political parties in this colony is curious: the result was the trial of Winthrop "who appeared at the bar only to triumph in his integrity." Much discussion took place in the Parliament of England as to the allegiance that Massachusetts owed to the mother country. They contended that it should be the same as the free Hanse towns had rendered to the Empire. The Elders were prepared to resist the authority of the Long Parliament, and remonstrated with great frankness. Sir Henry Vane showed himself a true friend to New England, and after much deliberation the Parliament replied—"we encourage no appeals from your justice; we leave you with all the freedom and latitude that may in any respect be duly claimed by you." Such was the state of the colonies at the restoration of the Stuarts. Cromwell had left the benefits of self government and the freedom of commerce to New England and Virginia, and they looked forward with anxiety to the measures which should be adopted by the restored dynasty.

The Restoration naturally produced a corresponding change in the colonial policy. England was tired of democracy, and royalty was everywhere regarded with enthusiasm, but there were many who suffered as regicides, and amongst these the pious and zealous Hugh Peters; and it is a stain upon the history of our country when we reflect that the corpses of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, by order of the Parliament, were disinterred and dragged on hurdles to Tyburn, and there hung at the three corners of the gallows, to avenge the death of Charles. A subsidy of five per cent. was granted to Charles the Second by the Parliament on all merchandize "exported from or imported into the kingdom of England or any of his majesty's dominions thereto belonging."

The New England shipping excited the jealousy of the English merchants, and it was determined that the New England merchants should not compete with the English in their markets, in the southern plantations, and finally America was forbidden either to manufacture any article which might compete with the English in the foreign markets, or even to supply herself by her own industry. Such was the increasing monopoly, and such was the policy of Great Britain towards her colonies. The colonist reaped little benefit in the sale of his produce, for the English were the only purchasers and almost fixed their own price. "The merchant of Bristol or London was made richer; the planter of Virginia or Maryland was made poorer. No value was created; one lost what the other gained; and both parties had equal claims to the benevolence of the legislature." Mr. Bancroft points out

a curious truth with respect to the Navigation Act, involving the foreign policy of England in contradictions. Monopolizing her own colonial trade, she at the same time was making every effort to enfranchise the trade of the Spanish settlements. It was however the private merchant who gained by the taxation of the colonies, and not the people, and the monopoly therefore was a failure. Mr. Bancroft's description of Charles's character is rather biassed. He forgets the dangerous position of a monarch surrounded by flattery and adulation. The character of his court was essentially vicious, but we believe that there were some good points in "the merry monarch," which might have led to others had he been more fortunate in his companions. Massachusetts was in no haste to approach the English sovereign, being strong in her charter. Plymouth, Hartford, New Haven, and Rhode Island, proclaimed the king, and the younger Winthrop went to London as the representative of Connecticut. His superior talents obtained for that colony an ample patent, and secured to the country a century of peace. Before he returned to America he assisted in the formation of the Royal Society, and has left a name equally honoured by both countries. We must pass over the history of Connecticut and the period at which Rhode Island received her charter. Its chief feature was that of religious freedom being established in every sense. "No person shall at any time hereafter be anyways called in question for any difference of opinion in matters of religion."

Massachusetts was divided in her opinions: the one party wished to sustain an independent administration with undiminished rigour, while the other were for making certain concessions to the ministry of Clarendon. Envoys accordingly were dispatched to London, and the royal answer was returned :—

"A confirmation of the Charter was granted, and an amnesty of all offences during the late troubles was conditionally promised. But the king asserted his right to interfere in the domestic concerns of the colony; he demanded a repeal of all laws derogatory to his authority; the administration of the oath of allegiance; the administration of justice in his name; the complete toleration of the Church of England; and a concession of the elective franchise to every inhabitant possessing a competent estate."

The demand of the king was not complied with, and measures were taken for resisting the royal authority. The intelligence was already circulated that commissioners were on their way to regulate the affairs of New England. The result was, that the English ministry considered it impolitic to interfere with the colony, and amidst the trifling pleasures of the court, Massachusetts was forgotten. Prosperity in every way attended her, and the patriarchs

of the country had the satisfaction of looking upon it before they closed their eyes. In 1675, the white population of New England was estimated at fifty-five thousand souls.

"Of these, Plymouth may have contained not much less than seven thousand; Connecticut nearly fourteen thousand; Massachusetts Proper more than twenty-two thousand; and Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, each perhaps four thousand. The settlements were chiefly agricultural communities, planted near the sea side, and stretching along the ocean from New Haven to Pemaquid. The beaver trade, even more than traffic in lumber and fish, had produced the fine settlements beyond the Piscataqua; yet in Maine, as in New Hampshire, there was a 'great trade in deal boards.' Most of the towns were insulated settlements near the sea, on rivers, which were employed to drive 'the saw-mills,' then described as a 'late invention,' and cultivation had not extended into the interior. Haverhill on the Merrimack was a frontier town; from Connecticut emigrants had ascended the river as far as the rich meadows of Deerfield and Northfield, but to the west Berkshire was a wilderness; Westfield was the remotest plantation. Between the towns of the Connecticut River and the cluster of towns near Massachusetts Bay, Lancaster and Brookfield were the solitary settlements of Christians in the desert. The colonies, except Rhode Island, were united; the government of Massachusetts extended to the Kennebeck, and included more than half the population of New England; the confederacy of the colonies had also been renewed, in anticipation of danger."—vol. ii. p. 93.

West of St. Croix, the number of Indians amounted to about fifty thousand. Such was the state of Anglo-America in 1675. We pass over the account of the Praying Indians, who, through Eliot and the "gentle Mayhew," were won over to a new religion. The Narragansetts, however, one of the most powerful tribes between Connecticut and Plymouth, retained the faith of their fathers, together with Philip of Pokanolet, who led about seven hundred warriors. His father, the aged Massasoit, had received the pilgrims when they first planted their foot in his country. Continued sales had gradually crowded the natives into small tongues of land, and they saw their hunting grounds and parks, their corn fields and pastures, fading from their possession. The young warriors in the wigwam listened to the tales of the old chiefs, of the lands that their fathers possessed, and their indignant spirit longed to uproot the hatchet of peace. A man who had given information of the chieftain possessing English arms, "an unlawful thing," was murdered by the tribe. They in their turn were seized, and being tried, were executed. This was sufficient to light up the smouldering revenge of their brothers, and eight or nine white men were slain near Swansey. Then arose the horrors of an Indian war, and Philip, "against his judgment and will," was

compelled to lead forth his warriors. The colonists lost no time in making preparations, and volunteers poured in from Massachusetts and joined the troops at Plymouth. It was a warfare which required constant activity, for they had to deal with men endowed with singular faculties, silent and stealthy in their movements, swift of foot, and admirable marksmen, and who possessed the superior advantage of knowing every path of the forest, and could detect, by the leaf lightly folded in the path, or even from the dew but partially scattered from the drooping plant, the trail of the enemy.

"The labourer in the field, the reapers as they went forth to the harvest, men as they went to mill, the shepherd's boy among the sheep, were shot down by skulking foes, whose approach was invisible. Who can tell the heavy hours of woman? The mother, if left alone in the house, feared the tomahawk for herself and children; on a sudden attack, the husband would fly with one child, the wife with another, and, perhaps, one only escape! The village cavalcade, making its way to meeting on Sunday in files on horseback, the farmer, holding the bridle in one hand, and a child in the other, his wife seated on a pillion behind him, it may be with a child in her lap, as was the fashion in those days, could not proceed safely; but, at the moment when least expected, bullets would come whizzing by them, discharged with fatal aim from an ambuscade by the way side. The forest that protected the ambush of the Indians secured their retreat. They hung upon the skirts of the English villages 'like the lightning on the edge of the clouds.'"—Vol. ii. p. 103.

During the winter, the war was attended with less danger to the English; for the forests were bare, and afforded little protection to the skulking natives. But the miseries they endured were very great, and one town after another was laid in ashes by the Indian warriors. Under the gallant Turner a band was successfully led against them, and their numbers dwindled away; hope deserted them, and the gradual extermination of the tribe took place. Philip himself was chased from one haunt to another; at last his wife and children were taken prisoners. "My heart breaks," said the Sachem; "now I am ready to die." And thus passed away the Narragansetts, one of the most prosperous tribes of New England. We have a curious instance of Charles the Second's absurd liberality to his favorites when he gave away "all the dominion of land and water, called Virginia," to Lord Culpepper, at that time a member of the commission for trade and plantations, and also to Henry, Earl of Arlington, a princely and well-bred person, and fond of every thing that was courtly and extravagant. The colonists were alarmed at the dangers which threatened them, and envoys were immediately despatched to remonstrate with the king. They set forth the natural liberties which they were entitled to, and their exemption from any arbi-

trary taxation : but they made no progress, after being detained more than twelve months in the country. It was a dangerous policy, on the part of Charles, to abridge the liberties of a people who enjoyed more freedom of life and thought than any other nation. The people then "were children of the wood, nurtured in the freedom of the wilderness;" clusters of houses were rarely met with, far less a village. Even James' Town consisted of only a state-house, one church, and eighteen houses; there were few roads beyond the bridle-path; neither books nor newspapers lightened their leisure hours; and those who did possess riches lived after the manner of the patriarchs of old, with their servants and flocks about them. Such was the state of the people whom Charles attempted to bind by rigid and burdensome exactions. "Loyalty was a feebler passion than the love of liberty."—"men feared injustice more than they feared disorder." The Seneca Indians had driven the Susquehannahs from the head of the Chesapeake to near the Piscataways, on the Potomac; and murders were committed on the borders of Virginia, which were avenged by the militia. John Washington, the great-grandfather of George Washington, led a body into Maryland to aid the people against the enemy; six chieftains came forward, wishing to make a treaty, and such were the vengeful passions of the English, that they were murdered. Sir William Berkeley, although he is represented as a tyrannical and obstinate man, yet, with the prompt gallantry of an old cavalier, displayed a feeling which did honour to him, in rebuking the horrible outrage that was committed. Such was the state of Virginia, when Nathaniel Bacon, a young and wealthy planter, feeling the abuses of the times, was chosen by the people for their leader. His character speedily indicated, that "he had not yielded the love of freedom to the enthusiasm of royalty." He carried his principles with him to the banks of the James' River, and the people flocked to his standard; such was the commencement of "the Grand Rebellion in Virginia." The lower countries took up arms, and demanded a dissolution of the old Assembly; Berkeley was compelled to yield, and new writs were issued. The greatest portion of the new members, together with Thomas Godwin, their speaker, were "much infected" with the political principles of Bacon, who was appointed commander-in-chief, and was hailed by the people as "the darling of their hopes." The acts of this Assembly restored the liberties of the people; but as they were not acceded to by Berkeley, Bacon withdrew from the city, and re-appeared at the head of five hundred men. The old governor advanced to meet them, and, baring his rugged breast, he said, "A fair mark, shoot!"—"I will not," replied Bacon, "hurt

a hair of your head, or of any man's; we are come for the commission to save our lives from the Indians."

Berkeley eventually yielded the commission, and a milder form of legislation was adopted by the Assembly. Tranquillity did not, however, long continue; for, through the vacillation of the governor, Bacon was again declared a traitor, and the civil war was renewed. We cannot follow the varied fortunes of the opposite parties; it ended with the death of Bacon, who sickened from a fever, and with the dismissal of Sir William Berkeley. "The old fool," said Charles, "has taken away more lives in that naked country, than I for the murder of my father." The results of this insurrection were by no means favorable to the colony; for the royal favor was considerably lessened, and a liberal charter was denied to them. A patent was conferred upon them, but not giving them one political franchise.

We pass over the account of the New Netherlands, and proceed to Mr. Bancroft's interesting description of the Quakers. This sect arose at a period when great difference of opinion existed in religion; almost all parties were opposed to each other, and reform was their continued theme. On the continent, the doctrines of Descartes had caused an inquiry after truth, and the study of morals and the mind. The faith of the Quaker was based upon these principles; but the chief feature in it was his possession of "the inner light," or the inward voice of God in himself. This it was that aided him in all his actions and thoughts, and, being a portion of the spirit of God, guided him to virtue. It was "the highest revelation of truth," and the Creator having given it to every man, gave therefore equal rights to the human race—"intellectual freedom, the supremacy of the mind, universal enfranchisement." Such was the result of the contemplative devotions of George Fox, the son of "righteous Christopher," a Leicester-shire weaver. Like David and Tamerlane, and Sixtus the Fifth, he employed his time as a shepherd, and his early youth was passed in frequent prayers and fasts, and deep meditation. He became miserable in his religious thoughts, and continually "questioned his life." He made a journey to London, and consulted many priests; but they gave him no comfort, and he returned again to the country to his solitary walks and secret communings. He felt that God dwelt not in temples of stone, but in the hearts of men; the light dawned upon him, and gave repose to his aching spirit; the agony of doubt was removed, and he felt that truth could only be sought "by listening to the voice of God in the soul."

"At the very crisis, when the House of Commons was abolishing monarchy and the peerage, about two years and a half from the day when

Cromwell went on his knees to kiss the hand of the young boy who was Duke of York, the Lord, who sent George Fox into the world, forbade him to put off his hat to any, high or low; and he was required to *thee* and *thou* all men and women, without respect to rich or poor, to great or small. The sound of the church bell in Nottingham, the home of his boyhood, struck to his heart; like Milton and Roger Williams, his soul abhorred the hireling ministry of diviners for money; and on the morning of a first day, he was moved to go to a great steeple-house, and cry against the idol. 'When I came there,' says Fox, 'the people looked like fallow ground, and the priest, like a great lump of earth, stood in the pulpit above. He took for his text these words of Peter: 'We have also a more sure word of prophecy;' and told the people this was the scriptures. Now the Lord's power was so mighty upon me, and so strong in me, that I could not hold, but was made to cry out, 'Oh no! it is not the scriptures, it is the spirit.'"—Vol. ii. p. 334.

Fox was most undaunted in his enthusiasm. He proclaimed his principles everywhere; and at Lancaster, forty priests appeared against him, and he was imprisoned and ill-treated. He, however, rebuking their conduct as "exceeding rude and devilish," battled every point with them. Driven from place to place, his fame increased with his persecution, and crowds gathered together to hear him; and so powerful and vigorous were his arguments, that the priests avoided him when he came near, "so that it was a dreadful thing to them when it was told them, 'the man in leather breeches is come.'"

The principles of the Quaker exhibit, however, a dangerous enthusiasm, and repeatedly scriptural contradiction; they forget that the mind may be led away by too great a dependence on its powers, and that the "inner light" may, under temptation, prove but an ignis fatuus. And it remains with them to indicate the method or criterion of judgment by which a man may be enabled to distinguish the working of the spirit from the powers of his own mind, a task to which no modern metaphysician is equal. They favored, however, no Romanist views of celibacy, no monasteries, or nunneries, "or religious bedlams;" but, feeling that the "inner light" is shed alike upon woman as upon man, that she was formed to be his equal companion in the journey of life, they founded the institution of marriage on permanent affection, and not on transient passion.

"The supremacy of mind abrogated ceremonies; the Quaker regarded 'the substance of things,' and broke up forms as the nests of superstition. Every Protestant refused the rosary and censer; the Quaker rejects common prayer, and his adoration of God is the free language of his soul. He remembers the sufferings of divine philanthropy, but uses neither wafer nor cup. He trains up his children to fear God, but never sprinkles them with baptismal water. He ceases from labor on the first day of

the week for the ease of creation, and not from reverence for a holiday. The Quaker is a pilgrim on earth, and life is but the ship that bears him to the haven; he mourns in his mind for the departure of friends; by respecting their advice, taking care of their children, and loving those that they loved; and this seems better than outward emblems of sorrowing. His words are always freighted with innocence and truth; God, the searcher of hearts, is the witness to his sincerity; but kissing a book, or lifting a hand, is a superstitious vanity, and the sense of duty cannot be increased by an imprecation."—Vol. ii. pp. 346, 347.

Such was the character of the people who met with so many grievous oppressions during the Long Parliament, that they eagerly looked to the new world for a resting place. We pass over the purchase of the moiety of New Jersey by John Fenwick in 1674, who safely arrived in this asylum with several families. In March, 1677, the fundamental laws of New Jersey were perfected, and English Quakers eagerly sought a land of peace and safety. The only drawback to the success of the colony was, that the agent of the Duke of York demanded customs from the ships that passed up to New Jersey. The arguments against him were triumphant, and the tax was considered illegal, and after this everything prospered. The history of the purchase of Pennsylvania by William Penn is too well known to need our commenting upon it. The character of this remarkable man is well described by Mr. Bancroft. He was hardly twelve years of age before his religious views displayed themselves, and his father, determined to subdue his enthusiasm, shut his door upon him; but, retaining a parent's feelings, he recalled him, and gave him permission to travel. He acquired by it grace of manners and those accomplishments which, when he returned to London, and became a student of Lincoln's-Inn, caused him to be considered "a most modish fine gentleman." But notwithstanding the favourable position he held in life, both in regard to wealth and the preferment which was before him, he had "a deep sense of the vanity of the world, and the irreligiousness of religion." Whilst under the influence of these feelings, he met in Ireland, in 1666, his old friend Thomas Loe, who soon awoke the fires which slumbered within his breast. He returned to England, and it was a capital jest amongst his former fashionable companions, that "William Penn was a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing." Cast off by his indignant father, he became an author, and published to the world his tenets. Penn was arraigned for speaking at a Quaker's meeting. The recorder, dissatisfied with the first verdict given by the jury, abused them, and said, "We will have a verdict by the help of God, or you shall starve for it!" "You are Englishmen," said Penn, "mind your privilege, give not away

your right." "It will never be well with us," said the recorder, "till something like the Spanish inquisition be in England." A verdict of "not guilty" was pronounced, and the impartial recorder fined the unfortunate jurymen forty marks a-piece for their independence, and sent Penn back to prison for contempt of court. The fines, however, were paid by his father, who, then on his death-bed, said, "Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching and living, you will make an end of the priests." Many were the remonstrances which he received for "associating with such simple people," but his reply was, "I prefer the honestly simple to the ingeniously wicked." It was on his release from a lonely imprisonment in Newgate, that he travelled into Holland and Germany, and married a woman, whose sweetness of temper and firmness of spirit was eminently calculated to give him happiness; "she chose him before many suitors, and blessed him with a deep and upright love." We will not dwell upon the many noble efforts of this great man to ensure the liberty of his fellow friends. His hopes were entirely frustrated in parliament; and he turned his attention to the establishment of a free government in the new world. His exertions, coupled with those of Barclay, had been very extensive in "evangelizing" the continent; his visits were received by the simple people with enthusiasm. Penn was eminently distinguished for his sweetness of disposition, and that perfect absence of selfishness in all his actions. He gave himself up to the consciousness of the inner light; but the great powers of his mind prevented any want of harmony in his thoughts and actions. Believing that God dwelt in every man's conscience, and that his light shone in every soul, he built, to use his own words, "a free colony for all mankind." Such were a few of the qualities of "the Quaker King," as he was designated on his arrival on the banks of the Delaware, when about to commence "the holy experiment." How different was his entrance into the new world from that of Cortez and Pizarro! His first grand treaty, beneath a large elm tree at Shakamaxon, was made with the men of the Algonquin race; and he pronounced the same message of peace and love which George Fox had professed before Cromwell, and irresistibly won their confidence.

"We meet," said he, "on the broad pathway of good faith and goodwill; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are

the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood."—vol. ii. pp. 383, 384.

The warriors long after would count over their shells on a clean piece of bark, and recall to their memory and that of their children this covenant of peace and friendship, which was confirmed neither by signatures nor seals, but was graven on the hearts of men under the bright blue sky, and was not to be forgotten.

The City of Philadelphia, laid out in February, 1683, on a site "not surpassed," rapidly increased, and before two years had elapsed, the place contained more than six hundred houses, and education was making advances through the schoolmaster and printing press, and had thus made greater progress in that short space of time, than New York had done in half a century. William Penn having organized the government, and accomplished his mission, returned to England, where he answered all the eager inquiries after the colony, by declaring that "things went on sweetly with friends in Pennsylvania, that they increased finally in outward things and in wisdom." His farewell to his people was most touching, breathing a spirit of love and earnest affection.

"My love and my life are to you and with you, and no water can quench it, nor distance bring it to an end. I have been with you, cared over you, and served you with unfeigned love, and you are beloved of me, and dear to me beyond utterance. I bless you in the name and power of the Lord; and may God bless you with his righteousness, peace and plenty, all the land over." "And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province, my soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, and that thy children may be blessed.—Dear friends, my love salutes you all."—vol. ii. p. 395.

The latter portion of the second volume is occupied with the account of the consolidation of the northern colonies by James the Second; and the narration of the wars of the five nations against the French forms an interesting portion of it. In 1688 the twelve states contained upwards of 200,000 inhabitants, and these were chiefly descended from the Germanic race. Few were of "the high folk of Normandie," but were from the Saxons or "low men." The revolution of 1688 greatly tended to the increase of English liberty. The abdication of James the Second, and the election of a king by the popular party, was a triumph over the old prejudices of the aristocracy. The supremacy of parliament was established, and it was a singular instance of a revolution being effected without bloodshed—so much so, that the standing armies were disbanded, and William's Dutch guards were dismissed. As the revolutionists respected the propieta-

ries of Carolina, the insurrectionary government very soon ceased. The people declared that they would be governed by the powers granted by the charter; and thus the legislation of Shaftesbury and Locke perished. "Palatines, landgraves, and caciques, 'the nobility' of the Carolina statute book, were doomed to pass away."

The revolution gave to Virginia a guarantee for her liberties, a just administration of law, but in other respects her form of government was but little changed. Francis Nicholson was the first person in the reign of King William who entered the "ancient dominion" as lieutenant governor, and his powers enabled him to hold almost as many seals of office as are vested in the whole cabinet of our own country, for he was lieutenant general and admiral, lord treasurer and chancellor, the chief judge in all the courts, president of the council, and lastly bishop or ordinary. Fortunately for the good people of Virginia, his power was checked to a certain extent by the council and general assembly. One of the chief safeguards to the liberty in Virginia, was the individual freedom of mind which characterized every landholder. Tobacco at that period was the only currency, taxes were paid in it, and remittances made to Europe in the same article, and ships were obliged to lie whole months waiting for the cargo, which was collected from the different plantations. For three quarters of a century, Virginia had enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity and peace, and although there were occasional outbursts of party spirit, yet the colony bore a character in England for being in perfect peace and tranquillity, and in obedience to the royal authority. We shall next notice the curious account Mr. Bancroft gives of the supposed witchcraft practised in Massachusetts.

The statute book asserted the existence of witchcraft by establishing the punishment of death on the conviction of an offender. The superstition was carried to a curious extent, and was fomented to a great degree by the vanity of Cotton Mather, who "wishing to confute the Sadducees" of his times, made various experiments upon the power of demons, as to whether they could know the thoughts of others, and the inference he drew was that "all devils are not alike sagacious." "Witchcraft," shouted Cotton Mather from the pulpit, "is the most nefandous high treason against the Majesty on high," and accordingly he printed a discourse with a narrative of the case of the daughter of John Goodwin, who was bewitched, and to his great delight declared that no devils had the power of entering his study, and that God would protect him from any blows which might be inflicted upon

him by unclean spirits. Many of our readers must remember the curious accounts of the supposed cases of witchcraft practised at Salem, which originated first of all in the persons of the daughter and niece of Samuel Parris the minister. Cotton Mather eagerly pursued the unfortunate victims of suspicion, and although examinations and commitments became very general, but few confessions were made, although it was hinted that the confession of the crime was the only mode to obtain pardon. Thus the gallows was set up, "not for those who professed themselves witches, but for those who rebuked the delusion." Dreadful were the crimes committed by these "witch-hunters," and not only were numbers of people led to the gallows, but others endured more horrible deaths; and we have one instance of a man, Giles Cory, an octogenarian, being pressed to death for refusing to plead, but the influence of Cotton Mather, notwithstanding his narrative of "the wonders of the invisible world," began to decline. The last case was that of Sarah Darton, an old woman of eighty years of age, who had enjoyed the reputation of being a witch for the last twenty years. The trial came on in Charlestown, and, although there were more charges brought against her than had been adduced against any other person in Salem, yet the public, tired of their prejudices, gave her a verdict of acquittal, and the indignation of the people drove Parris from the place. Cotton Mather still tried to persuade others as well as himself of his sincerity, but the errors of superstition were exploded.

The commercial rivalry between France and England is next introduced to our notice. Prior even to the days of Colbert, the former had become jealous of the colonial interests of the latter; at the same period when Queen Elizabeth had granted a charter to the East India company, France under Richelieu strove for the commerce of Asia. Again, when England took possession of Barbadoes and Nevis, and the whole of Jamaica, France held possession of the half of St. Christopher, Martinique, Guadeloupe, and other small islets. The national antipathy was fostered in every manner, and under Colbert and Leiquelays she made such rapid progress in her naval power and in manufactures, and brought forward so great a competition, that England and France were looked upon as natural enemies, independent of other causes. Religious zeal was strongly instrumental in forwarding the commercial ambition of France; and in their earliest efforts to colonize America, Le Caron, Viel, and Sagard, priests of the Franciscan order, made their way as missionaries to the neutral Huron tribe, that dwelt by the Niagara. The establishment of "the Society

of Jesus" by Loyola, was contemporary with the Reformation, and its zealous missionaries, enduring every toll with an enthusiasm that enkindled with danger, raised the standard of faith in all parts of the world. Mr. Bancroft gives us a very interesting narrative of the labours of these men in Canada, who are connected with the origin of every town in French America; "not a cape was turned, nor a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way." Brebeuf and Daniel, and the "gentler Lallemant," were amongst the first who encountered the horrors of the wilderness. Their journey by the Ottawa river was one of constant fatigue. Continually encountering waterfalls, where they were obliged to carry their canoe on their shoulders, and often dragging it by hand over shallows and rapids and the sharpest stones, they slowly advanced with their bruised and mangled feet; yet not in any degree fainting by the way, but with the breviary hung around the neck, and their courage supported by their undying faith, they resolutely advanced from Quebec to the heart of the Huron wilderness. It was to the north-west of Lake Toronto, near the shore of Lake Iroquois, that they erected the first chapel, "the cradle of His church which dwelt at Bethlehem in a cottage;" and here did they begin to chaunt the matins and vespers, and to consecrate the sacred bread by solemn mass before multitudes of the Huron warriors, who gazed with awe and admiration upon their rites. The hunter listened to the tale of our Saviour's death, and soon a feeling was raised in his breast to mingle his prayers with the holy fathers. Not very long after, two Christian villages, St. Louis and St. Ignatius, rose up in the Huron forest. The life of the missionary was calm and uniform.

"The earliest hours, from four to eight, were absorbed in private prayer; the day was given to schools, visits, instructions in the catechism and a service for proselytes. Sometimes, after the manner of St. Francis Xavier, Brebeuf would walk through the village and its environs, ringing a little bell, and inviting the Huron braves and councillors to a conference. There, under the shady forest, the most solemn mysteries of the Catholic faith were subjected to discussion. It was by such means that the sentiment of piety was unfolded in the breast of the great warrior of Ahaistari; nature had planted in his mind the seeds of religious faith. 'Before you came to this country,' he would say, 'when I have incurred the greatest perils and have alone escaped, I have said to myself, 'Some powerful spirit has the guardianship over my days;' and he professed his belief in Jesus, as the good genius and protector whom he had before unconsciously adored. After the trials of his sincerity, he was baptised, and enlisting a troop of converts, savages like himself, 'Let us strive,' he exclaimed, 'to make the whole world embrace the faith in Jesus.'"—Vol. 3, p. 125.

The news of the successful labours of the pious fathers awakened the liveliest interest and enthusiasm in France. Measures were taken for the establishment of a college in New France. The Duchesse d'Aiguillon, aided by her uncle, Richelieu, endowed a public hospital, and the nuns of the hospital of Dieppe were selected (the eldest only twenty-nine) to exercise their patient benevolence in attending to the wants of the sick and afflicted, and the doors of the hospital were thrown open, not only to the emigrants, but to the numerous tribes who might require assistance. We are compelled to pass over the interesting account of the various missions which were undertaken in the service of God. The adventures of La Salle and the fate of his companions will reward the reader who should peruse them. The history of the tribes of America and their character and natural endowments is too well known to need our dwelling upon them; to this, however, Mr. Bancroft has added a slight account of their language and dialects. We merely glance at the war between the French and Natchez in 1729. Loubois completed the destruction of this unhappy nation, and the Great Sun, with about four hundred prisoners, were sent to Hispaniola, and sold as slaves. In 1738 the progress of the Anglo-American colonies was very perceptible. During that year were built at Boston forty-one topsail vessels, their burden altogether amounting to about six thousand three hundred and twenty-four tons. The increase of the colonies caused great astonishment in England. At the peace of Utrecht, the Anglo-Americans amounted to about four hundred thousand, and before it was again broken, their numbers were doubled. Free schools and colleges were established, and to the excellent and liberal-hearted Berkeley was Rhode Island indebted for the endowment of a library, and New York for a college. The press began to put forth its mighty powers; on the fourth day of April, 1704, was published the first newspaper in the new world, entitled "The Boston News-Letter." In 1740 the number had increased to eleven. The subject of newspapers leads Mr. Bancroft to expatiate upon the character of Franklin, upon whom he pronounces a just encomium, and whose writings and life are now exhibited in a complete form by the biographer of Washington, Mr. Jared Sparks. Not long after this period, the abrogation of the charters was menaced, but the bill was dropped, chiefly through the eloquent tongue of Jeremiah Dummer, a native of New England. No attempt was made by England to tax America, although urged at one time by Sir William Keith, formerly governor of Pennsylvania. He suggested to the king, that the duties on stamps and

parchments should be extended to America, but the commissioners of trade gave no heed to it. Sir Robert Walpole's policy was of a different nature.

"I will leave," said he, "the taxing of the British colonies for some of my successors, who may have more courage than I have, and be less a friend to commerce than I am. It has been a maxim with me, during my administration, to encourage the trade of the American colonies to the utmost latitude. Nay, it has been necessary to pass over some irregularities in their trade with Europe; for, by encouraging them in an extensive, growing foreign commerce, if they gain five hundred thousand pounds, I am convinced that in two years afterwards, full two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of this gain will be in his majesty's exchequer by the labour and produce of this kingdom, as immense quantities of every kind of our manufactures go thither; and as they increase in the foreign American trade, more of our produce will be wanted. This is taxing them more agreeably to their own constitution and laws."—vol. iii. p. 383.

The result was that a tax was levied on America through its consumption. The law was exercised in the extreme point, and every form of competition in industry was discouraged. In 1719 the House of Commons declared "that erecting of manufactories in the colonies tended to lessen their dependance on Great Britain." Then succeeded the favouritism shown by England to the sugar colonies, which was followed by the tax on consumption. The consequence of this commercial dependance was that the colonies contracted a debt with the mother country, which increased in proportion to the rigour with which the law was enforced.

The colonial credit-system is well treated by the author, and it led to the collisions between the colonies and England which, our readers will remember, took place in the reign of Queen Anne; but the chief subject of dispute was in the mercantile system and its consequences.

The latter portion of the third volume again takes up the subject of the slave trade, in which England so earnestly sought a monopoly in the same reign. Our limits will only permit us to notice the interesting foundation of Georgia, the thirteenth colony. In the days of George the Second the *crime* of poverty yearly sent about four thousand unhappy men to prison. The subject earnestly engaged the attention of the philanthropic James Oglethorpe, a member of parliament, and a man whose energy of mind and nobleness of disposition enabled him to carry out his benevolent design. His plans were that a colony should be formed of the multitudes he rescued from the horrors of gaol, together with the persecuted Protestants of England. Many

sought to have a share in this excellent enterprise. A charter was obtained, dated the ninth day of June, 1732, placing the country between the Savannah and the Alatomaha under the guardianship of a corporation for twenty-one years. Their common seal, with a group of silk-worms on one side, and on the reverse the motto, "*Non sibi, sed aliis*," shows their disinterested purposes. They also expressly refused any grants of lands or emolument.

Oglethorpe devoted himself entirely to the fulfilment of his design, and in November, 1732, embarked with one hundred and fifty emigrants. Their voyage was favourable and they arrived in safety, and thus began the commonwealth of Georgia. The description of the emigration of the gentle Moravians for the Savannah is so agreeably written that we will give one more extract.

"On the last day of October, 1733, the evangelical community, well supplied with Bibles and hymn-books, catechisms and books of devotion—conveying in one waggon their few chattels, in two other covered ones their feebler companions, and especially their little ones—after a discourse, and prayers, and benedictions, cheerfully, and in the name of God, began their pilgrimage. History need not stop to tell what charities cheered them on their journey, what towns were closed against them by Roman Catholic magistrates, or how they entered Frankfort on the Maine, two by two in solemn procession, and singing spiritual songs. As they floated down the Maine, and between the castled crags, the vineyards and the white-walled towns, that adorn the banks of the Rhine, their conversation, amidst hymns and prayers, was of justification and of sanctification and of standing fast in the Lord. At Rotterdam they were joined by two preachers, Bolzius and Gronau, both disciplined in charity at the Orphan House in Halle. A passage of six days carried them from Rotterdam to Dover, where several of the trustees visited them and provided considerably for their wants. In January, 1734, they set sail for their new homes. The majesty of the ocean quickened their sense of God's omnipotence; and, as they lost sight of land, they broke out into a hymn to his glory. The setting sun, after a calm, so kindled the sea and sky, that words could not express their rapture, and ~~they cried out: How lovely the creation! how infinitely lovely the Creator!~~ When the wind was adverse they prayed, and as it changed one opened his mind to the other on the power of prayer, even the prayer 'of a man subject to like passions as we are.' As the voyage excited weariness, a devout listener confessed himself to be an unconverted man; and they reminded him of the promise to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit and trembleth at the word. As they sailed pleasantly with a favouring breeze, at the hour of evening prayer they made a covenant with each other, like Jacob of old, and resolved, by the grace of Christ, to cast all the strange gods which were in their

hearts into the depths of the sea. A storm grew so high that not a sail could be set; and they raised their voices in prayer and song amidst the tempest; for to love the Lord Jesus as a brother gave consolation. At Charleston, Oglethorpe bade them welcome, and in five days more the wayfaring men, whose home was beyond the skies, pitched their tents near Savannah."—vol. iii. pp. 423, 424.

The remaining portion of the third volume is occupied with the invasion of Florida by Oglethorpe, and that of Georgia by the Spaniards. The expedition against Louisburg by New England and the ill-success of the French fleets conclude the history of the colonization of the United States brought up to the period of the congress held at Aix-la-Chapelle, which was to restore tranquillity to the civilized world after the long war between England and France and the other powers of Europe. The tide of human events was to be changed by a youth at that time unknown and unheard of. George Washington, the son of a widow, born at Potomac, whose early life was passed in the forests, was destined to be the means of raising up a dependent people into a nation which, casting aside all the dignified position of a monarchy, took a firm hold upon its soil with democracy as its basis. At this point Mr. Bancroft pauses in his labours, and will recommence the subject with the Independence of the Colonies and the History of the American Revolution. We look forward with pleasure to the continuation of the work, which, if prosecuted with the same research and attention he has already evinced, will meet with general approbation, and form a valuable addition to Transatlantic history.

**ART. VI.—*Aperçu Général sur l’Egypte*, par A. B. Clot-Bey.
2 tom. Paris. 1840.**

THE author of these volumes is director-general of the medical establishments, civil and military, of Egypt ; and has been for some time high in the estimation and confidence of the Pasha. He was originally, we believe, an apothecary’s boy in the south of France, where he had the run of the hospitals, and picked up medical knowledge as he could, for he had no regular professional education. Being, however, a young man of great penetration, activity and talent, he became in a comparatively short period an expert operator, and a respectable practitioner. At the beginning of the year 1825, through the influence of an agent of the viceroy, being chosen physician and surgeon in chief of the Egyptian armies, he accepted the honour, and repaired immediately to his post. On his arrival, he found the medical department of the service in a very disorganised state, and instantly set about correcting its abuses ; and, in order to avoid them for the future, established regulations, which should fix the duties and determine the authority of the entire staff. Unwilling, however, to take upon himself the whole responsibility of this measure, before assuming the direction of his office, he proposed to the minister of war the adoption of the French system of rules, and the creation of a council of health. The minister approved of the proposition, and in a short time a council was formed, composed of five members being physicians, surgeons or apothecaries, of which council Clot-Bey is the president. Having thus accomplished several reforms in the internal organization of the Egyptian army with respect to the grades and employments of the medical staff, as well as their treatment, clothing, and general administration, he was encouraged to project the institution of a medical school in Egypt, and communicated his views to the government. Mehemet Ali at once perceived the advantages that would result from the instruction of a number of Arabs in the healing art, and of their aggregation with the army in the capacity of a sanatory official body. But as soon as the project was known, it had to encounter the most violent opposition from other quarters. Its adversaries endeavoured, by every argument that could be devised, to persuade the viceroy of the impracticability of its realization. It needed only an ordinary degree of sagacity, however, to discover the true motives of these objections : the Pasha saw through them, and a school was founded in 1827. It was first situated at Abouzabel, but afterwards removed to Cairo, where our author resides, and superintends the whole establishment.

Here he practises also on his own account; and has operated successfully, he informs us, in more than 160 cases of *calculus* alone. He has acquired by his professional success and official employment a great reputation, and, with reputation, rank and fortune. In 1831, he received the title of Bey; and among many other tokens of the Pasha's great regard and marked attention, the present of the house in which he resides at Cairo. In 1838, he travelled in company with Doctor Bowring over a great portion of Syria. After landing in that province, the travellers visited Antioch, Aleppo and Damascus. Clot-Bey then proceeded to join Ibrahim Pasha in the Haouran, where he collected many valuable religious books of the Druses. "Wherever we went in Syria," says his companion, "he was regarded as a public benefactor, and followed by crowds to be healed. I never saw such marks of popular confidence and affection."

In May of 1839, on obtaining leave to quit Egypt for Europe (whither his reputation had preceded him), in order to recruit his health, that had occasioned him some serious apprehensions of late, he thought it right to address to the ministers of the interior and of public instruction, a detailed report of the condition of the medical service of Egypt, in which he indicated the ameliorations of which it was susceptible. This he considered an obligation imposed upon him, from the peculiarity of the situation in which he then found himself with regard to it. After landing in Europe, he remained some time in Italy, and on arriving at Marseilles, his native city, married a lady of some property. He visited Paris last year (1840), where he published the present work, and then returned with his wife to Egypt, to resume his official duties.

A more fitting season for the publication of his book the author could scarcely have chosen. At the precise moment when the present and future existence of Egypt as an Eastern *de facto* independent power, was being discussed with the deepest interest by the press, the diplomacy, and the entire political world of Europe, the appearance of these volumes, presenting a fresh weight of testimony before the tribunal of public opinion, could not fail, from the admitted respectability of the author, to exercise its due share of influence. Had any evidence been wanting to throw light on the nature of the connection which has so long subsisted between France and the viceroy, or to recommend the strict maintenance of that amicable relation in the then existing crisis, there could not, perhaps, have been found a sincerer or more earnest, and, in many respects, a better qualified agent for the work than the present witness. The book is dedicated to Mehemet Ali, but without his express authorisation; in this the

writer has endeavoured to avoid, lest it should be said, that under the circumstances it was written by the Pasha's orders, or under the influence of his government. The whole responsibility, then rests upon the author, but could he have done otherwise, he asks with characteristic self-gratification, than dedicate it to him: to whom he owes the position he has gained in society, and the part assigned to him in the work of the regeneration of Egypt? (1) Could it be possible that of his chief concerns to set forth the character, the aims and the government of Mehemet in a flattering point of view, though it is not to be denied that he is no personal solicitation of government, but to maintain full liberty of thought and expression. A writer is conscious of his duty to exhibit a too marked sympathy for his countrymen and countrymen throughout these columns, which sometimes becomes offensive; indeed, the chief aim of the work is to stimulate national unity.

It is a fact that the progress which the inhabitants of Egypt have made in the last century has been so rapid, that it is natural to suppose that the country would always be a source of interest and interest. It had vegetated in a state of stagnation for a considerable period, and it is only in the last century, re-awakened by the progress of the world. Its present importance is due to the fact that since then, resuscitated, it has become a source of interest towards the solution of the problem of the continent are brought to the aid of the world, and its relative position is more and more becoming apparent, and it is therefore well worthy of being brought to the aid. Consequently, in the course of the last century, much additional information has been gained, and much more has been written respecting this interesting country. The first of these were the labours of the French Institute, and the world a work of immense value and importance, the "Description de l'Égypte." However, in the publication of this work, there were, indeed, several of the accounts of some prominent travellers, such as Shaw, Niebuhr, Volney, and a few English, but none that treated the subject in the manner of Egypt in anything like so elaborate, systematic and comprehensive a manner as the work above-mentioned. Next appeared Hamilton's "Egyptiana" at London, in 1813. Since then a variety of publications have been on the ancient and modern state of the country have issued from the press. Among the French, the most prominent of these labours is undoubtedly the work of Champollion, as regards the ancient department of the subject, in which the author of the book we are reviewing acknowledges himself often indebted. Of more recent

and popular works in France, the "*Travels*" of the Duke of Ragusa contain some of the most interesting details, and practical and solid opinions respecting Egypt; also "*Lettres sur l'Orient*," by MM. Michaud and Poujoulat, are worthy of notice; as are the "*Travels*" of MM. de Cadalvène and de Breuver; but the most valuable of recent publications on the actual condition of the country, inasmuch as it is a history of the life and reign of Mehemet Ali, is the accurate work of M. Mengin. In England we can boast of two very respectable additions to our knowledge of ancient and modern Egypt, in the late volumes of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and those of Mr. W. Lane. Of English labourers in the like field of research, many other creditable names might be mentioned; still, with the accumulations of both countries, this treatise of Clot-Bey was a desideratum, inasmuch as it is a concise, methodical, and popular *résumé* of the physical, social, and political states of the actual dominions of the viceroy, brought up to the present period: in other words, a general view of Egypt, presented under all its most striking aspects, and in a portable form, did not previously exist.

It is hardly to be supposed that the author should individually possess the requisite knowledge on all the multifarious topics treated in these volumes. Accordingly, for the geographical portion of his work, he acknowledges himself indebted to the learned M. Joinard, the veteran of the Egyptian Institute, the active guardian of the traditions which attach France to Egypt, and the devoted intermediary through whom principally the lights of civilization have been introduced into the latter country. To M. Figari, Professor of Botany in the school of Cairo, is owing a great part of the materials relating to that science; as is the zoology to M. Regis, a distinguished naturalist of the medical school. M. Bonfort, land-steward to Ibrahim Pasha, has communicated much information as regards the plants recently introduced into Egypt, as well as upon agriculture. For a great portion of the historical and statistical matter the author is indebted to M. Mengin. M. Linan, an engineer, who is thoroughly versed in the hydrography and the *cadastre* of Egypt, and who has been entrusted with the great work of canalization, has furnished considerable assistance; and so has Cerisy-Bey, in respect to marine affairs. Lastly, something is due to M. Rosellini, for communications on Egyptian antiquities; and to M. Coste for the same on Arab monuments and architecture.

The work is prefaced by a historical introduction, bringing down the narrative of the principal events nearly to the present period, after which, the first chapter is devoted to an *Aperçu Physique*, in which are treated the situation, form, geographical

divisions of the country, a sketch of the geological qualities of the soil, the climate and meteorological phenomena, the river Nile, and the lakes. Some errors into which popular belief has fallen are here corrected : for instance, it is generally supposed that it never, or very seldom, rains in Egypt.* Though there may be long periods of complete dryness, our author assures us that it rains a good deal in Lower Egypt — (*il pleut beaucoup dans la basse Egypt*) : the rainy season usually begins in October, continues through November and December, and ends in March. During this period, there are but few weeks without rain, and it has often been known to continue for several days together. In the Delta, it rains annually from twenty-five to thirty times, but at Cairo less frequently and in less quantity. In 1824, it rained in that city for a week together so violently that it occasioned the fall of several houses, and much damage besides. In the second chapter is treated the natural history of the country ; namely, the minerals, plants, animals, birds, and the different human races that inhabit Egypt. The various ancient and mediæval writers on this country were evidently very imperfectly acquainted with its botany. Delile, who accompanied the French expedition, was the first to form a flora ; his labours in this respect leave little to be desired. But since then, order having been established by Mehemet Ali's government in all the districts from the embouchure of the Nile to Upper Nubia, naturalists have been enabled, without fear or molestation, to explore those parts, and to complete the work of Delile.

Before quitting this part of the author's labours, it may be proper to observe that, like most of its predecessors, this work is greatly deficient in what is really a *desideratum*, namely, some further information than we as yet possess of the geological structure of Egypt. Hitherto nearly all writers and travellers have, from some cause or another, abstained from throwing any light on the geology of this country. Even authors who have extensively written on this science, such as Lyell and others, have given but very meagre and unsatisfactory accounts, either of the valley of the Nile or the Delta. Though in the present work, as elsewhere, we are reminded of the usual mineralogical distinctions of primitive, secondary, and alluvial formations, we are yet presented with nothing as to the direction and inclinations of the strata in

* In one of our ablest encyclopædias, now issuing, we find the following remarks : "The cause of the fertility of Egypt is the Nile, without which, as it *almost never rains* in that part of the world, the whole country would soon become an uninhabitable desert." "Egypt is, in a great measure, exempted from the *phenomena of rain, hail, snow, thunder, and lightning*. In the Delta, it *never rains in summer, and very seldom* at any other season."

the mountainous ridges of the Nile, or in the transverse valleys that branch off towards the Red Sea on the one hand, and to the Oases on the other. There is no attempt made,—perhaps the nature of the work would hardly admit of any lengthened detail,—to give anything like a systematic view of the geological structure of the Egyptian soil; merely a few scattered observations on this head do we meet with here and there. Egypt still remains a field to be explored by the scientific geologist, but one that promises much. And it is a matter of some surprise, that while so many other districts have been investigated, neither the German, French, nor English geologists have yet, as far as we are aware, entered upon a systematic mineralogical survey of this most interesting and remarkable country.

The three succeeding chapters are taken up with an account of the population, habitations, towns and villages,—the religions and sects, the Mussulman law, and the administration of justice. The sixth chapter, on the manners and customs of the Mussulmans, is one of the most interesting and instructive in the book.

But after the admirable work of Mr. Lane on this subject, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to detain the reader long on this division of the author's labours. One or two remarks, however, on the conduct of Europeans towards their slaves in Egypt are worth quoting, inasmuch as they convey a sly sarcasm upon that portion of mankind who claim credit for their civilization and philanthropy:—

"The Europeans who inhabit Egypt," says Clot-Bey, "may possess slaves through the tolerance of Mehemet Ali. One would be led to suppose, for the honour of our civilization, that it would be a happiness for these latter to belong to masters who are natives of countries where slavery does not exist, and whose hospitable soil gives liberty to whoever may touch it; in general, however, this idea would be delusive. Those Europeans who, in speaking of Mussulman barbarism, have contempt upon their lips, seldom square their own conduct with the tone of their verbose philanthropy; many of these sell or barter their slaves. Such acts may, to a certain point and in certain cases, be justifiable, so long as they do not degenerate into traffic. It would, indeed, be a cruelty to give a young slave his liberty who was not able to maintain himself by his work, of whom, nevertheless, you might be obliged to rid yourself. In freeing him, as great inhumanity would be committed as for a father to drive his child from the domestic hearth. But to sell a slave who is able to get his living by labour, is a disgraceful trafficking; and yet many Franks speculate in this infamous commerce. There are even those who sell their female slaves whom they have caused to be *enceinte*, and who thus abandon to slavery their own offspring. Properly to describe such horrible immorality, language is too poor, or the heart of an honourable man too full of indignation. In witnessing such things, the Orientals may well pride themselves on their more virtuous barbarism, and hold in contempt our civilization, tarnished as it is by

wretches who cover their baseness with hypocrisy. It would be unjust, however, not to declare that there are Europeans whose feelings will not allow them to treat their slaves, male and female, otherwise than with kindness, who adopt all their children by the latter, and do not aggravate an offence which our manners and our religion alike condemn."

Here we may bestow a passing word on the Egyptian domestics; for these are held in high regard by the Mussulmans. They feed, clothe, and pay them. It is true the salary they receive is inconsiderable, and no less so that they are very fond of money. Clot-Bey's account of the begging habits of these servants reminds us of Kotzebue's amusing description* of the like practice at Naples, to which, indeed, it is an exact parallel. The constant demand of a *baschich* in Egypt is as troublesome and vexatious as the *buona mano* in certain provinces of Italy. The Egyptian servants carry their exactions to such a pitch that they solicit a *baschich* not only for the services which they or their masters have rendered you, but also for those you have bestowed upon them. Have you given an entertainment, you must also give a present to whoever comes to claim it. Do you invite a dinner-party, you must satisfy with a *baschich* the domestics of your guests. "After making a gratuitous professional visit," says our author, "I am assailed by the servants of the house that I am leaving, and forced to throw some pieces of money to these impudent beggars, if I wish to escape from their importunate cries." The viceroy has endeavoured to get rid of this nuisance, but it is too deeply rooted in the customs and habits of the people to be very easily destroyed.

To the philanthropists of Europe, we would here suggest an object well worthy of their Christian regards and steadfast efforts: and we beg to present it, for obvious reasons, in the author's own language,—uniting cordially as we do, in the sentiments of the writer, as expressed in the latter portion of the extract:—

"C'est exclusivement en Egypte que la mutilation est aujourd'hui pratiquée. C'est ce pays qui fournit les eunuques aux harems. Syout, Girgeh sont les seules villes où s'accomplit l'opération. Croirait-on que les exécuteurs de cette œuvre ignoble sont des Chrétiens—des prêtres même—des Cophtes? Ces hommes, rebut et honte de la religion dont ils usurpent le nom glorieux, sont flétris par l'opinion, dans les lieux même où ils exercent leur industrie, coupable de lèse-humanité. Le village de Zawy-le-Dyr, près de Syout, est la métropole des mutilateurs; trois cents eunuques environ sortent annuellement de leurs mains. Leurs victimes sont de jeunes nègres de six à neuf ans, amenés par les caravanes du Sennaar ou du Darfour; on les vend ordinairement, suivant les chances de vie ou les qualités qu'ils possèdent, de quinze cents à trois

* In his "*Die Bettelrei in Neapel*."

mille piastres (de 325 à 750 francs). Le quart des enfants qui subissent cette opération ne survivent pas à ses suites ; ceux qui conservent la vie sont condamnés à une existence étiolée et souffrante.

"Certes, s'il a jamais existé des crimes dont la société entière soit coupable, aucun, parmi eux, ne surpasse celui par lequel l'usage des eunuques a été créé et maintenu. L'esclavage a été activement attaqué de nos jours, non seulement par les philosophes, mais encore par les gouvernements, et l'Europe marche rapidement vers l'époque de son entière abolition ; Mais l'usage des eunuques est un double outrage fait à la nature, une violation simultanée de ses lois physiques et de ses lois morales, et néanmoins, je ne sache pas que les nations qui sont à la tête de la civilisation moderne, et qui ont réuni leurs efforts pour faire cesser la traite des nègres, aient rien tenté pour détruire l'usage des eunuques. L'intervention Européenne, si funeste aujourd'hui à l'empire Ottoman, qu'elle comprime sous le poids de mille intérêts politiques, dont la lutte sans issue l'énerve et le ruine ; cette intervention aurait pu lui être utile, et bien mériter de l'humanité, en le dirigeant, en l'encourageant, en le soutenant dans ses réformes civilisatrices. Or, parmi celle-ci, l'une des plus louables eût été sans contredit l'abolition des eunuques. Pour l'honneur de l'Europe, je souhaité que les cabinets songent à l'obtenir du sultan et du vice-roi d'Egypte. Je suis persuadé qu'il leur suffirait d'exprimer à ce sujet leur désir philanthropique pour le voir promptement satisfait. Méhémet Ali, qui est connu pour sa docilité aux utiles et nobles avis, mérite presque aussi précieux que la spontanéité des grandes idées, s'empresserait sans doute d'écouter leurs remontrances, et l'Egypte ne serait bientôt plus le théâtre d'une pratique qui ne peut pas être tolérée par notre siècle."

The subject of the usages and manners of the modern Egyptians has been so ably and fully treated by Mr. Lane, that, though it constitutes one of the largest and most entertaining portions of the present treatise, we shall limit ourselves to a reference which the author makes to that gentleman's implied credulity in the processes of necromancy, and to an anecdote of Mehemet Ali, in connection therewith. After describing various Mussulman superstitions, as the belief in genii, or *djinn*s, the evil eye, divination, &c., he proceeds to magic, and observes, that its exhibitions are pretty well confined at the present day to the imposture of necromancy. Sorcerers and sorceresses restrict themselves almost entirely to foretelling *la bonne aventure* ; sometimes they evoke, in a cabalistic mirror formed of a spot of ink upon a piece of paper, the dead or the living, who are made visible to a child chosen by him for whom the experiment is prepared. The child describes the images that the power of the magician causes to pass before him ; and there are not wanting credulous people who depose to the exactness of the portraits which he traces aloud. "Among the Europeans attracted by curiosity to these absurd scenes," says our author, "the English, above all, are induced to have faith in their results—results as marvellous, if they were true,

as those of animal magnetism. The exact and judicious author of the *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, Mr. Lane, describes with complacency the processes of Egyptian necromancy, and does not show himself at all sceptical in regard to their results." Now, we demur to this mode of arguing, and to the conclusion here attempted to be drawn—a conclusion which supposes a person's belief of a thing, if he does not express his disbelief. Would not the writer himself object to be scrutinized by this process of reasoning. Even taking it for granted that Mr. Lane does not declare his scepticism in respect of the success of these magical performances, what is the legitimate inference? Not surely that he believes in their miraculousness—but that they are a cleverly contrived piece of jugglery, and thus he estimates them at their due worth. Would it not have been somewhat puerile and beneath the dignity of an educated man to have given us his formal opinion as to whether they partook of the preternatural or not?

While the debasing influence of the most gross superstitions is widely spread throughout Egypt, not only among the Mussulman inhabitants, but also the native Jews and Christians, the viceroy is resolved to show in this respect the superiority of his intelligence, as he has done on several occasions. One instance may suffice. At the commencement of his reign, when his power was not yet established, a sort of sibyl made her appearance at Cairo, and gained a vast number of proselytes. It was given out that she had at her command a familiar spirit, whose very hand could be touched and mysterious voice heard in the dark. It was chiefly among the soldiers and their officers that she found her most zealous dupes and partizans. Mehemet Ali was anxious to know something more certain about this magician whose influence might become dangerous. He caused her, therefore, to be brought to the palace, and told her he desired to have some conversation with her *genius*. She consented to exhibit before him. It was night; the lights were extinguished in the *mandarah*, where the principal officers were assembled. Mehemet Ali had strictly warned his servants to bring a light immediately he should call for one. The sibyl evoked her *spirit*. The *djinn* answered; and his hollow voice, like that of a ventriloquist, seemed to issue from the wall. He gave his hand to the Pasha to kiss, when the latter, seizing it firmly, called instantly for lights. It was the hand of the magician herself; who, on perceiving the cheat discovered, implored his pardon. The bystanders, astonished at the boldness of Mehemet whom they looked upon as irreligious, began to murmur. The Pasha, after having reproached them for their base credulity, ordered the sibyl to be thrown into the Nile.

The officers manifested some unwillingness to execute the sentence, but Mehemet overcame their scruples by telling them, that if she really had so powerful a spirit at her service, he would take care she was not drowned : but that if, on the contrary, she had him not, she would be justly punished for having abused without fear the pity of the faithful.

The literature of the Arab race is one of the richest that ever existed ; but the epoch of its splendour having passed away, it is of course now considered as defunct. The language indeed survives ; but ignorance and helotism having enveloped those who employ it, they have lost with their independence the glorious and fruitful muse, which once inspired in them elevated thoughts, generous emotions, and a noble and dignified bearing. The works which flowed from the pens of the writers of Bagdad and Bassora are highly elegant, ingenious, and moral. Nearly the whole of the Arabic literature of the present day, however, is confined to some popular romances or tales handed down by tradition, which never tire in the repeating or the hearing. These tales, where prose and verse are blended together, celebrate the ancient Arab-life, the nomadic and pastoral existence of the Bedouin tribes. And inasmuch as they tend to throw light on the manners of these primitive people, the sturdy inhabitants of the desert, they are not without interest. They are generally a series of warlike, chivalric adventures, built upon a dramatic intrigue, in which the marvellous holds always a conspicuous place. The principal of these romances is that of *Abou-zeïd*, which appears to have been written about the tenth century of our era. The other popular fictions are those of *Antar*, *Éz-Zahir*, and *Delemeh*. The adventures of *Antar*, the great hero of the Arab race, have been translated into several European languages, and therefore are well known. The romantic literature of the modern Egyptians has been lucidly treated by Mr. Lane, to whose work the curious reader is referred.

Chapter the seventh gives us a sketch of the other inhabitants of Egypt, as the Bedouins, the Osmanlees, the Cophts, the Jews, and Franks, &c. As Dr. Clot confesses to having had frequent opportunities of studying the character and the manners of the Bedouins, during several journeys which he has made in the desert, we are bound to place the greatest reliance on his portraiture of that singular race, which does not in the main, however, substantially vary from the descriptions of some other writers and travellers. He gives us an interesting episode of one of these excursions, with the citation of which we may gratify the reader :—

“ At the time that the French evacuated Egypt, a part of the garrison

at Mansourah was attacked quite unexpectedly by the redoubtable Bedouins of Abou-Koura, a famous chief who had always resisted the power of the Mamelukes, and had now become master of the province. He inhabited a fortified village, called *Mit-el-Hammer*, six leagues south-west of Mansourah. In this skirmish, the Arabs carried off a young female, who became the wife of their chief, and who is known in the country under the name of the *Signora*. I had often heard speak of her, and wished very much to see her. In travelling in 1834 in the province of Charkyeh, I visited the village where she resides, and went to lodge at her house, which is a palace contiguous to other Arab dwellings. I was very well received by one of her sons. Knowing that I was French, he spoke to me of his mother. I expressed to him my desire to see her. My being a physician constituted a sufficient privilege; I was therefore conducted to her apartments. She saluted me in French, but I very soon recognised by her accent that she was Italian. I learnt that she was a native of Venice; that her father, a hat merchant, was called Bartholi, her mother, Marguerita, and herself, Julia; that she had been united to a French lieutenant, named Dévaux; that, taken prisoner by the Bedouins at the *sortie* at Mansourah, she was thrown on the back of a horse which carried her across the sandy plains until at eventide she found herself in a spacious dwelling in presence of a man, enveloped from head to foot in a large white mantle, who lavished upon her demonstrations of the most passionate tenderness, caused her to be stripped of her European dress, and clothed her himself with a vast robe in the Oriental fashion, gave her six hundred purses of jewels, (about the value of 100,000 francs), and a great number of slaves to attend upon her. This man was the puissant Abou-Koura. But all this luxury and blandishment served only to disconcert and trouble her; she wept incessantly, and supplicated by her gestures and lamentations to be restored to her own people. However, at the end of eleven months she was delivered of a son. Maternal affection somewhat calmed her imagination, and rendered her captivity more supportable.

"Her *sidi*, whom she loved much, and with whom she was accustomed to live, having died, she was constrained to espouse the brother of the deceased, who was far from entertaining for her the same regards as Abou-Koura. Four years afterwards, this man died also, leaving one daughter, Aphisa, aged about two years, and his wife *enceinte* with a son who was named Ali. Though she might often have had to suffer the bad treatment of her husband, the *Signora* lost much by his death; for some greedy relations, taking advantage of the state of distress and helplessness into which she was plunged, succeeded, by force of intrigue, in appropriating the greatest part of the fortune of this family, already considerably diminished. *Mansour*, the eldest son, too young to defend the paternal heritage, was so affected at seeing it pass into other hands, that he has been insane ever since. His brother Ali is now the only support of this house once so colossal; it possessed forty-four villages, many thousand camels, numerous flocks, and more than five hundred slaves. Of these riches there is left but a feeble remnant, but sufficient nevertheless to maintain the family in ease and comfort.

"During the thirty-four years that the *Signora* had been in the harem, she had never been out of it, nor seen any other foreign man than myself. My presence excited in her the most lively emotion. I discovered that the love of country and the desire of liberty were not entirely extinguished in her heart. She saw me depart with the most poignant feelings, and I retired from her greatly moved. She has never heard any tidings of her family; she is ignorant as to whether the officer Dévaux was killed or not at the affair of Mansourah.

"In the abode of the *Signora* I saw all that Bedouin hospitality preserves of the patriarchal. The two repasts that I partook of there, were served up on a large circular mat (*natte ronde*). In the middle was an entire sheep, and around the borders were placed a great number of small dishes. The members of the family, the principal persons of the village, and myself, were the first to dine, squatted down upon our carpets, tearing with the fingers our bits of roast-meat, or kneading our Arab pilau into balls. We were replaced by others, and these again by the servants and the poor, of whom I counted sixty. What struck me particularly was, that the chief of the house did the honours of the table to the last; so that the poor had less the appearance of unfortunates on whom alms were being bestowed than of guests who had been invited. Moreover, this was not an act of ostentation; the hospitality of every day was the same."

With regard to the Osmanlees or Turks, pride and presumption are their moral characteristics. They entertain very singular ideas about Europeans. They are persuaded that we make war upon their *religion*, which it is our object to destroy, and that if we do not absolutely conquer the country they occupy, it is because our strength is not equal to our ambition. It is very difficult to make any of them comprehend our religious tolerance, and those political considerations which are the sole barriers under shelter of which the existence of the Ottoman Empire has been prolonged to the present day. There are but very few of them that have any clear idea of the position of Turkey with relation to Europe. The most part have no recollection of the numerous humiliating predicaments to which the Porte has of late years been subjected during its conflicts with Russia. There are some who are convinced that the kings of Europe humbly pay tribute to the Sultan.

Upon many points, it is true, the Turks are forced to acknowledge the superiority of the Europeans; but, on the whole, they regard them with a sentiment of pity mingled with disdain. It is curious to observe the manner in which they oftentimes receive a European of distinction. Though they welcome him with an appearance of polite consideration, by which a person is often deceived (who is not fully acquainted with the usages of oriental etiquette), yet the fact is, they do not condescend to rise at his

entrance; they scarcely move themselves upon their divan. If however they wish not to show themselves utterly impolite, when they know that a great European personage is about to pay them a visit, they give instructions to the servants to forewarn them of the arrival of the Frank whom they are expecting, and then keep themselves standing in order not to betray the concession of having risen expressly to receive him. The same sentiment of fanatical pride has revealed itself in a great number of circumstances. A striking instance of it occurred in Egypt some time ago, when an ignorant and ridiculously vain colonel refused to put his regiment through its required evolutions before the Duke of Ragusa, who was reviewing a portion of the viceroy's army. Mehemet Ali, in rising above such absurd prejudices, displays the real superiority of his understanding and sense. He always receives strangers with the utmost courtesy. He has constantly set before his officers the example of the greatest politeness towards Europeans. He has in this respect not only run counter to the prejudices of his subjects, but even braved the accusations of infidelity, which the ignorant and the fanatical have not hesitated to throw at him. He seems to seize every occasion of setting off the superiority of talents which he recognizes in Europeans over his own people, and every means he can employ to cause them to be respected by these latter. Many anecdotes of this propensity of his might be given; one will suffice.—One day there happened to be, in the divan of the viceroy, some strangers of distinction. At the commencement of the interview, Mehemet Ali ordered coffee to be brought in. The officers charged with serving it offered it with the left hand to the European guests of the Pasha. The latter, not being *au fait* at the details of oriental etiquette, did not perceive the extent of this gross impoliteness; (the left hand being considered by Mussulmans as impure, they never employ it but in offices implying a character of contamination). But hardly had his visitors left, when the viceroy, whose vigilant eye the affront had not escaped, severely reprimanded the servitors, ordered them to be clothed with a white shirt and sent to Mecca to do the services of the Caaba, saying, "Since you are so fanatical as to disdain to show politeness towards persons whom I do myself the honour to receive, go to a city where the sight of Europeans will not annoy you, and you will not have occasion to blush at your rudeness."

The Mamelukes, who governed Egypt at the time of the French invasion, believed they possessed for their part the first army in the world. An idea of the ridiculous excess to which the beys had carried this notion may be illustrated by the following: When Bonaparte had taken Malta, M. Rosetti, consul for Austria

and several other powers at Cairo, being a person of great consideration and influence with the Mamelukes, repaired to Mourad-Bey to apprise him of this event; he suggested that it was very possible that the French might intend to make a descent upon Egypt, and strongly advised him to take precautionary measures of defence. Mourad-Bey replied by a very loud burst of laughter. "What!" said he, "would you have us fear the French, especially if they are like these *cavadjas* (traders) that we have here? Let a hundred thousand of them land, and I have only to send to meet them some Mameluke youngsters, who will cut off their heads with the edge of their stirrups.*" M. Rosetti then endeavoured to make the Bey understand that the conquerors of Italy were something else than those poor traders that he saw at Cairo, and he insisted that he ought to put Alexandria in a state of defence. Mourad-Bey was not convinced, but out of complaisance to M. Rosetti, he sent two quintals of powder to supply the artillery of that city. The French landed; Alexandria fell into their hands. Mourad having learnt it, sent immediately for M. Rosetti, and told him with a tone of irritation that those impertinent French had had the audacity to set foot in Egypt, and that he was about writing to them to decamp with all speed. "But" observed M. Rosetti, "they are not come here to go away again at the first bidding." "What then do the hungry infidels want?" replied Mourad impatiently, "send them a few thousand pataques,† and let them go." "But Monseigneur," rejoined the consul, that would not buy the smallest of the vessels that have transported them:—You must prepare for defence." Mourad was still unable to understand the temerity of these Frenchmen who were foolish enough to come and measure swords with him. He was so infatuated with his own superiority that he sent against them at first but a mere handful of men. It was only when these, put to the route in the first encounter, returned with all speed to announce to him that the French were not what he imagined, that he began to believe in the reality of danger. His arrogance experienced at length a first and grievous disappointment in the battle of Chebreis, which was soon followed by that of the Pyramids.

In a very interesting section on the Frank population of Egypt, Dr. Clot informs us, that the European *employés* of the government are not so numerous as might be supposed. They were more so at the original organization of the regular troops and

* The Mamelukes used very large stirrups with sharp-cutting edges before and behind, which served as a very destructive weapon against the infantry, and even horses of the enemy.

† A thousand pataques was about fifty thousand francs.

of the marine; but since then, the Egyptian soldiers have been sufficiently well trained not to need recurrence to the discipline of foreigners. There are in the schools from twenty to five and twenty European professors; most of whom are Frenchmen. The workshops and manufacturing establishments of the government contain likewise several directors and workmen, French, English, and Italian. It is easy to perceive that Mehemet Ali, while intending to do good service to his subjects, is endeavouring to free himself from the kind of tutelage under which Egypt was held, as long as it was dependent for every thing upon Europe. His desire, though laudable in itself, may be carried too far. It ought not to be concealed that, if the object be to preserve new institutions, to insure the maintenance of already acquired results, and to reach forward towards fresh attainments, the intercourse of Europeans will be for a long time to come necessary and indispensable.

Among the Franks are to be reckoned all sorts of what our author designates *hommes à projet* (project dealers), who go to Egypt thinking to make a harvest by their charlatanerie. There is the military schemer, the artilleryman with his projectiles that will destroy the strongest places, and set on fire whole fleets. One wishes to reveal to the Egyptian government the secret of a submarine boat. Another will propose a system of hydraulics promising marvellous results, or machines of a prodigious power. There are quack physicians, the depositaries of secrets of which they boast most miraculous effects. One brings an infallible specific for the cure of the three principal endemic maladies of Egypt, dysentery, ophthalmia, and the plague. Another of the gascon tribe of some celebrity, whose ambition is less vast if not less vain, confines himself to the deliverance of Egypt from the curse of ophthalmia; more fortunate and adroit than the rest of his kin, this man has gone on for some time "astonishing the natives," and increasing the number of his dupes. In connexion with this topic Clot-Bey tells the following tale:

"It must be confessed," says he, "that there exists an extreme facility for adventurers to practise their deceptions upon Europeans, which proceeds perhaps from the unreflecting complaisance with which letters of recommendation are given to persons who are quitting their own country, and whom the writers do not sufficiently know. Hence has it happened often that sharpers, whom a respectable man would have been ashamed to have admitted into his company, have been received with all the distinction that characterizes the introduction of very honourable seigneurs. I could tell on this subject a multitude of adventures, some more piquant than others.—However I will confine myself to that of the celebrated Baron of Wulfenghen, whom his feudal title and powerful recommenda-

tions caused to be welcomed by all the society of Alexandria. Our skilful adventurer began by taking magnificent lodgings, making a great show, and receiving much company: he talked of nothing but his chateaux and his rents. All were anxious to obey his behests, and to anticipate his wishes. To him every one's purse was freely offered. The choicest company assembled at his house, and every one was proud of being admitted at the baron's, who, moreover, from a disposition in which taking manners seemed a natural element, received with courtesy plebeians, who were exceedingly flattered by the condescension with which this noble seigneur deigned to admit them to his presence. They would say—'I am going to the Baron's,' with as much pride and self-complacency as if they had been invited to attend at court. Great was the sensation, when, suspicions having been roused respecting this high personage and he having exhausted all his resources and his expedients, it was given out one fine morning from his own mouth, that his pretended wealth and chateaux in Germany had never had any existence but in his conversation and the credulity of his kind courtiers. These, then, beside the cost of their obsequiousness, were left minus their advances to him, which were not altogether less than from fifty to sixty thousand francs. This was no small harvest of speculation for an agreeable sojourn of between fifteen and eighteen months made at Alexandria by the Baron de Walfenghen!"

We now arrive at that part of our subject which necessitates some inquiry into the circumstances and causes that have operated to advance civilization in the East with far greater celerity during the present century than at any previous era, as well as a few remarks upon the government, institutions, and political resources created in Egypt by one of the chief agents of that civilization, while it may not be irrelevant to our purpose to introduce occasional notices of some other collateral topics.

If what we witness of civilization in the East had been the matured fruit of time, and the last resting-place of a continuous course of progression, it would require a much more extended disquisition than we have here space to allot to it, and a profound study of the internal developement of the Turkish Empire. But the movement has been sudden, abrupt, spontaneous; it has not proceeded from the mass of the people; it is from one or two individuals that it has received its impulsion. It must have had, then, some grand accidental cause, either action or reaction produced by some great event easy to discover. Now, important events are followed generally by consequences unforeseen by their authors or contemporary witnesses. It is in this necessary generation of facts, in which man becomes the instrument of an energy of which he oftentimes knows not the end or tendency, that the providential power which governs and directs humanity reveals itself. We like to discover the mysterious link which unites one

fact to another in the chain of causes, and from the value of the principle we deduce that of the consequence.

It appears to us that the origin of the civilizing movement which manifests itself at the present day in the East, is the expedition of the French into Egypt. It was not the sole mission of Napoleon to resuscitate Europe; his Samson-like arm shook the pillars on which the "antique Orient" believed itself immoveably fixed and supported; and, in beholding the profound effects which his passage thither has produced, it is difficult to say if his action upon Asia has been less than that which he has exercised upon the West. The Egyptian expedition came like a thunderstroke upon the East, and roused it at once from the sleep of centuries. Till then, its system had remained unchangeable, inaccessible to any modification. The Ottoman Empire had carried on, with diversity of fortune, long wars against Russia and Austria; but these conflicts had done nothing towards the dissolution of her antiquated ideas or established customs. Moreover, neither the Russians nor the Austrians brought on civilization in the train of their armies, nor was it to their interest to spread its lights among the Turks; the nations subject to the dominion of the Porte believed themselves invincible, and never imagined that there could be anything superior to the power under their own eyes. The remembrance of their former conquests filled their memory. The high and exaggerated opinion which they held of their own consideration was necessarily strengthened by the conduct of the European powers themselves; for did not these witness indeed, and permit with impunity, a few miserable barbarian pirates to make war upon Europe, defy every nation, and impose ransom and tribute upon every government?

The successes of Napoleon in Egypt were calculated to strike the imagination of the Mussulmans with astonishment; and thus instructed by experience to appreciate the military superiority of the Occidentals, they were prepared to permit among themselves the experiment of European civilization. Among those who came to assist in the conflict against the French, fortune had conducted a Macedonian soldier, who was destined to evolve from that event the mighty consequences which it was to achieve upon the Eastern world. Mehemet Ali gained the high position he holds in the government of Egypt through a thousand obstacles, which he demolished by his courage, or turned aside by his address. One of the most formidable of these was the constant opposition of the Mamelukes, who had governed Egypt for a considerable period. The plan which Mehemet adopted to rid himself of these antagonists, and the execution of it, have been the occasion of much obloquy being cast upon his character. But in judging of trans-

actions of this kind, we ought to take into consideration not only all the relative circumstances of the opposing parties in the individual case, but the degree of justification furnished by the existing state of the moral and political principles and practices of the people or nation among whom the transaction takes place. Judged by this test, and keeping in view the previous history of Mahometan sovereigns and peoples, can it justly be said that the viceroy of Egypt is entitled to less vindication than the sultan (at a subsequent period) for the wholesale destruction of the Janissaries at Constantinople? And yet those who are most forward to condemn Mehemet, would fain pass over in silence the deed of Mahmoud, or mention it only for the purpose of implied commendation.--- To us they appear as parallel cases. In both, the executing parties were moved only by considerations of policy, in which self-defence formed the prominent, probably the sole actuating element; still in the case of Mehemet we admit that the principle of high honour and safe conduct to which the Mamelukes trusted was yet more foully injured.

It is not necessary to look upon the viceroy of Egypt as an apostle either of morality or civilization; we may regard him as a man of genius, who, having learnt nothing from the society in the midst of which he was brought up, and receiving no impulse from the people about him, has acted with immense ability in the interest of his own elevation first, and then in that of its conservation. To maintain his power, an army was necessary; not an army *à la Turque*, a turbulent militia, dangerous for those who pay it, and whom it is supposed to protect, but an army subjected to the rigour of discipline, that would submit to the tactics of military science, and ensure success in the field. The first object of Mehemet Ali was to acquire power, the second, to consolidate it, and his great merit is that of choosing and procuring the best means of attaining those ends, those means being the organization of regular troops. Following close upon the constitution of the army and the fleet, have come the establishments of public instruction, schools and hospitals, &c. It is the army and the numerous appendages attached thereto which have given to Egypt that ameliorating impulse which is now urging it onward.

But let us not misunderstand the civilizing process; the instinctive love of true glory, and the well-directed ambition of one great man have provoked it. The Egyptian people took no part whatever in the plans of Mehemet Ali, and still less, if possible, in the choice of the means combined to execute them. On the contrary, they threw in the way all possible difficulties, and in order to mould them to the new order of things, it was necessary to surmount many of their most obstinate prejudices. But we

may ask, did the Russians second Peter the Great in his great work of improvement? Among barbarous nations does the humanizing movement ever proceed from the masses? Do they not, on the contrary, oppose to it obstacles of every kind? The people never originate great reformatations; the grand and noble individualities of the world impose them almost ever through much struggling and violence. The mass never care but to satisfy the wants they feel, or seek after those advantages only of whose importance they are sensible. Now barbarous nations do not perceive the wants, do not know the benefits of civilization; in order to bring them to it they must be got under the direction of one man, who has sufficient ambition to be obliged to call into existence from his own resources, or to borrow from others the means of satisfying the wants it has created, and sufficient capacity to appreciate the importance of those means. Such a man has Mehemet Ali been for Egypt. His example has been followed in other parts of the Ottoman empire, by the late Sultan Mahmoud in particular, and thus reforms have been undertaken in Turkey in consequence, and in rivalry of those of the viceroy; which latter, first rendered practicable by the results of the French expedition, were instituted upon the model, and in accordance with the counsels, of Europeans, and the traditions of the empire.

While there are undoubtedly many points of resemblance especially observable between the general character and spirit of Mehemet Ali, as exhibited in his passion for practical and organic reforms, and the conduct of the great Russian reformer, Clot-Bey manifests throughout the work we are reviewing a peculiar anxiety to gain for the former the glory and honour of a second Napoleon, rather than that of a second Peter. Moreover, between the political, moral, and physical circumstances of France under Buonaparte, and those of Egypt under Mehemet, the least experienced reader will not fail to perceive a wide difference in very many respects; whereas between the latter class of circumstances and the state of Russia under Peter the Great there is a considerable, nay, may we not say, a striking analogy. That prince was the founder of Russian civilization, as Mehemet is of the modern Egyptian. Russia, though of great antiquity, had no extent of power, of political influence, or of general commerce in Europe, until the time of Peter. Now may not the very same be asserted of modern Egypt in relation with its present Pasha? The inclination of the Czar for military exercises discovered itself in his earliest years; he formed a small company, which he had commanded by foreign officers, and clothed and exercised after the German manner. By his own example he taught his

nobility that merit and not birth formed the only solid title to military employments; whence issued in course of time the organization of a considerable body of regular troops. He opened his dominions, which till then had been closed, and sent his principal nobility into foreign countries to improve themselves in knowledge and in learning. He invited to Russia all the foreigners he could find, who were capable of instructing his subjects in any respect, and offered them great encouragement to settle in his dominions. This is the exact course pursued by Mehemet Ali. Again; this conduct of Peter raised many discontents among his subjects; and the authority which he exerted on all such occasions was scarcely sufficient to repress them. And is not this the precise counterpart of what has happened from the very same cause in the dominions of the viceroy of Egypt? Lastly, while we quote the words of another to speak of the creator of Russian greatness, the reader who has reflected at all on the history and condition of modern Egypt, under its reforming viceroy, will see the exactness of the parallel, and with what truth what is predicated of the one may be predicated of the other:

"It would be endless to enumerate all the various establishments for which the Russians are indebted to him. He formed an army according to the tactics of the most experienced nations; he fitted out fleets in all the four seas which border upon Russia; he caused many strong fortresses to be raised according to the best plans, and made convenient harbours; he introduced arts and sciences into his dominions; and freed religion from many superstitious abuses; he made laws, built cities, cut canals, and executed many other works; he was generous in rewarding, and impartial in punishing; faithful, laborious, and humble, yet not free from a certain roughness of temper natural to his countrymen."

There is yet another point of view in which we may survey the character of the Pasha, and which, we apprehend, redounds not a little to his credit. In a Mahometan country, where the religious and political associations of the people have been used for ages to centre exclusively round the glory of arms and of conquest, where any innovations upon these are viewed for the most part in the light of a desecration of the injunctions of the prophet, and an unpardonable inroad upon the prescriptive habits and requirements of all good Mussulmans, a chief of the authority of Mehemet would rather be supposed to avail himself of the existing prejudices of his subjects to consolidate his power; than in so many instances to have sought his object by flying in the face of their deeply-rooted prepossessions. In the choice he has made of the modes of action which lay before him, consists, we think, one of his noblest claims to the gratitude and homage of mankind

and of posterity. In that election, and the spirit and manner of following it up, he is entitled to the praise and the name of a Sesostris, under whose reign did ancient Egypt arrive at the highest pitch of internal prosperity and grandeur, as well as of external power. And here, for the purpose of illustration, we may allude to the lines addressed by Voltaire to Louis XVI., immediately after that unfortunate monarch's accession to the throne. In a kind of tale, he imaginatively represents the Egyptian king, Sesostris, when young, as wandering on the banks of the Nile accompanied only by his good genius. He inquired of the latter what he must do to fulfil the grand destiny to which he felt that he was appointed on becoming sovereign of Egypt. His genius replied, let us proceed to that great labyrinth of which Osiris laid the extensive foundation, and you will learn it. Arrived, the king's attention was directed to two different goddesses, one the image of Voluptuousness with her attendants, the other that of Wisdom. On beholding the former, the king asked his guide who that sweet beautiful nymph was, and what were those three ugly fellows yonder? His companion answered, "Do you not know, my prince, who that beauty is? She is worshipped at your court, in the city, and the provinces; her name is Voluptuousness; and these hideous spectres, her attendants, are Disgust, Weariness, and Repentance." On viewing the latter, he perceived on the frontispiece of the noble portico leading to the magnificent temple that opened at her call, these words, "To immortality." "May I enter the temple?" asked the monarch. "The enterprise is difficult," replied the genius; "many have attempted to reach it, but have grown disheartened. This beauty is the Daughter of Heaven, the Mother of the Arts, particularly of the art of governing, and of being a hero either in peace or in war; her name is Wisdom, and the noble building which has just been opened is the temple of glory, where our good actions are recorded. Your illustrious name may be registered there at some future time; choose which of the two goddesses you prefer; you cannot serve them both at once. The young monarch replied, and who will say that the reply, as well as the above description, is not as applicable in the case of the modern governor of Egypt as in that of the ancient monarch?

"J'ai fait mon choix.

D'autres voudront les aimer toutes deux ;
L'une un moment pourrait me rendre heureux,
L'autre par moi rendre heureux le monde.

Et il donna son cœur à la seconde."

Mehemet Ali, having known how to consolidate his power and to insure its stability, is the first Osmanlee who has had just ideas of administrative government. He is the first that has applied them. Although his power may be termed absolute, he has had sufficient prudence to desire to guard himself against its too arbitrary or irresponsible exercise. He has attached to his person a privy council, composed of several members, with whom he advises on all affairs of moment. For every branch of the administration he has provided special councillors; such as the council of war, that of the marine, of agriculture, of public instruction, of health, &c.; and over all is the council of state, which embraces all the divisions of the government; and when any important measures are to be taken with regard to agriculture or other important works, he convokes the provincial governors. Knowing that in order to secure an able administration it is necessary carefully to divide the various branches of the government, he has, after having constituted them, placed special ministers over each; thus, he has established a separate official department for the interior, war, the marine, public instruction, finance, foreign affairs, and commerce. It is, indeed, true that these arrangements cannot boast of perfection; but the viceroy is entitled to a due share of credit for the efforts he has made; for the spirit of order and system he has established in the management of affairs; for the readiness with which he has introduced into his country an administrative regularity the importance of which he has had the merit of appreciating.

The financial resources of the viceroy are, first, the constitution of property in Egypt; second, the monopoly of the fruits of the soil; and third, the taxes. Property is here constituted upon bases very different from what it is in Europe, and the mode of its establishment allows the Pasha to combine the resources upon which his power is built up. In the oriental form of civilization, so different from ours, and where liberty is unknown, without which the rights of private property, deprived of its surest guarantee, has but a precarious existence; the nature of property has never been so clearly defined as in the west. In Egypt, from the time of the Pharaohs, the soil has belonged to the sovereign. Our limits will not allow of our tracing with the author of the work under review, the state of property in that country from the conquest of Amrou to that of Selim, nor its condition under the Mamelukes. We come, therefore, down to the year 1808, when Mehemet wrought the grand territorial revolution by which he himself has become the proprietary of nearly all Egypt. He abolished the titles to certain portions of land let to the *fellahs*, but held by a kind of feudal proprietors, or mid-

dlemen, called *moultezims* (of whom there were about 6000) and took their proprietaryship into his own hands. Nevertheless he was willing to indemnify them for the loss he had caused, had a valuation made of the revenues of each, and paid them an annual sum from his treasury; leaving them, besides, a life-interest in the other species of their landed property (that which they had absolutely purchased), their title to which was well established. He took upon himself also the maintenance of public worship, and granted annual pensions to the sheiks, whose possessions had been seized for such ecclesiastical purposes. He did not, however, abolish all religious endowments, preserving those which consisted in houses and gardens. Nor was *all* individual possession extinguished by the viceroy, property in houses or buildings being particularly respected by him.

After having substituted himself in the place of the *moultezims*, Mehemet came in direct connexion with the *fellahs*, and thus has been able to organise a system of agriculture. The *fellahs** stand towards him in the relation of labourers, though to some lands are assigned, of which they remain the tenants so long as they continue to pay the impost. The implements of husbandry, and the cattle necessary for irrigation, are supplied to them. When the crops are got in, they are bought up at the prices fixed by the government. The *fellah* disposes freely of the cereal produce; that which he goes to sell in the towns suffers a rateable duty, to which what he consumes himself, or sells at the places of production, is not subjected.

This organisation of property, and of the relations of the viceroy with the *fellahs*, has elicited the bitter remarks of some censorious persons, who judge of Egypt and its inhabitants too much according to European ideas.

"I am astonished," says Clot-Bey, "to meet with those criminatory charges, especially in the writings of the English, who forget, as it appears, that the system of the *zemindars*, which they have established in their Indian possessions, is entirely analogous to that which obtains at the present time in Egypt. The experience which the French have had of the *fellahs*, and that which all Europeans have been permitted to acquire, who have prolonged their stay in Egypt, prove undeniably that the property-system, as realised by Mehemet Ali, is in itself the best possible. It is to him that we must attribute the immense progress made in agriculture, the introduction of rich plantations unknown before to the Egyptian soil, which is eminently fitted for them, and the rapid augmentation of the products. Left to themselves, the *fellahs*, naturally indolent, and feeling only such very limited wants that it is difficult for

* From which our own word *fellow*, applied to a low person or peasant, may probably be derived.

a European to form an idea of them, would leave Egyptian agriculture to fall into decay. It is this system, in short, which has allowed the viceroy to exalt and sustain his power, and to augment the revenue of the country from thirty-five millions, the sum to which it reached in 1799, to upwards of sixty millions of francs.

I do not deny that there are numerous improvements to be introduced; but to those who would criminate Mehemet Ali for the defects in the actual state of things, I reply, first, that this state of things is by far superior to that which it has replaced; secondly, that it is, besides, only transitory, and promises a rich future, a future auspicious to the Egyptian people, who by degrees, as they shall become civilised, will be admitted to the ownership of the products of the soil, the number and the richness of which the existing constitution has increased.

The monopolies of the Pasha have been the theme of the most violent accusations that his enemies have directed against him; and even that singular and eccentric individual, Commodore Napier,* in his speech at Liverpool, on his return from the East, though friendly to the viceroy, confesses to having, during one of his interviews, touched upon the impropriety of the monopolies, to which his highness retorted upon us with singular shrewdness. Undoubtedly, the system is wrong in many respects; but before making it a crime to Mehemet Ali, it were right to consider that he has not invented it; that it is, so to speak, inherent to Egypt, where it has existed from all time, and carries with it, consequently, a high character of necessity. After interpreting the dreams of Pharaoh, we may recollect, Joseph was commissioned to gather in all the produce of the land, and to distribute it to the people during the years of scarcity. Was not this monopoly? Historians ascribe it as an honour to Sesostrius his having given to his subjects, for a time, the right of property, a proof that they did not previously possess it. This right of property has never been able, indeed, to acclimate itself in Egypt. The necessity of the monopoly, or at least the difficulty of replacing it by a contrary state of things, was perceived by the French administration. The idea of dividing a part of the territory of Upper Egypt among the *fellahs* was entertained for some time by General Desaix, who was never able to bring it to practice. The peculiar physical situation

* Amid other droll adventures on which the Commodore has stumbled, one of a somewhat amusing character occurred on his canvass for the borough of Marylebone. Being interrogated sharply by some of the electors, he ceased to answer, for a time, any thing at all rational; and, at last, when the question of whether he would support the *law of entail* was put, frankly owned he knew nothing about the matter. It is well that this great and important borough has other candidates for its representation of more statesman-like views, and that in the hands of B. B. Cabbell, Esq., and Sir J. J. Hamilton, fairer issues are before her than the legislative wisdom of the Commodore is likely to provide. Who authorized Commodore Napier to discuss with the Pasha the question of the monopoly? It certainly formed no part of his instructions.

of the country, the circumstances attendant on the overflow of the Nile, and irrigation, as well as the moral character and position of the Egyptian peasantry, constitute, for the present, a great obstacle to any such division. Still, the actual monopoly system is, undoubtedly, susceptible of considerable ameliorations.

The total revenue of Egypt for the year 1833, since which the variations have been inconsiderable, amounted to 62,778,750 francs, and the expenditure to 49,951,500 francs. As regards the population of the country, if ancient historians are to be credited, it would appear that it was much greater under Sesostris and the Ptolemys than in modern times. During the reigns of those sovereigns, it amounted, we are told, to between seven and eight millions. At the commencement of the present century, the inhabitants were estimated at 2,000,000; this, however, was probably incorrect, for it has been demonstrated that they amount to more than 3,000,000. Of this number, Clot-Bey reckons about 2,600,000 Egyptian mussulmans; Copts, 150,000; Osmanlees, or Turks, 12,000; Bedouin Arabs, 70,000; Ethiopians and other blacks, 25,000; Abyssinians, 5,000; Circassian and Georgian slaves, 5,000; Jews, 7,000; Syrians and Arminians, 7,000; &c. Of the remainder, he conjectures (for the account is not based on any official census) that there are dwelling in Egypt, among others, from nearly all the nations of Europe, about 2,000 Italians, from seven to eight hundred French, and from eighty to a hundred English.

Our author describes, with interest, the happy results of the creation of the Egyptian army for the cause of oriental civilization. Towards its organization no foreigner has contributed so much as M. Sève, formerly aid-de-camp to Marshals Ney and Grouchy. He has been promoted to the rank and title of Soliman Pasha. French officers were almost the only ones employed in the formation of the viceroy's infantry and cavalry. Among the officers of artillery, there is one Turk of remarkable abilities, Ethem-Bey, who has distinguished himself by his proficiency in the French language, the mathematics, and some collateral sciences. The Pasha's military forces amount to 130,402 regular troops, and to 47,678 irregulars. The number of the national guards is given at 47,800.

The formation of the Egyptian marine is as interesting as that of the army, which it succeeded at a considerable interval. Mehemet's fleet, such as it was, was destroyed at the battle of Navarino. After that disastrous event, M. de Cerisy, who arrived in Egypt in April, 1829, had the task assigned him of re-constructing and re-organizing the navy. His first object was to build the arsenal of Alexandria, which accomplished, and some

other obstacles surmounted, on the 3rd of January, 1831, the first vessel, of 100 guns, was launched. M. de Cerisy having subsequently quitted the service of the viceroy, was succeeded by M. Mongel, who acquitted himself with equal ability and honour. At present the naval power of the Pasha consists of eleven ships of the line, seven frigates, five corvettes, four schooners, and five brigs, carrying an effective force of about 16,000 men.

Our limits will not allow us to enter into any detailed account of the actual state of agriculture, industry, and commerce in Egypt; nor, indeed, does the work before us add much to our previous knowledge concerning these subjects. We have only room for one remark. The introduction of several manufacturing establishments into that country has elicited much doubtful consideration as to the wisdom and ultimate utility of the measure. Dr. Clot endeavours to combat the objections urged against it; but his positions, even taking into account the peculiar circumstances of the particular case, are, we cannot help thinking, inconsistent, not only with the genuine principles of political economy, but also with the soundest maxims of national prosperity. The sum and substance of his reasoning may be gathered from the following remark:—

“Cependant on doit reconnaître,” says he, “qu’une haute vue politique a inspiré Méhémet Ali lorsqu’il a établi ses nombreuses manufactures; il voulait donner à l’Egypte tous les élémens de l’indépendance; et, dans ce but, il faut avouer qu’il ne devait pas négliger de lui assurer les moyens de secouer le joug industriel de l’étranger.”

The account given of the system of public instruction and of schools is exceedingly interesting and cheering; and equally instructive, and sometimes even amusing, are the author’s graphic descriptions of the ways of internal communication and of the means of transport in Egypt. Perhaps hardly any thing has more engaged the Pasha’s personal and anxious attention, or is more calculated to advance the physical and commercial interests of the viceroyalty, than what are technically denominated “public works,” such as the vast undertakings and improvements in canalization, the barrage of the Nile, the light-house of Alexandria, &c. &c. which have employed annually, moreover, as many as 355,000 individuals.

In an early part of this article we have pointed out some defects, as we apprehend, in this work. It is a more pleasing duty to state that on one particular subject, it adds very considerably to our previous knowledge, namely, that on which the author’s professional labours are so closely and beneficially engaged. One of its longest and most interesting chapters is devoted to the nature of diseases in Egypt and their treatment, the state of medicine, and

the organization of the medical establishments. On these topics we have had nothing so full and satisfactory before. Dr. Clot alludes to the mode of bringing up the Arab from his infancy; and attributes to it his freedom from many disorders, which attack the natives of other countries. One cause of the excellent constitutions of the Arab-Egyptians is owing to their great sobriety, their abstaining from animal food, from wine and other alcoholic drinks. According to our author the majority are real teetotallers; for, says he, "the greater part of the Egyptians know no other drink than water; the Christians and the Jews alone make use of wine, and especially of brandy." Coffee, however, is a stimulant much used by them; and he is of opinion that an habitual indulgence in it has an injurious effect on the constitution by producing that enervation and languor for which the Orientals are noted. Opium is of course much worse, inducing upon the nervous system another and more fatal kind of prostration: happily its use is rare among the Egyptians, though many indulge greatly in *haschich*, a substance not much less deleterious than opium. The use by them of the vapour-bath and its accompaniments is a great preservative of health and cleanliness. The Egyptians arrive to a great age; Dr. Clot speaks of a man whom he had seen 130 years old, without any other infirmity than cataract in one eye; and he knows another now living at 123 years of age, who enjoys a perfectly sound state of health, and has several children, the eldest of whom is 80, the second 74, the third 3 years old, and the youngest only a few months. This man at the age of 82 cut six new teeth, which he was obliged to have immediately extracted on account of the pain and inconvenience they occasioned him.

In his advice to foreigners settling in Egypt, Clot-Bey cautions them against the too free use of animal food, of every kind of stimulating nourishment, of wine and alcoholic liquors. He observes that mortality among the English resident in the country is far greater than that of other foreigners, in consequence of their dogged adherence to their native customs and usages in this respect.

If the Egyptians are exposed but to a comparatively few maladies, some of these are of the most destructive and painful nature. The plague, as endemical, shows itself almost every year about the same time in the Levant, and in the ancient land of the Pharaohs, and as such generally with a subdued intensity. When it appears under its epidemic form, which happens at intervals of six, eight, or ten years, like the Asiatic cholera, it occasions the most horrible ravages wheresoever it prevails.

"The plague is not contagious," says Dr. Clot, "and the great majority of medical men who have studied the malady of late years are of my opinion. This belief, moreover, has always been that of the Mussulmans; never have they avoided the contact of the pestiferous; nor must we suppose this notion of theirs to be the consequence of a ridiculous fatalism, and that from all time, an entire people would voluntarily expose themselves to so dreadful an evil, acknowledged to be contagious, when they might so easily protect themselves from it."

He next treats of the affections of the digestive organs—dysentery, hepatic disorders, hemorrhoids, hernia, and cutaneous diseases. His observations on ophthalmia are more extended, and contain some instructive and original suggestions in regard to this local and peculiarly distressing affection. He states the causes generally assigned for it, and from certain facts which he adduces, he very justly, we think, impugns their validity. The primary cause of ophthalmia he conceives to be meteorological or climatic, or what has hitherto escaped our investigations. The different authors that have written upon Egypt have very rarely made mention in their works of calculous derangements; probably either because they had no opportunity to make researches into the subject, or because they did not imagine there existed in Egypt an affection which has been generally supposed to be confined to cold and humid regions. However, *vesical calculus* is most frequent in that country, the doctor himself having operated for it, as we have before observed, in more than a hundred and sixty cases.

Next, we have some remarks on cancerous affections, syphilis, on cerebral, mental, and nervous maladies. Mental derangements are very rare in Egypt; in Cairo, containing about 300,000 inhabitants, there are not more, it appears, than from thirty to forty persons affected that way. Nervous and rheumatic affections of all kinds are very rare, and as to the gout, it is entirely unknown. Tetanus is seldom met with; and what is very extraordinary, in a region subject to a burning climate, and where animals of the canine species abound, which often suffer much from hunger and thirst, no one instance of hydrophobia, says our author, has been known in men or animals.

Pulmonary phthisis, or consumption, so general in more northerly latitudes, is exceedingly uncommon in Egypt. Pliny tells us that the Romans were wont to resort thither to be cured of this complaint, or for the purpose of preventing its development. And yet, of the Abyssinians and Negroes, who come from warmer regions, a great number die annually of this malady. On the other hand, the northerns, such as Turks, Greeks, French, English, Germans, Italians, &c. enjoy the immunity of the natives.

"I know not an instance," says Clot-Bey, "of any one of these being affected with pulmonary phthisis; and even of those who were ill when they arrived, I have seen many cured, and as to the rest, a very sensible alteration for the better has taken place. Do not these facts demonstrate that heat (*chaleur*) is one of the powerful conditions which prevent the development of the symptoms of this disorder? These considerations respecting a malady that is so fatal in Europe, ought to interest the faculty of all countries, and induce them to attempt researches into the subject. For myself, if I had to give advice to the rich, who are languishing, nay, dying, in their own country of pulmonary consumption, or to those who are predisposed to it, I should say, instead of travelling to various parts of Europe, and finding little or no benefit therefrom, come to Egypt, which offers you greater chances of ultimate restoration than any other place."

In the succeeding sections of this department of his subject, the author refers to the state of medicine among the Egyptians previous to the new institutions under Mehemet Ali, and gives a very interesting and instructive history of the organization and actual condition of the health-establishments to which we have before referred, and concludes with an account of the present state of veterinary surgery, and the institution of a veterinary school at Choubrah under the able direction of M. Hamont.

In the debate in the House of Commons on the settlement of the Eastern question, Mr. Hume observed that life and property were as secure, nay, he might say more secure, in the dominions of Mehemet Ali than in the neighbourhood of London; and he gave an anecdote of the singular recovery of some lost property, if we recollect aright, to illustrate his position. Every account that we receive serves to corroborate his statement, and that, of all the reforms of the viceroy, he has conferred no service upon Egypt more extensive or essential than in this particular. A most rigorous system of civil discipline prevails in every part of Africa subjected to his sway, that was formerly a prey to the depredations of tribes in quest of rapine and pillage. "At the present time," says Clot-Bey, "more security is perhaps enjoyed here than in the best governed states of Europe." If we contrast more in detail the former condition of Egypt in this respect with what it is now, the merit of the viceroy will appear in a yet stronger light. And those who recollect the expressive and graphic energy with which Volney has sketched the anarchical state of Egypt in his time, and compare it with the improvements of late introduced, will comprehend the extent of the labours of the present enlightened governor.

"All that we see," says this intelligent traveller, "and all that we hear (in Egypt) announces that we are in a land of slavery and of tyranny. Nothing is talked of but civil tumults, public misery, extortions of

money, bastinadoes and murders. No security for life or property; human blood is poured out like that of an ox; justice even sheds it without the process of formality. The officer of the night, during his rounds, the officer of the day, in his walks, judge, condemn, and execute in the twinkling of an eye, and without appeal. Executioners accompany them, and at the first order, the head of a miserable wretch tumbles into the leathern sack. The semblance alone of crime might, indeed, expose to the danger of punishment! But often, without any other motive than the cupidity of some powerful individual, and the accusation of an enemy, a man suspected of having any money is summoned before a bey; a sum is exacted of him, and if he refuse to pay it, they throw him on his back, give him two or three hundred strokes of the bastinado, and sometimes even massacre him. The devil take him who is suspected of having property! a hundred spies are always ready to denounce him! It is only by the outside show of poverty that he can possibly escape the pillage of the powerful!"

Such, then, was Egypt under the Mamelukes, at the period of Mehemet's accession to the government. Moreover, the Bedouin Arabs were at that time all-powerful; they imposed tributary ransom upon the inhabitants of Egypt, whose wives and children they came to Cairo to seize and carry off. Bands of their brigands infested the desert between the Red Sea and the valley of the Nile. The oasis could not be reached; no one could proceed as far as the first cataract, nor visit the pyramids without their permission. The caravans which traversed the Isthmus of Suez paid them considerable tribute. Mehemet would fain establish his absolute authority over the desert as over the cultivated regions. Sixtus the Fifth said, "I wish that in my dominions every one should be able to carry his purse in his hand, and even leave his door open of a night without running any risk." The viceroy, on assuming power, conceived the very same resolution. In order to realize it, he attempted at first pacific measures. He concluded divers arrangements with the Bedouins, but these arrangements were violated without fear by them; and Mehemet Ali soon found it necessary to employ force to reduce them to obedience. He made war upon them; he pursued them with moveable columns of cavalry, who harassed and surrounded them until they were obliged to beg for mercy. Since then, the Bedouins have been under complete subjection to the viceroy.

When we consider the situation of Egypt with regard to the people of Europe, surely we are justified in asking who have greater reason to be thankful than these latter for the improvements effected in the civil and social system of the East? None of the European governments could reap any advantage from seeing that state of things continue which Mehemet has replaced. We have seen that its evident tendency must be to compromise

the life, the fortune of their subjects, and their commercial relations, subjected to a thousand perilous risks, and constantly diminishing. England has now, by the Red Sea, the route to India open and free. Thousands of camels are placed at her disposal, to transport at a low rate from Suez to Cairo her travellers and her merchandize. Mehemet Ali has ever shown, in peace and in war, a ready disposition to protect the interests and to facilitate the concerns of English commerce.* Other nations also are admitted to enjoy the benefits which Egypt offers to commerce, and the security which the viceroy has provided for exchanges,

* In corroboration of this statement we have the grateful task of recording the following testimony conveyed in a remarkable recent correspondence between the Pasha of Egypt and the merchants of Liverpool: it has appeared in some of the newspapers:—

"To His Highness the Pasha of Egypt.

"We, the undersigned, merchants, bankers, and other inhabitants of the town of Liverpool, beg to convey to your Highness our admiration and grateful thanks for the uniform protection and kindness manifested by your highness towards our countrymen for many years past, when travelling through or sojourning in the extensive countries under your rule, and which protection has not been less efficacious than universal. These sentiments have been still further enhanced by your Highness's conduct on a recent occasion, when, with that consideration for the welfare of the mercantile interest and the benefit of travellers, and with a magnanimity worthy of the most enlightened policy, your Highness was pleased to allow the free transit of mails and passengers through your country under circumstances which generally dis sever the ties binding mankind together in friendly intercourse, affording thereby a rare exception in such cases to the general rule, a brilliant example to the potentates, and justly deserving in our estimation the thanks of the whole civilized world. That you may long continue to govern the fertile dominion committed to your charge in prosperity and peace, devoting to its improvement all the energies of your enlightened mind; and that you may enjoy advanced age in health, honour, and happiness, is our sincere wish

"Liverpool, Feb. 26, 1841."

To which the Pasha sent, through his minister, the following reply:—

"Gentlemen,—His Highness the Viceroy has ordered the undersigned to communicate to the mayor, bankers, merchants, and other inhabitants of the town of Liverpool, that their address has reached him. The sentiments expressed in that address are highly gratifying to his Highness, who accepts the good wishes thus conveyed to him, and will always exert himself for their realization. Mercantile interests and travellers in the countries under the rule of his Highness will always enjoy that effectual protection which is the type of civilization in all nations; and in strictly adhering to his system of civilization even in periods of the greatest difficulty when his intentions were unknown, his Highness has been faithful to his principles, and has given to his officers and to the people under his government, a lesson that will bind them always in more friendly ties to the enlightened people of other nations, for their mutual welfare. Amidst the regrets which his Highness sometimes experiences at being unable to realize all the good he meditates, Providence grants him occasionally some consolation, which comes as a soothing balm, and of this nature is the address of the mayor, bankers, merchants, and other inhabitants of the town of Liverpool. The undersigned is charged to express the great satisfaction that it has given to his Highness, and to convey them his thanks. The undersigned has the honour to subscribe himself, Gentlemen, your most obedient and most humble servant,

"(Signed)

BECHOS YOUSSEFF."

transactions, and travels. The only thing then, it appears to us, since the Syrian affair is settled, that the different powers are called upon to do is, to protect the efforts of the viceroy, to aid him in the regeneration of the countries submitted to his rule. Who would dare, indeed, in contempt of all generous ideas and ennobling views, and in spite of the most evident interests of Christendom, *to wish* to cause a retrograde movement in Egyptian reformation? To endanger the germs of that civilization which have just taken root in Egypt, would be to recal the anarchy so happily banished by the viceroy. It would be to destroy the scientific and philanthropic establishments of the land, and in all probability the civilizing movement might not be resumed for centuries. Everywhere a violent re-action would cause the removal of Europeans now so highly honoured by the viceroy. Everywhere Christians would have to pay dear for the audacity of such an emancipation.

But the moral change which the Pasha has wrought among his subjects, though not so immediately palpable, perhaps, as those we have been considering, is much more extraordinary in itself than all his military, political, commercial, agricultural and other improvements. He has attacked bigotry and fanaticism at their very source: and by letting in per force the lights of knowledge upon his subjects, he has done more to overturn the empire of a creed essentially adverse to human amelioration than all its declared enemies put together. This moral improvement will doubtless, in its consequences, if allowed to proceed, be productive of results still more important to the cause of civilization. "Mahomedanism," says Wolfgang Menzel,* "has outlived itself. The overthrow of the now decrepit realms of Saladin must eventually take place." May we hope that the progressive advancement of reforms, physical and moral, now so happily and successfully commenced, urged on by an increasing friendly intercourse between Mahometan and Christian nations, will eventually bring about such a state of things as that this demolition shall be the natural and necessary consequence of peacefully co-operating but inevitable circumstances, rather than the questionable issue of a warlike struggle, entered into for the purpose of temporal aggrandizement by the nations of the West.

* See his "*Europa in Jahr 1840*."

ART. VII.—*Die christliche Glaubenslehre in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung und im Kampfe mit der modernen Wissenschaft dargestellt von Dr. David Friedrich Strauss.* (The Christian Doctrines illustrated in their Historical Development and in Opposition with Modern Science. By Dr. D. F. Strauss.) Tübingen, Osiander. 1840.

AMID the numerous works with which the inventive faculty of our German brethren has enriched us, none partakes of more singular features than the present production. It is the most untranslatable book that has yet appeared in that untranslatable language. We are not sorry for the circumstance, but possessing an instinctive horror of infidelity in any shape, rather rejoice in the circumstance, though it has increased our personal toil. Some notion of the difficulty of the work may be formed from the circumstance that one passage was shown to three distinguished native professors, all university men, and all declared their inefficiency to explain it. The work before us may be said to contain subtleties fully worthy of the reputation of the Society of the Jesuits, Spinoza's absurdest vagaries and speculations, with all the beautiful dreaminess of mystification, the heir-loom of the author's land, a little heightened by every thing that the Sophists and Platonists could lend to make light darkness, and the intelligible obscure. In it the author has at once and boldly thrown off the mask, and from the deist, which the *Leben Jesu* demonstrated him to be, he has by an easy mutation passed into the atheist. Still do we deeply regret that a mind of unquestionable power, an "esprit fort," in two senses, assuredly widely different from most of his class, to whom the term "esprit foible" is more applicable, should be induced to propagate the desolating dogmas of his book. This book, of course, is framed on the supposition that human reason is adequate to discover any thing, that man does not need any exterior aid, expressly denies any such communication, and is consequently opposed to all revelation, all systems of faith, all the world's hope in God. To divest all of this reliance, and to infuse into all his principles, is, of course, the author's design, and in it he has ruthlessly violated all that earth yet has ennobling and divine. We shall give an analysis of his work, and then proceed to a closer battle with him on particular sections, which we shall select to show the fallacy of his reasoning, his absurd trust in the extent of it, the inadequacy of this power in the discussion of the very questions which it is assumed competent to investigate, and trust that the issue of the whole will clearly advantage not the advocate of human reason but of divine

revelation. It is not a matter of deep difficulty to meet the rationalists on their own ground, since reason in her noblest exercise confirms revelation; but it were attempting too much with this weak weapon, were we to trust the whole issue of the question to it. It will do to use over a portion, but like the warrior's lance must give way in close combat to the keen and trenchant sword that divides asunder the joints and marrow, and pierces to the deep intensity of physical and mental union. The work of our author, of which we subjoin the table of contents, is ingeniously arranged in the concatenation of causes as they arise from the subject-matter.

INTRODUCTION.

1. Changeable Position of Philosophy with respect to Religion in Modern Time.
2. Derivation of the various Forms of Philosophy to Religion from the various Apprehension of both.
3. The various Modes of Conception of Christianity collated with Modern Philosophy.
4. The principal Epochs of Christianity and the Christian Doctrine.
5. The most remarkable Developments of Modern Philosophy in relation to Christianity.
6. System of Doctrines in our Time. Plan of the Work.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES.

APOLOGETIC.

7. Biblical Revelation.
8. Biblical Doctrines of Miracles and Prophecies as Evidences of the Truth of the Revelation.
9. Development of the Church Doctrines.
10. The Church Doctrines of Miracles and Prophecies.
11. Tradition and Scripture as the Medium of the Transmission of Revelation.
12. The Infallibility of the Church and the Inspiration of Scripture.
13. Exposition of the Holy Scriptures.
14. Analysis of the Doctrines for the Inspiration of Scripture.
15. Analysis of the Orthodox Notions of the Canon and Word of God.
16. Analysis of the Orthodox Notions of Prophecy as a mean of Proof for Revelation.
17. Analysis of the Notions of Miracles.
18. The Perfectibility of Revealed Religion.
19. Analysis of the Church Notions of Revelation.
20. Faith and Feeling.
21. Faith and Knowledge.
22. Conclusion of Apology.

THE MATERIAL CONTENTS OF THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES.

DOCTRINAL.

23. General Review.

DOCTRINE—FIRST PART.

The Absolute as a Subject of Abstract Conception or as a Divine Being in the Element of Time.

24. Arrangement.

1st Article. On the Existence of God.

25. Introduction.

26. Proofs for the Existence of God.

27. Strictures on the above.

2nd Article. On the Triune Being of God.

28. Arrangement.

29. Unity of God.

30. The Biblical Commencement of the Doctrine of the Trinity.

31. The Church Development of the Doctrine.

32. Analysis and various Expositions of the Church Doctrine of the Trinity.

33. Of the Personality of God.

3d Article. Of the Attributes of God.

34. General Review.

35. Knowledge of God. Notion and Introduction of the Attributes.

36. Attributes of God's Being and Essence generally. Omnipresence and Eternity, &c.

37. Attributes of God's Mind. Omniscience. Wisdom.

38. Attributes of God's Will. Omnipotence. Holiness and Justice.

39. Love and Beatitude.

40. Essay of a Speculative Construction of the Divine Attributes.

41. Transition.

DOCTRINE—SECOND PART.

The Absolute as the Object to the Empirical Conceptions, or as Divine Production in the Elements of Time.

42. Arrangement.

Sect. I. The Temporary Appearance of God as Divine History.

43. General Review.

1st Article. On Creation.

44. Prefatory Observations.

I. The Creation as a Divine Fact.

45. The Mosaic History of Creation and its different Conception.

46. Creation out of nothing.

47. Reason and Aim of the Creation.

48. Temporal or Eternal Creation.

II. Productions of the Divine Creative Activity—Principal Creatures and their Primitive Conditions.

49. The Angels.

50. The First Created Pair.

51. The Original Perfection of the First Men. Biblical and Ancient Dogmas.

52. Catholic and Protestant Doctrine on the Primitive Conditions—Socinian, Rationalist and Speculative Strictures on the same.

Having enabled our readers to embrace the scope of the author in his yet unfinished work, we shall proceed to grapple with his notions. As a writer he makes great use of the cumulative process of argument, and we shall therefore take him up on the latter part of his book, and begin with "the Creation as a Divine Fact."

Our author makes an ingenious but futile attempt to show the Mosaic history as inconsistent with itself. The account of creation in Genesis we are quite prepared to take in our author's words; namely, "that God produced of the waste and formless primitive matter, by a series of separations and developments, which were executed at his command, the actual world, in the multiplicity of its creatures and order of its laws." As for allegorical interpretations of creation, they are worth nothing, and we have nothing at the present period to do with any other interpretations of Scripture than our own; we are not bound to the dicta of the Fathers, though sound in many notions in which they differ absolutely from Dr. Strauss. We perfectly concede to him, that man divides his work into tasks, from the reaction of the matter against him; but what has this to do with God? If the fact of continuous creation implied labour or toil against the rebel matter, then would God not be, as He is, exhaustless yet, but would long since have exhibited failure of power. Has the Great Motor Agent of the planetary system waned one particle in His might since the hour of creation? Does Moses describe God as labouring under fatigue? "Let there be light, and there was light." Does that look like weariness or labour to produce a desired end? Why even Longinus could teach superior deductions to this! The human race consists of a series of developments of creative agency over thousands of years. Does not this evidence that God produces over protracted periods His work? We allow it might, had God willed it, have burst into one development; but we can see no good reason why it should have been so produced, and can show abundant arguments to the contrary, in the earth requiring tillage to sustain such a population, the gradual increase of her sustentative power and active energy bringing in her deserts to blossom as the rose, and every waste and solitary spot to exult in the fertility given to it by God to meet the increased demand. We can trace nothing of inconsistency in the first and second chapter of Genesis. If Augustin or Dr. Strauss infer any inconsistency between the chapters, they are both in error.

If Origen also understood Gen. ii. 4, as contradicting the first chapter, he is equally in error, and we will show proof of the error of them all. "Augustin was surprised that the herbs, trees,

and men, which had been created in the first chapter, are created again in the second chapter." Where did Augustin find creation reiterated? All creation is effected in the first chapter. The second chapter simply states the matter out of which the things were made. Gen. i. 26, contains the spiritual description of man; but Gen. ii. 7, his physical form, and how it became endued with life. Again, Gen. i. 24, contains the account of the creation of animals; but ii. 19, while it repeats how they were formed, contains the history of their naming by Adam; a fresh fact. What inconsistency is there in this? As to Origen's error, in the passage, Gen. ii. 4, "These are the generations of the heavens and the earth, when they were created in the *day* the Lord made the heavens;" nothing is easier explained, since both the Greek *ημερα*, and Hebrew *יומ*, imply not simply a day, but time generally, and which sense our author himself admits in this very section, of which we get an instant illustration in Gen. ii. 17. Even Gesenius gives this sense, which is equally that of *Dies*. The passage then contains no contradiction to the preceding assertions, and is evidently simply a summary of them; and the word *generations*, in our version, is in the LXX *Βεβαιος*; and in the Hebrew text *תולדת*, a *history*, stating simply the character of the book of Genesis, placing this description of the work justly and properly after creation, and stating the intentions of the work to be to transmit a durable memorial of it. In the same manner Gen. ii. 21, is an amplification of the previous narrative in Gen. i. 27, and further explains the sequence of causes, that of time being maintained in the previous chapter. As to the distinction of day and night before the sun was created, Gen. i. 5, since God is described as creating the light from the primæval darkness, the alternation of the one or the other principle was the natural result, and no doubt the intention of God in the separation. The sun was afterwards made the treasury whence the light is diffused; but ere the creation of that luminous body, the alternation of day and night might easily proceed, and the sun afterwards sustain for ages the primal law. If light also consist, as is commonly supposed by the most accurate modern theory, of a series of vibrations of æther, it confirms the notion of Moses. Notion, do we say, the revelation made to him. We should be glad to be informed what other name even our author's ingenuity could have given to this, better calculated to express the fact in question to the intelligence of the general mind, than Moses has adopted by what has been perpetually submitted to the observation of mankind since that period. But our author does not stop here, and next assaults Mosaic truth on the grounds of its inconsistency with astronomy,

geology, and criticism. With respect to the latter two, both sciences are in such a state of crudity that their decisions become impugned every fifty years; but astronomy has more fixity. We have, under the head of Astronomical Objections to Revelation, the old story, that the account of Moses favours the ancient system, which believed earth the centre of the system, and that the sun and planets were created as subsidiary to the earth. Now, there appears nothing in astronomy to negative the Mosaic theory, that earth was created before the sun; on the contrary, the notion of Newton, who was really as competent as our author to discuss these matters, was very close in affinity to the Mosaic. In his letter to Bentley, he allows that matter might form itself into masses by the mere force of attraction.

"And thus," says he, "might the sun and fixed stars be formed, supposing the matter were of a lucid nature. But how the matter should divide itself into two sorts, and that part of it should fall down into one mass and make a sun; and the rest, which is fit to compose an opake body, should coalesce, not into one great body like the shining matter, but into many little ones; or if the sun at first were an opake body like the planets, or the planets lucid bodies like the sun, how he alone should be changed into a shining body whilst all they continue opake; or all they be changed into opake ones while he continues unchanged, I do not think explicable by mere natural causes, but am forced to ascribe it to the counsel and contrivance of a voluntary agent."

What in the history of creation, what in astronomy negatives the position of earth being created out of the common matter of the universe the first of the system; or what prevents the creation of the sun as a luminous body being simply all that Moses means? Moses, also, did not write the history of the system, he wrote only of one planet; and he has simply to show, not the universal system, but such particulars out of it as concerned his subject, and he accordingly describes the offices rendered to earth by her chronometers, as our author calls them, the sun and moon. The tendency of his nation to sidereal worship showed the impress from distant worlds improper at the instant he wrote, that they were not disposed to attach too little but too much importance to the æthereal spheres around the earth. As to any argument being deducible from the fact that Moses describes the progress of creation and cultivation of the earth as occupying five days, and the sun, moons, and stars as created in one, nothing can be more ridiculous than any attempt to found an argument on that point. What hinders our affirming that God then only made *them* luminous, which is all that Moses says? What sense does Dr. Strauss attach to the first verse of Genesis? "In the beginning God created the *heavens* and the earth." What hinders

from expressing stellar matter? What does it mean, if this be not its meaning? The next point urged is, the inconsistency of the account of the creation with modern geology. It would, indeed, be difficult, nay, impossible to get any constant quantity to fix this variable. Look at Lyell, Buckland, Kirby, Cuvier, are they agreed on a single postulate? Is chemistry herself in a state to enunciate propositions, when she is hourly modifying her assertions? and, surely, her progress to fixity is in vastly superior advance of geology, which requires wonderful requisites and uncommon powers to arrive at dogmas where so many sciences are required to form a just conclusion. We consider, and always have done, that creation was performed in the six days; and we think our author's argument, that the days in the account are limited to twenty-four hours expressly by the terms day and night, good; showing clearly that those commentators of the Buckland school, who extend creation over a period of ages, are wrong. But the insidious and artful observation, that if six days of creation, in the first instance, appear too close for a Divine act, they are also too quick for a process of nature, we deny. The law of elements which are brought into operation, if left to itself, takes time for its accomplishment; and such a law is described as brought into operation by the Great Motor Agent; but it is not a process of nature that is described, it is the process of a vivifying life. When light burst forth, a day might disperse the waters under an ordinary agency, for the presence of light presumes heat. As to the origin of Testacea, and their separation from Mammiferæ in a day, that does not appear under the agency employed inconsistent, for separation was instant on creation. And it is idle to assert, though it may have the aspect in the eyes of infidels like Dr. Strauss of begging the question, that the supernatural character of the Demiurgus is not to be taken into question. We are simply bound to show, that the Demiurgus does not act inconsistent with reason; but no divine would assert, nor even philosopher worthy of the name, that he does not operate in a manner that defies the low reasoning powers of man to investigate. The only attempt to make criticism bear upon the question before us, after its vaunted powers, is, that the passages Gen. i. 1. ii. 4. and ii. 5. are inconsistent with each other, in which arguments we have already joined issue; and the baseless unproved assertion that the Book of Genesis is not all written by Moses, together with a dark attempt at Mythos, which the stubborn author of the Pentateuch does not supply, but is as strait forward as he is clear, form the whole attack. Where was the Mythos when Moses turned to his people with this appeal? "Ask now of the days that are past,

which were before thee, since the days that God created man upon the earth, and ask from one side of heaven unto the other, whether there hath been any such thing as this great thing is or hath been heard like it? Did ever people hear the voice of God speaking out of the midst of the fire as thou hast and live? Or hath God assayed to go and take him a nation from the midst of another nation by temptations, by signs, and by wonders, and by war, and by a stretched out arm, and by great terrors, according to all that the Lord your God did for you in Israel before your eyes?"—Deut. iv. 2. Did that look like one that could appeal to facts? Has his nation, his dark, sunk, mammon-spirited, degraded nation, denied him, or ministered unvarying testimony to his truth? A Mythos, such as the Mosaic, were a miracle in itself. We pass to chap. 46—"Creation out of nothing."

Our author makes an attempt, but it is extremely feeble throughout this chapter, to incorporate matter with God. His reasoning amounts to nothing more than curious speculation on matters which lie infinitely beyond the powers of human reason to reach, to investigate, to separate into elements, or to exhibit with any clearness. After quoting 2 Macc. vii. 28, and Wisdom xi. 17, and contrasting them with Gen. i. 1, he comes to the conclusion that the latter writer does not affirm as to matter, whether the creating God found it ready, or created it also.

"To place matter, which he had only manufactured as Creator of the World, distinct from God, was not only most analogous to the common conception, which proceeds from the manner and custom in which men are wont to perform their works, but also in philosophy a similar Dualism became customary through Plato. The notion also had this advantage, that it served as a convenient outlet to unburthen God of the creation of evil in the world. Therefore the eldest Platonic fathers of the Church speak of a creation of the world out of formless matter, and Dualistic, Gnostic, and Manichæan teachers, as Hermogenes, placed with more certainty an eternal matter distinct from God. If in the latter relation there is involved the question of a God unable to vanquish the reaction of the bad matter, and therefore not absolute; if in the first, since the divine production is not a human one, the being bound to matter must be denied. A reproduction of all things out of his Being, appears also suitable to God. It is after this manner it has been supposed that the Son of God was produced; but in order to distinguish the world from him, and not to fall into the pantheistic emanatismus of the Alexandrian Gnostics and modern Platonists, it has been decided that the world was created neither out of a pre-existing matter, as men usually make their work, nor of the essence of God as the Son, but through the will of God out of nothing. *This nothing* ought not to indicate any matter, but on the contrary exclude such an idea. They distinguished, moreover, a *nihil negativum* and *privatum*.

tivum, and, according to it, a *creatio prima*, and *secunda*. On the first day God produced of the mere nothing, or of the *negatio omnis entitatis*, the shapeless matter, out of which, as a primitive nothing, in the following days he made the world. The old philosophical objection against this theory, '*ex nihilo nihil fit*,' was removed, it is true, by limiting it to the domain of the *final causality*. However, from all ages, the creation from nothing was a weightless definition for speculative thinkers. Scotus Erigena understood under the *nothing* out of which all things are produced the sublime depth of the Divine Being above all *final something*. J. Böhme considered the *real* nature of God as the matter out of which he has made all things, and afterwards the whole root of this supposition was destroyed by Spinozism; the new dogma, as far it could proceed, has either sent away the terminus, or so explained it that the nothing ought only to indicate the side of the non-existence, which is always joined to the world in reproduction. In the Chaldee history of creation the positive to the nothing is not the divine essence, but the divine will; of which we shall treat in the following chapter."—vol. i. p. 46.

In the above reasoning we throw out of the question at once all Platonic notions, and shall simply take up the Mosaic and Christian. Now, first of all, Moses in his cosmogony is quite clear from Ovid's errors; he describes God positively as making the matter of the heavens and earth, as the immaterial generator of substance. Jehovah did not find things in confusion as Ovid describes God, he made matter. Ovid describes God and nature as co-equal and co-eternal. It is not so in the writings of Moses. Unbelievers may give this generation of matter the name of a *weightless definition*, but it is absurd to assert that any thing of perishable and fragile form can be God. We are aware that we shall be pressed with the Atomic Theory, with the individuality of every molecule, with its rigid character, with its indestructibility in space. We have nothing to do with this. A character impressed on a palpable thing must be exterior to the thing. If the character be coeval with the thing, then must whatever gave that character have preceded the impressed object. Now the indestructibility of matter is the result of exterior action, and therefore the inferiority of matter in duration to its Maker is evident. Now nothing can be more absurd than that reasoning that expects of the derived all the properties in the underived. Can God make gods? No. Does this proceed from the incapacity of God? No. Incapacity consists in not doing what is capable of being done. But whoever heard of an incapacity to effect an impossibility? Who, but the school of Hegel and his pupil Strauss ever dreamt of treating the Son as produced, when the divinity of the Son is co-eternal with the Father, only different in mode? Moses asserts amply that matter was not with God

from everlasting, but all matter, stellar, universal, earthly, generated by him. As for the stuff repeatedly uttered, "*ex nihilo nihil fit*," why should any sensible being trouble himself with that equivocation, for it is nothing more? A thing is not made of nothing when the product of an Almighty will. As for that absurd distinction of a *nihil negativum* and a *nihil privativum*, Hegel and Strauss are welcome to what they can make out of it. They are valueless terms. The *negatio omnis entitatis* we take as a fair statement of primordial condition, and fully concede that Moses speaks of such a state as a *creatio prima*, and of the generation of matter as a *creatio secunda*, which consists in forming from it individualities. But we have nothing in this view to do with matter as God or part of God. It must be held as aloof and wholly distinct from God, the positive matter, once the negative, and positive to sense only by the power of God. That this view stands any test, the vain battering of ages around the scheme of Berkeley, which has the basis of the Bible for it, leaving that scheme like a rock in ocean unmoved by the changing surge, will abundantly demonstrate. Infinite volition said, "Let there be light and there was light." The same volition has produced from an equally unpromising subject with darkness—the universe. We pass to chap. 47—"The Reason and Aim of the Creation."

In this chapter an effort is made to negative all views usually entertained of this subject, without substituting any that can be available to solve the problems which the author raises. We are first told that Moses drew from the Platonist system a baseless assertion, but though it has been said, *τι γὰρ ἐστὶ Πλατῶν ἢ Μωσῆς Ἀττικίζων*; we never heard the reverse. We are next informed that the aim of an absolute Being must be absolute. A dogma that cannot be true, unless we suppose all creatures equal to the author of them. A vegetable, on this principle, ought to be a man, but unluckily remains a vegetable; man, the creator, but still he remains the creature. We are next informed that God required the world to realize unto him his own essence; so that, on this principle, a man could not be convinced he was a living being unless he had children. The next point mooted is, that God was not self-content until he had made the world; and, therefore, according to the sense attempted to be fastened on creation by Spinoza, it was a work of chance. As if creation were not as much a faculty of God, as man's operation is of himself; as if accident could befall one, whose very absoluteness precludes it. Here Leibnitz is quoted, who vents the following unintelligible stuff: "When God will create something, a combat of infinitely many possibilities rises almost, as it were,

in strife to approach realization; among which, that which unites in itself the most reality and perfection conquers and become realized by God." Si sic omnia dixisset, the contest between him and Newton had never been even debatable. Herder justly remarks on this, that dubitable reflecting; and choosing cannot consist with God, that he is not as a meditative artist, who breaks his head projects, compares, rejects, and chooses. There can be no realm of possibility out of the power and will of God. Schelling is next introduced to strengthen the arguments with the assertion, that the most complete Being has already existed in the most complete manner, because in the real possession of the highest perfection he would not have had any reason to create and produce so many things by which he becomes less complete. So that, trying Schelling on a matter of fact, we come to this: the king that makes an edict, (a Russian ukase is an excellent illustration,) which is partially obeyed, demonstrates by it, not his power, but his weakness, supposing all his people had disobeyed him on the subject of the edict previously. The edict is no evidence of power, but of privation of power. An emperor then, with his armies and state apparatus, is weaker than without them. Supposing him by their aid to conquer kingdoms, he is only demonstrating his weakness if he be not the conqueror of the world. And the originating God, in the multiplicities of his contrivances in the relative perfections of his creatures, is not glorified unless he make them such that they be enabled to obscure his glory. J. Böhme next favours us with the following; this writer is highly in favour with Dr. Strauss, because the mystics give him vantage-ground in disputation: "As now God has corporized together eternal natures (angels) out of himself, they ought not in the heavenly rank to be looked upon in the same character as God. No; they were not formed to this end as the figures (ideas), which by the qualifying (viz. *επεργεια*) the spirits of God in the (eternal) nature disappeared again by the moving of the spirits, but the body of the angels was corporized together harder and more compact than God was in himself, and remained so that their light ought to shine brighter in their hardness." If our readers can understand this, they must be gifted with uncommon perspicuity; to us it appears impiety, united with unintelligibility. Again: "The Eternal Divinity would not be manifest to itself if God had not created creatures as angels and men, who understand the eternal inextricable chain, and how the birth of the light was in God." After the quotation of J. Böhme, modern theology receives from Dr. Strauss the compliment of affinity to this unsettled mystic, or madman. Hear that, shades of Michaelis,

Marsh, Waterland, Bull, and Barrow! After this, the inquiry is carried on to the relations of the Trinity. God is next represented, after Hegel, as nothing but an abstract idea if not conceived of as Creator: "Without the world God is not God." If by *Welt*, in this passage, he means *world*, or even *universe*, and would represent God as an abstract idea if either of these be removed, the idea is as impious as it is untrue. After having thus attempted, as he says, to get rid of such a reproach, as to teach an incomplete Divinity, who developed himself with time, he proceeds to Chapter 48, to examine, in illustration of his position, "Whether the Creation be Temporal or Eternal."

The arguments of this chapter are extremely ingenious, but nothing more; we shall however enter into an abstract of the important matter urged in it. The Mosaic narration, it is first assumed, simply places the creation of all things in the beginning, but does not state what was before this beginning, which does not satisfy a German neologist. As God was before the world, he wants to be informed what took place in that unrevealed period. The theory of immense periods of time, *Æons*, Jerom's wild imagination here comes in for notice as well as animadversion. "We must suppose," says this Father, "an infinite series of centuries before the creation of the world, during which God the Father was alone with the Son and the Holy Ghost, and perhaps also the angels. Six thousand years of our world are not yet accomplished, he exclaims! How many eternities! What periods! What centuries coming forth one from another must have preceded!"

"This shallow admiration," says our author, "was soon succeeded by the notion why, if the creation of the world was something good, did God defer it so long. Why did your God, suddenly asked the Manichæans, conceive an idea of doing what he had not done through the whole eternity before? What did God do, demanded others, before he made heaven and earth? Did he repose and do nothing? Why then did he not continue his repose? Why did he introduce into his essence a change which destroys his eternity? The divine bounty, observed the philosophers, could never have been inactive any more than his power; but as he is now Creator and Lord, he must have been so from eternity, consequently he must have created and governed the world from eternity. As the co-existence (*Nehineinandersein*) of infinite worlds in space was an Epicurean doctrine, so was the succession of infinitely many worlds in time an infinite change of expansion and contraction of the Divine Being, according to the Stoic doctrine of difference (*Unterscheidungslehre*)."

The Church has never been without her philosophising and dreamy-minded men, more Pagan-minded than Christian, and ac-

cordingly a capital use is made by our author of Origen, who asserts that God had made series after series of worlds, basing this assertion upon the creative and governing activity in the first instance, and secondly, that the transition from creation to non-creation must bring a change into the divine nature. Were this the fact, every child that is born might be pleaded as a change in the Godhead, as God becomes the God of another soul by reason of its birth. Origen is only right in the probable basis of his idea, which is clearly that creation is not accidental, but essential to the Godhead; though it is not apparent, even on that supposition, that its incessant exercise must follow. Practically we see it does not, since no new worlds rise visibly to sight, that is, to our limited experience; but theoretically Origen's position is not clear.

We have next another speculative Father, Augustin, and he takes as an illustration money and its uses to clear up the matter, but unsuccessfully. Scotus follows, and, with his usual rash assertions, states that God was one thing before he created, and a different thing after. But here Augustin draws a distinction between wish and will, much to the fancy of the schoolmen, but satisfactory to few others. Philo here intervenes with a definition of time, widely different from Locke, and falsely states that time could not exist before creation. Augustin works upon this, and makes out that the world was created, not *in* the time, but *with* the time. The following assertion is then made:—

“It is a mere deceit to imagine that we can fix a point in the divine eternity, from which the world begins, whilst on the other side lays the pure eternity. Such a point makes that which is before or behind temporal; for in eternity there is no fixed point from which a beginning could depart.”

How completely all this fails when we consider, first, that time enters into eternity. How does this affect angelic existence? Would not that be from a point? Man, again, we can conceive becoming immortal; yet this is something before a man. To talk of fixed points in eternity involves only a contradiction of terms. We might as well speak of the eternity of time. Great praise is next given to Augustin for the elimination of a timeless causality. This Father represents the creature as one by God eternally, but governed, only differing in one point from the eternity of God, the governing principle, but in its infinite temporality approaching that eternity. God, though thus never without creatures, yet is always before them in priority, not through a preceding time, but by virtue of his eternity. Scotus Erigena draws the distinction that God preceded the world, not according to time, but according to causality. Spinoza distinguished be-

tween *Æternitas* and *Duratio*. Kant drew here a line between the thing and apparitions from it. Schelling says, "it is necessary that if the infinite be the infinite, it must also be inseparable from it in the higher Unity of the Eternal. The whole universe is nothing else but the affirmation with which God affirms himself. Take away the whole or its component parts, of which the infinite affirmation and eternal uniting in one is the nature of the substance, or imagine it now annihilated before any time whatsoever, and you annihilate the substance itself, as you carry away the circumference, with this the centre, and with both the circle itself, if you efface the single points of the first. If the world had ever begun to be, we should maintain that existence (being) does not proceed from the essence of God, viz. the idea of God must be done away. For this existence, that is precisely this *all*, follows precisely as essentially from the idea of God as from the idea of a triangle, that its angles together are equal to two right angles." If this reasoning displeases Strauss, as it does, it assuredly could satisfy no one of anything more than Schelling's personal presumption. Any attempt to class God and the universe under finite relations, any effort to clear this question by illustrations from the low science of quantity, must manifest the grossest folly and be accompanied with failure.

Our author places, in opposition to this, Erigena, who states that God and the world are not two different subjects, but one and the same. Every existence can be regarded at the same time as eternal and created in so far as God creates in every thing *himself*. Nothing can be more absurd than Erigena in this and numerous other passages, which clearly are Pantheistic. Schelling follows again :—

"God and All are quite equal ideas. God is immediately, by virtue of his idea, the infinite (unlimited) position of himself, *Absolute All*, not a different Being from this self-affirmation, but by virtue of his essence the infinite affirmation of himself, the All is not different from Him. As every whole can be considered sometimes in the mutual connection of all its parts, sometimes in its freedom and pure unity, but, in fact, always remains the same whole, so is also the nature of the free, viz. of the creating substance, mingled, being not the casual, but essential complement, as with the body the shadow. That *All* equal to God is not only the *natura naturata*, but the speaking *natura naturans*; not the created, but the creating itself, and revealing by infinite ways."

As for this learned stuff and mysticism, in the first place, we deny God and All to be either the same or an equal idea. Schelling himself has overturned this idea in the previous quotation; for since he asserts the affirmation of a man to be distinct from a man, the affirmation of God is distinct from God. The world is

the affirmation of God, therefore the world is not God. For here the difference in degree makes no difference in the fact. Who can understand *natura naturata* and *natura naturans*, terms that involve in them all the shiftiness of position desirable for the neologist, and out of which any thing can be made or apparently proved? Let us look at them without the dark medium in which they are involved, in the broad light of common sense: a *natured nature* and a *naturing nature*. The first is intended to convey the idea of *created*, we presume, and the latter of the *Creator*. The terms would be perfectly intelligible if they implied created nature and creating nature. Though this latter term would look rather atheistic in character, since nature does not imply intelligence, but blind action of causes. We have then the assertion, that created nature is creating nature, that is, that the thing made, made itself. No one can get rid of this absurdity who adheres to Schelling's definition, or to Spinoza, of whom he was then but the expositor, though wondrously altered by royal favour in after periods. This monstrous matter-God system crumbles to earth on the faintest blow, even from reason; we shall soon deal with it on the ground of revelation, though reason alone is amply adequate to demolish every one of these aerial castles. It is to Spinoza that the doctrine of an eternal world owes its revival; its perpetuity in modern times is the work of Schelling, Schleiermacher and others, and it forms the essential basis, as Strauss owns, of the speculative theology. Here also Fichte comes into the field, and unluckily he had designated it *the fundamental error of all false metaphysics*.

We care little for the deductions of this science; we have always regarded Fichte as immensely overrated; and we place metaphysics of that character at just the worth of the deductions that are valuable, and these we find wondrous few. Fichte, however, represents the idea of creation within intelligible limits, which neither Schelling, Schleiermacher, nor Strauss, succeed in doing. He shows us what he means, the others have not yet arrived at the clear elimination of their sense of it, if they have any just sense of it. His system represents God anterior to, and abstracted from, creation. This is the scriptural view of the All-mighty. Fichte compares God in the production of the world, to an author resolved to compose a book. The world is the idea of God, in operation distinct from God. But on the system of the new philosophy, the world falls into the progress of completion in the same manner as in the human process of organic growth. In this idea, however, they do not affect to represent God as incomplete (though they do so), and only with

time attaining perfection; but as from eternity ready and perfect, but only thus because and in so far as he has created and creates from eternity. His eternal entrance into himself, his conditionate "bedings" by his eternal outpouring from himself. This idea is clearly intended to supersede that of the Church, of a beginning to all that is. It carries on the idea of creation into conservation only from everlasting; and of course it must be thrown out by every candid inquirer, first, from its want of intelligibility; next from its absurdity, when it is intelligible; thirdly, from its contradiction to universal notions of God; and, lastly, by the believer from its total opposition to revealed truth, which constantly speaks of the creation of matter by God, and of the generation of all existing things from the pure will of a great First Cause, wholly independent of them, and only generating them to increase the revelation of Himself, and to sublime nature under All-mighty influences.

The next head we have to consider consists of what our author terms PRODUCTIONS OF THE DIVINE CREATIVE ACTIVITY, PRINCIPAL CREATURES, AND THEIR PRIMITIVE CONDITIONS. Among these, at Chap. 49, he begins with "The Angels." After a statement that the Church, from Col. i. 16, inferred the creation of angels by the Son, and referring to the words in the Apostle's Creed, "Maker of heaven and earth," and slyly insinuating that this not being deemed sufficiently explicit, the words were added to the Nicene, "and of all things visible and invisible," he proceeds to investigate the varied offices of angelic ministration. In this he shows a wide and extended acquaintance with Scripture, and little could be added to his description. It is only unfair where the book of Tobit is introduced, as an equal exponent of the system with the canonical books. This suited however his purpose, because if he could with a strong system involve some weaker principles, and then attack through them the strong, the effect at the onset would appear the mightier, and lead many unskilled persons to imagine that all was equally weakened in its solid strength.

The instance from Tob. xii. 19, marks, however, the wisdom of the Church in her rejection of that book; for the angel is there represented as affirming that he had eaten only in appearance. This equivocation, this hypocritical semblance of action, which negatives the whole conduct of angels in other portions of Scripture, amply demonstrates by the circumstance the apocryphal character of the book. Equally erroneous is the passage in Tob. xii. 15, on which the Church of Rome, whose strength is in the Apocrypha, places much weight, and also justifies prayers for the

dead from 2 Macc. xii. 44. In the above-quoted passage from Tobit, the seven chief angels are represented as having assigned to them the service of carrying before God the prayers of the pious. The next point stated is, that the angels are not sexual on the authority of Matt. xxii. 30; though an attempt is made to discredit the words of Jesus, by the collation of Gen. vi. 2, and 1 Cor. xi. 10. But in the first passage, the commentators with the exception of a few of the rabbinical, have always referred the *בְּנֵי דִּמְיוֹן* to the line of Seth; and the *αγγελους* is of very dubitable signification in the second. An attempt is next made, similar to the artful efforts in the *Leben Jesu*, to insinuate the notion that the idea and office of angel has been gradually spiritualizing to its present perfection; but let any one read the instance of the angel who appeared to Manoah, and rose unhurt amid the altar flame, and then say whether modern refinement of images has produced the present angelic conceptions. Calvin's sceptical notions on this subject, who was, after all, a religious romancer more than a divine, are of course used to throw general discredit on the angelic system. A hope is then expressed that the angel idea will vanish with time, under which (though we are ignorant of these changes save in Schleiermacher's wild brain, and a few others) it has now become totally distinct from the primary notion. To us it only appears that the question has been freed from the imaginative process of man under the Romish Church, and confined to the strict statements of the Bible; which fact rather shows the value attached to the idea, and the anxiety to possess it pure and undefiled. We think our author in the next statement has done good in declaring that there is no proof that meteors, lightning, thunder, earthquake, or accidents of human life, are to be ascribed to their agency. The idea is, however, derived from their past agency, in which these beings have been thus occupied on special occasions; but we are certainly not authorized in viewing them now as the immediate agents of these operations of God, although the idea is harmless. Next, however, follows the relation of angels to God, where our author flatters himself that the system of Copernicus destroys the assigned locality of angels by the throne of God, "since the sky is no more a stratum, either above or round the earth, which formed the limits between the sensual and transcendental world, since, by virtue of the immense extension of the first, the latter must be looked for beyond, but in the first, consequently, God even cannot be otherwise above the stars than in and upon them." A magnificent passage from Daniel will soon settle that question of a local Deity, of which all this is the obvious inference:

"I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of Days did sit, whose garment was white as the snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool. His throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him; thousand thousands administered unto him, and myriads of myriads stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened."—Dan. vii. 9, 10.

Now who sees in this a local Divinity, who sees in it a material God? Earthly dominion had past and the Ancient of Days did sit, a figure descriptive of God's Majesty—His robe of snow of the purity of God—the hair, like the Saviour's in the transfiguration, flooded with light—one clear unspotted brightness clothed with light his created agent as a garment—the throne of fiery flame marking the pure spirituality of the throne filler—one enthroned on that which is death to material things—the throne not stationary, but with wheels, marking his ubiquity and that the seat of his dominion is every where—matter annihilated before his presence, countless spirits ministering around him, and myriads of myriads of men awaiting final doom;—does any thing in this invalidate the Copernican system? Again, the description of the Christ ascending to Heaven: "He that descended is the same that ascended, that he might *fill all things*."—Ephesians iv. 10. Is space, after all, requisite for the developement of God? Is he not developed in minimis ut in maximis? As mighty in the smallest of the infusoria as in the mammoth? Could he not, as was declared by an eccentric preacher in reply to the question of where Hell was, crowd the souls of the doomed into a nutshell? Does immateriality require space? Strauss fails in even his own weak mortal philosophy, when he thus attempts to argue and bring space into such a question as this. As for Schleiermacher we look on this man as the pregnant source through his beautiful style of the rankest heresy on this subject and the eternity of matter. The Copernican system negatives nothing connected with angelic ministrations, it only adds to the belief in ascending nature as natural history points to descending gradations. The very laws of heat, the very proximity of planets to the sun, or their motion in the chill stillness of the distant Herschel, indicate existence varying from mortal,—beings capable, like the angel before Manoah, of soaring amid flame, or, from their peculiar constitution, enduring equal extremities of cold. The theory, then, of links in creation from man down to the zoophyte, and upwards from him to the great cumulative point of life, so far from being shattered by modern science, rises in tenfold power; and shows that, what could not

have been anticipated at the time of its revelation by any of the sons of earth, the angel state, is borne out by all existing probabilities from analogical examination.

We pass to the second class of the productions of the divine creative activity—men. Chap. 50. "The first Created Pair." Few are the subjects on which we could have met our author with deeper disgust, mingled with contempt for his reasoning, than on that which constitutes the present chapter. He first attacks the name of Adam, deriving it from *Adamah*, earth, considering this derivation a mythos. If such be the derivation of Adam, what is there mythical in it? Is man not earth? Are not his very bones calc? Could a more appropriate appellation than *ADAM* be given to him and Eve? We are not bound to show that this is the derivation of the name which is applied to both Adam and Eve, but as the Bible asserts that man was made of the earth, we might reasonably expect to find in him the elements of his world. And is this realized by facts or the contrary? Are any of the race different? do they not all demonstrate that they are dust? and do they not daily return to dust? The formation of Eve is next stated as a destruction of former organism, being formed out of the man. Has not this principle been amply borne out by the creative operations since her formation? Look at the great law of organism wherever apparent; does it not pass invariably, when removed from one body, to the sustentation or form of another? The very human mould from which we reap our daily bread, is only man's substance differently modified. The destruction of life for the sustentation of life is a clear principle in the inscrutable agency of God; but here the life of Adam was not sacrificed. He could not have children by what was alien to himself; a portion of his own nature was adapted for that object, and the fact of Eve being thus akin, leads to the affectionate words, "This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman (*Isha*), because she was taken out of man (*Ish*)."¹ The argument to be drawn from this early similarity of substance—this oneness of nature—for the affectionate intercourse of the sexes for ever, is as grand, as its effect has been permanent, in the holy connubial tie. The unwearied sophist whom we are reviewing next tries to negative the derivation of all men from a single pair. The races of earth are feebly attempted to be shown distinct in organism; and any such facts as the pressing of the child's head into a peculiar development, from which diversity of strain might be argued in remote ages, or the positive influence of diet and climate; any thing so positive, for example, as a colony of Black Jews; all these things are carefully kept in oblivion, and the

universal tradition of all from one pair equally unheeded. Kant asserted that the difference of the negro from the rest of the world, arose from the germ in the original negro race. However absurd Kant may be in his germs of men, we shall soon see that Strauss is absurd still in his germs of earth! The next point urged is, that the different races in varied and distant parts of earth preclude the possibility of a common origin. We think it may be shown, without much difficulty, that intercourse, building and navigation were in a far more advanced state at an early period of the world, than either Strauss or any of his school appear to imagine. Independent of which question, Behring's Straits suggest no very formidable difficulties to the peopling of America, especially if the theory, which appears borne out by the fossil remains, of a change of climate be true, in which case the northern regions possessed sufficient heat to enable the tropical animals to subsist there. But let us look at our author's theory, which ought to be simple and clear, and unincumbered with any of these difficulties, otherwise we gain no advantage from its adoption. It is to our utter astonishment the Autochthonic.

"God has not created man as such a one, or quatenus infinitus est, sed quatenus per elementa nascentis telluris explicatur. This is the opinion which lays at the basis of the old traditions of Autochthon, which was devised by the Greek and Roman philosophers, and was opposed by the Fathers of the Church with the greatest violence; but it became the unanimous doctrine of natural history and philosophy. Thus all organic beings are originally produced by the unorganic matter. As to our planet, there is no doubt that it has acquired its actual state only by degrees; that it was in the original (primitive) time uninhabitable by organic beings; and that all those (organic beings) originated by degrees, without having parents; consequently by an heterogeneous production. To judge after this and other facts, our planet possessed, in those times, an abundant productive power, which, though now limited in the extent of its expressions, continues to act to the conserving of the created, executing (mediating), the continuance of more important organic forms only by propagation. It was principally the liquid element, but not such as it is now, but mixed with the vital germs which it has now separated from itself; which under the influence of a milder temperature of the original time has put forth from itself gradually at first the germs of the lower organisms; then the higher; and lastly, after a longer preparation of mixtures and divisions, also the germ of the human organism. The objection against this theory is easy. Why does not such production continue? If nature, observed Reimarus, could effect it once, we should even now see formations here and there in the fat slime by the heat of the sun, half or entirely formed, shaped or unshaped, known or unknown, ancient or modern. Lucretius, speaking about the different periods of the earth, has already observed that we cannot come to any conclusion about the youth of the departing from the sterility of its age, and the

actual natural history agrees with him. Schelling has observed, with still more sagacity, that the unorganic matter which now lies before us, and whose impotence of productive organism forms the objection, is no longer joined with the same, out of which we affirm human beings to have come forth originally, for it is rather that part of the earth which cannot become animal or plant, or metamorphose itself to the point where it turned organic. Thus it is the residue of the organic metamorphoses. However, it is not even true that this production of organism does not occur. Reimarus saw well what a powerful support the theory has in the generatio æquivoca of some of the lowest animals, which became probable from the discoveries of Buffon, Needham, &c. Consequently he denied entirely the possibility of such a production of living beings, which argument is now no more feasible after so many experiments and observations, done with great care. But it is incontestable that it continues to form living beings, partly of unorganic and partly of quite heterogeneous organic matter, under certain circumstances, as the infusoria, the entozoa, in the animal body. However, they will not accept any conclusion from this small and low organism, upon the highest, the human. But worms twenty feet long are not small animals, nor is the structure of the intestinal worms in general, and the infusoria, so artless (simple), when the one is anatomized by Brewer, and the other by Ehrenberg. The first lay, partly eggs, partly produce living young ones, and though the first exemplars could only have formed themselves in each single animal by generatio æquivoca, precisely in the same manner we affirm did man. He appeared at first on earth through a heterogeneous production, upon which he now propagates himself by a sexual one. The immense difference which still remains between these animals and the higher organisms is by no means greater than the difference of the relation in which these insects have been produced formerly, from those in which now only the former come forth. The heterogeneous production is the disappearing after trembling (*nachzittern*) of a movement to the violent beginnings of which all organic life owes its commencement. But supposing man could have been produced in such a manner, how would he have been able to conserve himself, who without doubt did not appear as a full grown one? Shall we remove this objection by supposing, like Epicurus, milk to the earth? or like Oken imagine the first men coming out of their germ case (*Keimbälle*) in which they developed themselves in the original sea, at first as two years old children, when they became capable to seek their food? Let us rather confess here, as we have done in the doctrine of the eternal creation, the insufficiency of our conception, but let us keep up more strictly the necessity of thinking with Lucretius—

‘*Nam neque de cœlo cecidisse animalia possunt;*’

and that the origin of man can only be in the above-mentioned manner. If we thus suppose the origin of man, namely, as a natural process, the production of certain physical conditions, I do not see why these conditions (a certain mixture of matters under certain relations of temperature, electricity, galvanism, &c.) should only happen once, and in one point of the globe, or only have produced one human couple. I think

rather if such germs formed themselves once, they must, without doubt, to speak with Oken, have come forth in thousands. As a production of nature, man must have been produced under the type of nature, namely, in a multiplicity of instances, or in a number of germs, the least of which attain the aim of their creation, by which alone can be explained the prevention of destruction by accidents, and partly the population of the world by the different races."

Monboddo's ape did not reach this. His theory is far more reasonable because he gets up to Strauss by a series of developments; but Strauss spurns all this, and generates his grass-hopper, Autochthon, on the instant. Absurdity has, however, this advantage, that it teaches us to appreciate truth. Let us go down with the entire argument. First, the theory is, that this creation is not on God's part, "*quatenus infinitus, sed quatenus per elementa nascentis telluris explicatur.*" How does this realize the absolute deed from the absolute, if it be mediate creativeness? Their own weapons pierce the neologists. What natural history or philosophy, saving that of Hegel and Strauss, favours heterogeneous production? Where is the tradition of early creation of this character? Where is the proof of any such *vis vitalis* as is here ascribed to the earth? In what crucible were all organisms revolving ere they attained muscular formation? Reimarus is unanswerable. If it was done, why should it never be repeated? The argument of Lucretius on the sterility of earth now rests on nothing but his baseless assertion. Ovid, in all his metamorphoses, never represents man as distinct from man in production, although in the myth of Deucalon and Pyrrha the stones become men—but how? By human agency under a divine law. A very different case to the one before us; and further, the intention of Ovid to indicate man's earthly formation is perfectly apparent. But it is asserted, certainly somewhat hesitatingly, with all the misgiving of an indefensible position, that this production of organism does happen. The *generatio æquivoca* is appealed to, which is certainly very equivocal proof. There is nothing in this but a term—there is no spontaneous generation. The infusoria and entozoa are appealed to as proofs. Now these infinitesimals, infusoria, according to Spallanzani, fill the air with their germs or eggs, so that we swallow them, and imbibe them possibly at every inhalation. La Mark considered the infusoria as having no volition, as taking their food by absorption like plants, as being without any mouth or internal organ, in a word, as gelatinous masses, whose motions are determined not by their will, but by the action of the medium in which they move. Headless, eyeless, organless, nerveless, just the sort of insect required

to make out his own theory and that of Strauss. But the pious and deeply sagacious Ehrenberg, who devoted ten years of his life to their investigation, found these insects extending in their habitat to 50° of longitude and 14° of latitude, at Dongola, in Africa, the Altai mountains in Asia, on Mount Sinai, in the Oasis of Ammon, and at the bottom of Siberian mines, in spots entirely destitute of light.

These insects possess a more complicated construction than other animals, therefore they cannot be the first link. They dwell in the blood and urine, in the tartar of the teeth, in vinegar, paste, sand, &c. Their minuteness is such that some are not 1-2000th part of a line in breadth, and yet they have organs, a mouth, and several stomachs. The impression made upon the mind of Ehrenberg by this study, has been deeply conducive to the piety as well as learning of that philosopher. The type then of these is not simple enough for the earliest formation, neither do they generate apparently different from other animals.

The entozoa are next quoted, and it shows how singularly different things affect different men. These are quoted by one of our most enlightened philosophers, and the author of a *Bridge-water Treatise*, as fearful reminiscences of a fall. But it is of course presumed by Strauss, that as the habitat of these is man, that here he has his stronghold of spontaneous generation, since they are all generated in human matter. But these animals are doubtless generated from our food, which, warmed by the heat of the intestines, produces, from almost imperceptible eggs, even the giant tape-worm. Why are not these found in other animals? Why do they lodge in man? Simply because they vary as the food varies. The other animals do not take man's aliment, do not inhale our various drinks; wine and porter are unknown to them, and consequently man has these peculiar organizations from his peculiar diet. These two points thus disposed of, we will heighten the argument for Strauss, by adducing the polypes. Now when a part of these animals is cut off, it instantly forms another, and is complete an animal as the one from which it has been severed. Will this serve the argument of Strauss, since it has a greater air of probability than any of his own? Not a whit, though the best illustration of the argument, for it is a faculty with which God has endowed the polype. The illustrations fail, even supposing that we deigned to place the question of the noblest animal on a *pari-passu* process with the meanest. But the entozoa, according to Strauss, are both oviparous and viviparous. We doubt this latter fact; still we will let it remain, for argument, undisputed.

The first exemplars, he says, could only have formed themselves in each living animal by *generatio æquivoca*; and precisely in the same manner, we affirm, did man appear upon the earth through a heterogeneous production, which is now continued by a sexual. But here the *generatio æquivoca* is not established, and therefore man cannot be said to be generated by that of which the author can furnish no type. But where is the proof that the immense difference between the entozoa and man equals, which it must, to make this argument perfect, that between the ancient and modern relations of the earth. Why should such magical powers be attributed to the Nachstern, as to throw out at once, without miraculous agency, the perfect species of men. Having thus indifferently generated the human race, we regret to say, that Strauss is as bad a nurse as parent. He has now to feed his child. Epicurus had suggested milk from the earth, a creation of cow-trees or something similar we suppose, to support his spontaneous creation. (How wisely is all creation placed, not coeval with but anterior to man!) No that will not do, and Oken helps him out by a desperate plunge, supposing a two-year-old birth, (while about it, why did he not say twenty); and at this period the children are to sustain themselves and go on to manhood, Poor things! How much did they grow in the first year? How much in the second? When did they begin to run? How much cold met in them? How much heat? How much moisture? Did the elements beg of each other loans to generate certain parts? How was the earth? Shaking all over. Poor children! Strauss fairly gives up the battle here;—"Let us rather confess, as we have done in the doctrine of the Eternal Creation, the insufficiency of our conceptions." Yes, but this confession comes somewhat late in the day. Before a man touches these solemn realities, he is bound to exhibit a scheme as perfect as that he seeks to displace; before he unsettles a hope of futurity, he must give, as Hume was required to furnish to his aged mother, some equivalent for that which he removes. We must get a certainty of being right, and not be taken up to a stage of the journey, and then told that our guide is useless. An "*esprit fort*" must be *fort* throughout. He ought to have no weakness, who, like Spinoza and Strauss, can man his heart and say, that he not only imagines but understands the Eternity of the Godhead.

The self-sufficiency of these men is apparent at every line. Having thus, we repeat, proved an extremely indifferent parent to man, a still worse nurse, let us look at his universal relations in both capacities. Man, then, is the product of these physical conditions, and Strauss does not see why these conditions (a certain mixture of matter under some relation of temperature, electricity,

&c.), should only happen once and only produce one couple. He believes that the germs developed themselves in thousands, and this he considers solves the question of the different races. Indeed, but we ought to have at least been told how much of them will make an European, how much an African, and how much a Malay. What a picture, the earth covered with this two-year-old assemblage! How did they get to talk? Did galvanism teach them? Did a series of electrical shocks bring out a language? Again, how were they all preserved in this state, if Strauss feels this difficulty of conserving one couple for the propagation of the species. For the present we close our labours with this author, but we have not done with him. His book reached us late from Germany. It is not easy to apprehend such a book even in our language, far less in German, which grows daily more unintelligible and involved in its reasoning processes. We understand that Strauss is fast sinking in estimation even amid his brother *esprits forts*. The spirit of the *esprits foibles*, of a nation's common sense, he has experienced, in nearly the rising of an entire city to prevent his taking a chair he would have desecrated with his present opinions, though with just cultivation his powers might have advantaged himself and benefited others. He has at least unwittingly done the world one kindness by developing himself so completely in the present production, that no one can hesitate in pronouncing a verdict upon him. As literary men we do not covet restrictions on the press, but if ever a work deserved the suppression by the censor or *custos morum*, this does unquestionably. Fortunately, from the recondite nature of the topics, it will only circulate among those who can test the information it contains, and appreciate it at its value, which, if we were called on for an estimate, we should not place very high.

ART. VIII.—*France and Europe.—Revue de Paris.*

AN article has just appeared in the *Revue de Paris*, a French periodical, which, when M. Thiers was in power, had the reputation of being his immediate organ on the Eastern question, and on the position in which France would probably be placed by the accession to power of the Conservatives in England. The *Revue* says:

“A year ago England voluntarily isolated herself from France, and, in concert with Russia, induced Austria and Prussia to enter into an alliance, from which France was excluded. The alliance once formed, the contracting parties lost no time in proceeding to action, without the concurrence of this country. The coasts of Syria were invaded; Beyrout was bombarded, and the fall of St. Jean d'Acre, which was ill-defended, was obtained partly by treason. Ibrahim was compelled to evacuate Syria; the powers dictated laws to the Sultan, whom they protected, and to the Viceroy whom they oppressed; and announced the conditions on which they would permit Mehemet Ali to retain Egypt. All this was done, and in a few months the affair was about to be consummated without France. What a triumph! But to these events, which took place as if by enchantment, succeeded a state of dissatisfaction, attended with symptoms of revolt in the whole of the East. The people rose, and the cause of their rising is easily explained. Before the treaty of July 15, there were in the eyes of the people of the East two things, which represented the destiny of Islamism; they thought that the descendants of the Osmanlies were still strong enough to defend the usual independence of the empire; but this illusion ceased to exist, when they saw the cabinets of Europe declaring themselves the guardians of the young Sultan, and ruling over the inheritance of Mahmoud. On the other hand, the man whom on the banks of the Nile they had regarded as a hero, as a sort of regenerator of religion, set up by the prophet, bent beneath the imperial mandates of an English commodore, and the power of Mehemet Ali passed away as a dream. Thus, neither at Constantinople nor at Alexandria has Islamism a representative, who can inspire confidence and respect in the minds of the people. When the East has no great man in whom it can trust, and on whom it can place its hopes, it necessarily becomes restless and agitated. In our western part of the globe, the regular flow of institutions and laws supplies the absence of those great individuals, who are sent by God from time to time for the government of mankind; but in the East, where there is no hero, there is sure to be anarchy. Let us turn our eyes towards all the countries which anciently formed a portion of the Turkish empire, from the banks of the Danube to those of the Nile, and we shall see that they are all more or less agitated; and that in some points open revolt has broken out. Religion, as in 1821, serves as the rallying cry and the standard for the Christian population, which is still nominally under the sway of the turban. In 1821, we saw but the people of one small country endeavouring to throw off the Turkish yoke, and succeeding at length in their sanguinary and glorious struggle. Now, however, the scale of resurrection is more vast, and it will probably one day extend from the Danube to the

Nie : Europe then must, whether she would or not, direct her attention to the East—and this she cannot do without France.

There is some truth and much more vanity in this declaration of the importance of France as regards the Eastern question, which can never be regarded as finally settled whilst the various population of which the East is composed, whether Christian or Turk, be in a state of revolt against its natural rulers or its conquerors. There is still what the French call a *prestige* about them, in all great European contests; and although France is a Christian country only in name—for the French as a nation have thrown down their altars, and set up the goddess of Reason in their stead,—there are still many and very influential men in that country who are ardently attached to the religion of Christ, and anxious for the emancipation of Christians of every denomination from the yoke and thralldom of Mahometanism. Although the French as a nation are really indifferent to Christianity, yet France as a state is still Christian; and the philosophers of the French revolution have not yet dared to worship publicly the goddess, in whose name they justify the abandonment of the rights and duties of Christianity. In a war of mere religion, the armies of France can never be served by her present rulers; but where religion can be made the cloak of ambition and spoliation, it will not be difficult to raise armies, and provide those armies of war by which armies are set in motion. Any attempt, therefore, by the allied powers to settle a question in which Christianity is concerned as in collision with Mahometanism, would be very difficult of execution without the concurrence of France. She must have the glory of intervention in favour of Christianity, although the motives of action may have none of the fine features by which even the partizanship of a zealot is sometimes distinguished. Her pride teaches her that Europe without France must not have the honour of protecting Christianity; and if, on the contrary, Europe, taking into consideration only her material interests, should incline to the enemies of Christianity, and seek to crush revolt without due regard to the religious claims of those who have revolted, France could not have a *plus légal* role, than that of lending her aid to the weaker party, and thus securing for herself the honour and glory of intervention, with an increase of moral influence, which might one day tend to the aggrandizement of her physical influence. There never was, perhaps, at any period of history, if we except the few years which immediately followed the revolution of 1789, when France was less susceptible of a successful appeal to religious feelings; but on the other hand, there never was a time in which she was more ready to make religion a stepping-stone to spoliation. The conquest of Algiers was undertaken upon purely religious feelings, or such at least was the profession of the go-

vernment under which it was attempted; and there is some reason to believe, that the sovereign himself and his immediate councillors, without whose concurrence the attempt could not have been made, were sincere, when they declared that they desired only the emancipation of Christians, and the extension of Christianity. Under the present dynasty, the occupation of Algiers has lost all its religious character, but the Chambers and the government still keep up the pretence of Christian intervention; and the nation, stimulated in its vanity, and still hoping, almost indeed against hope, that the conquest in Africa will one day enable them to extend their influence in Europe, consent to peculiar sacrifices for their new colony, which are as absurd as they are costly. The dominion of the French, if dominion it can be called in Algeria, is attended with atrocities which would disgrace Turks or Pagans; and yet they pretend to be the soldiers of Christianity. In their conflicts with the Arabs, whose soil they have invaded, whose homes they have plundered, whose fields they have ravaged, whose wives and daughters they have polluted, they display the ferocity of tigers; and like tigers, their appetite is whetted by blood; and yet the war in Algiers is hypocritically called a war of Christian civilization against Turkish fanaticism. What the French have done and are doing in Algeria, they would also do in Syria, in Candia, in Egypt, and in Turkey. With them religion is but the name; military glory, as the word may be understood in its worst acceptation, and ambition of conquest, are the realities. The writer in the *Revue de Paris* says truly, therefore, that the eastern question cannot be settled without France. If France be not strong enough just now to insist upon the right of intervention, she will continue to foment insurrection, and await the proper moment for open declaration. This is truth, although the vanity of the boast is greater than the truth, which is evident in the quotation; for as regards the present state of the question, it would be quite possible for the allies to act without France. They have nothing to fear from her at this moment, for her financial embarrassments, and the struggles of parties, render her comparatively impotent; but even now she is not too weak to intrigue, and two or three years of peace, with her fine natural resources, might place her in a position if not to dictate, at least to annoy the rest of Europe. The Tories have taken a much more correct view of the state of France and French feeling than the Whigs; and they would never have conceived anything so wild and extravagant as an intervention in the East, in direct hostility to that feeling. They would have accomplished all, and more, perhaps, than the Whigs have done; but they would have been more wary of rousing the passions of our excitable neighbours,

and would have obtained from vanity what the Whigs have hoped to obtain from humiliation. Lord Palmerston was not wholly wrong in his estimation of the French character, if he thought that they were as much given to swaggering as acting; the mistake has been in assigning to them the cowardice of the bully as well as his bullyism, and in overrating the difficulties, pecuniary or otherwise of France, for future as well as present operation. Even the Duke of Wellington, who both as a general and a minister has evinced a more thorough knowledge of the French character and resources than any other man in his position, and who never permitted his contempt of what is ridiculous in that character to carry him to dangerous extremes, was deceived as to the effect of defeat and humiliation upon the French nation. When, after the battle of Waterloo, he was the means of imposing upon them a contribution, which, at that time, appeared beyond the means of the country, his Grace is reported to have said, that he had put a weight round their necks, which they would be many, very many years compelled to carry: and yet we have seen, that a few years enabled them to throw it off, and that without any extraordinary taxation. The government of France, however, was never so settled during the restoration as to be enabled to make all the resources of the country available. There were parties then as there are now; there was a debt then, and a still heavier one, as there is now. The French, however, have given us reason to believe, that they are not to be deterred for ever from action as regards Europe, by debt or the struggles of party; and the feeling which treats them with contempt, which excludes foresight, is unwise and dangerous.

The writer in the *Revue de Paris*, although he belongs to the Thiers school, and is therefore a thorough hater of the English Tories, expresses his opinion that they are wiser in their views in connection with the Eastern question than the Whig government. He says:

“The Tories have not been blind to the true state of this question. For a moment, indeed, whilst the sound of the cannon of Beyrout and St. Jean d’Acre was still recent, the policy of Lord Palmerston may have received unqualified approbation in England; for every thing then seemed to indicate a near and glorious solution. But feelings have changed with the change of circumstances, and with the present complications of the Eastern question. It is now felt that the policy which dictated the treaty of July 15, however good it may have appeared at one time as regarded the interests of England, is now become impracticable, and that it was absurd to pretend to exclude France for ever from a share in that question. Hence it is that the most influential men of the Tory party speak as if they were disposed for a better understanding with France, and appear to desire a modification in the policy of England.

Lord Palmerston, on the contrary, persists in the ideas and passions which induced him to sign the convention of London, and every thing tends to increase his obstinacy. He is led away by the cajolery of Russia, and by a hatred for France, which dates from the period of the residence of M. de Talleyrand in London."

It is a very common belief in France, that Lord Palmerston has a personal hatred of the French, and that in his desire to gratify it, he overlooks those considerations of prudence which would strike a minister who might be, as all ministers ought to be, without personal feeling on questions connected with the welfare of their own country and the peace of Europe. We know not what foundation there may be for such belief; but certainly nothing authentic has transpired to show that it is well founded. As soon as Lord Palmerston began to show that there were in his opinion other countries in Europe besides France, whose alliance was worth having, the flood-gates of virulence of the Paris press were opened upon him, and he was charged with being at once a hater of France and a traitor to his own country in favour of Russia. Some of the journals asserted that this supposed hatred had its origin in his jealousy of Talleyrand, to whose superior powers he was compelled to submit; others said that in some secret negotiation he had been outwitted by Louis Philip, and that his hatred was all concentrated on that personage, to dethrone whom he sought to arm against France the other powers of the continent, convinced that such an alliance would have the effect of rousing the French populace against a monarch who preferred peace to military glory. As any assertion, however false, absurd and unfounded, which appears in a French journal, has only to be repeated from time to time to obtain all the character of truth, it is not surprising that Lord Palmerston should at this moment be regarded as the personal hater of France or of its sovereign Louis Philip. Nothing that Lord Palmerston could do with a view to remove this belief would be attended with a successful result; and as he knows this, he is perhaps more indifferent to the good or bad opinion of the French, and therefore less courteous towards them than he might be under different circumstances. But there has certainly been nothing in his intercourse with M. Guizot to warrant the new imputations of hatred and ill-will which are cast upon him. Not many weeks ago he gave a striking proof of his desire to maintain the harmony—so called—which exists between the two countries, by immediately complying with a personal request of M. Guizot, on a subject connected with an effort to promote good feeling; and all his despatches have been written with calmness and apparent good temper. As regards the present, there is no manifestation of the

hatred, ascribed to Lord Palmerston, whatever the original sin may have been, and perhaps a minute and impartial inquiry would show that the real ground of offence was his having thwarted the too exclusively French views of his late colleague, Lord Holland, whose pride it was to be regarded as the friend and champion of the French nation. The jealousy or hatred of the noble secretary of foreign affairs towards M. de Talleyrand, if he ever really did feel either, was no ground for hatred of the whole French nation; and it is difficult to conceive when and on what occasion the Citizen King had the misfortune to fall under the displeasure of Lord Palmerston. The event cannot have been of very recent date, for at least seven or eight years have passed since the rumour was first circulated, and yet we can scarcely assign to it a more distant period; for we remember that in the early part of the Whig government, and shortly after the accession of Louis Philip to the French throne, M. de Flahaut came to England twice on private missions from Louis Philip to Lord Palmerston, and on both occasions found the noble secretary exceedingly well disposed towards him and his royal master. We do not mean to assert that the intercourse between the Citizen King and the English minister was ever trifled, for we know that Louis Philip was much annoyed at a series of articles in the *Courier* newspaper, then the official organ of the Whig cabinet, and that he more than once remonstrated with Lord Palmerston on the subject. But these articles, which were an exposure of the cupidity of the French king, were disclaimed by Lord Palmerston, and Louis Philip had subsequent proof that they were written by a traitor in his own camp, and had been censured by the British cabinet. We cannot therefore account for the popular belief in France, that Lord Palmerston hates the French; but we can easily understand why the French—the French opposition journals at least—hate him. They believe that of all the cabinet he is the least disposed to encourage the damnable doctrines of French republicanism; and if this be the real ground of dislike, Lord Palmerston may be proud of their hatred.

But if in the spirit of fairness and impartiality we defend Lord Palmerston against unjust imputations and accusations, we are not blind to the inconvenience which must result from a state of things in which the Whig cabinet find no sympathy from any part of the French nation. The French Conservatives, and they are a numerous and influential body, have no confidence in a ministry which in England fosters and encourages the spirit of discontent, which in France led to rebellion, anarchy and wholesale butchery. If Lord Palmerston be really more conservative

than his colleagues, he is not sufficiently so for French Conservatives, and even they are displeased with the *brusquerie* of his conduct on the Eastern question, although they do not admit that France has been humiliated. On the other hand, Lord Palmerston is hated by the republican and dynastic parties. Can it then be reasonably expected that the Whig ministry will be able to settle the Eastern question with satisfaction to itself, and at the same time without sowing the seeds of eternal discord between the two nations. The accession to power of the English Conservatives might not be productive of all the results which are expected by the French to arise from such an event, for it is utterly impossible to reconcile considerations of justice and equity with the wild doctrines which are preached in France on this subject; but it is evident that the question would not be complicated by a change of ministry in France. The French have been disappointed by those whom they regarded as their friends, and they would accept much less than they asked from their allies, from those whom they have been accustomed to regard as their enemies.

The affair of the East is not the only question on which there is a bad feeling between the governments of France and England. The Peninsula of Europe is another field full of the elements of strife and contention, and there is as little prospect that the Whig ministers will bring the French to reason on that subject, as of their ever being able to make them believe that they have acted as they ought to have done in the dispute between the Pasha of Egypt and the Sultan. There always has been, as there is now, a conflict in Spain between French and British influence; but there never was a time, perhaps, at which, both as regards the internal welfare of Spain and the existence of a better understanding between England and France as to the politics of Europe generally, a strong government in England was more necessary. The views of France on Spain are diametrically opposed to British interests; and it is of the greatest importance that they should know and feel that their views are impracticable. With a weak government in England, whether Whig or Tory, the English will be unable to keep down the pretensions of France to make of Spain a mere colony. Short of this the French will never stop of their own free will; and if they have hitherto refrained from any open attempt to set up a government in Spain which should lead itself to their views, it has been because their attention was engrossed elsewhere, and because French intrigue had not yet ripened the fruit for plucking. If France is to be re-admitted into what is called the European Compact, there must be some very strong condition by which it can be restrained from

open intervention or secret intrigue in Spain. She must not be allowed to regain influence unless that influence is to be exercised in the common interests of Europe. Hitherto Austria, Russia, and Prussia, although fully alive to the danger of allowing republican principles to prevail in Spain and Portugal, and viewing, as we may reasonably suppose they have viewed, the forcible change in the succession, with dislike and alarm, have tacitly abandoned the Peninsula to France and England, under the impression that the rival influence of the *soi-disant* allies would effectually prevent such a settlement of affairs in that country as would put an end for ever to the hopes of the despoiled princes. In the compact for the settlement of the Eastern question, something must be done as to Spain and Portugal. There is not, perhaps, a sovereign in Europe of any weight who would recommend an intervention for the restoration of Don Miguel, or even for the enforcement of the claims of Don Carlos; but there is no sovereign who can be willing to leave the government and fate of these countries, and particularly Spain, to chance or the contending influence of two nations, one of which aims at indirect, if not direct, sovereignty, over the Peninsula. The exclusion of France from the Congress of Europe is even in this question a serious calamity; for if she were one of a body arbitrating and deciding the destinies of Europe, she must of necessity comply with the just and equitable views of the majority, for the balance of power throughout Europe. The only influence which any one country should be permitted to have over another in the Peninsula should be that which her commercial energies can procure for her. The first duty of the sovereigns of Europe is to see that a stable and permanent government be established in Spain, and that no exclusive advantages be given to any country. It is a pretty general opinion, indeed, that all foreign intervention should be avoided; and certainly if intervention by either France or England be meant, this is a wise policy. But why should Europe at large refrain from laying down conditions of settlement and tranquillity in Spain, which they apply to Turkey, Egypt, and Syria? Is there more danger to the general tranquillity of Europe from the existence of anarchy and rebellion in the East than there is in the Peninsula? Is it of more consequence to put an end to contention between the half-savage tribes of Syria than it is to close the civil wounds of Spain? And is it of no importance to establish good government in a country which is rich in its soil and in its climate, and which has within itself the means of becoming great and happy under the guardianship of Europe? Portugal may be considered settled as compared with Spain, and therefore to claim less of the attentions of the great powers; but

it must not be forgotten that Portugal can never be really tranquil whilst Spain is in a state of anarchy. The elements of discord cannot exist in the one country without threatening discord to the other. If it be true, as it undoubtedly is, that the Spaniards and the Portuguese detest each other as nations, it is equally true that there are in each parties who are willing to forget national antipathies in the common endeavour to upset the existing institutions. It was a false policy which permitted the forcible overthrow of the old institutions of the Peninsula, without the intervention of guarantees for new doctrines of government; and now that new systems have been tried and failed, having no other support than the doubtful integrity of parties, it is quite time to lay down laws for the good and effectual government of the Peninsula. Russia, Austria, and Prussia have not intervened, because they could not do so in opposition to France and England, which objected to the kind of intervention which they would have set up, and because they hoped, perhaps, that the Spaniards, disappointed as to their new institutions, would of themselves go back to the old system. Those powers must now feel that a restoration is impossible, and that the reign of anarchy may produce a very different result from that on which they had speculated, if indeed they ever did speculate upon any thing more than such a disgust of anarchy as would induce Spain to consent to a compromise between old and new institutions. Austria, Russia, and Prussia must now be desirous of the tranquillity of the Peninsula, under whatever form of government, for they have no direct interest in a different state of things. France, however, has an interest in perpetuating the poverty and degradation of Spain, and therefore she should be compelled to become a party to the final and irrevocable settlement of this question. The French know that if Spain and Portugal were to be tranquillized, and encouragement were to be given there to the pursuits of industry, they would lose the little political influence which they now possess in the Peninsula, and that in proportion as wealth should again visit the Portuguese and the Spaniards, England would increase her trade with those nations, for France is too much behind the English in those manufactures which are even now in demand in Spain and Portugal, for her to compete successfully with England.

If the French could hope for increased influence from the tranquillization of Spain, and the establishment of a government which would enable the inhabitants of that country to avail themselves of the vast natural resources of wealth and grandeur which they possess, we might expect their cheerful co-operation in some vast and decisive plan of pacification; but as the French do not entertain such hope, their object must be to keep up the spirit of fac-

tion which exists in Spain, and by intrigue close the markets of that country against British merchandize, limited even as they are now. If they cannot create for their own goods a market in Spain, they find no difficulty in inducing the government there to fix prohibition duties upon English goods, and as English enterprise is not to be checked entirely by prohibition duties, the necessary consequence is, that a contraband trade is carried on which daily serves to irritate the mass in Spain against the English, and may eventually produce something more than remonstrance and complaint. The recent affairs at Barcelona and Carthagea are striking illustrations of the success of French intrigue on this point. One of the essential conditions of the pacification of Spain on the part of England, ought to be the admission of the produce and manufactures of all countries on an equitable tariff. This is what the French would consent to reluctantly, as they know well that the English would almost monopolize the Spanish markets by the low price at which they could sell their merchandize; but if France be made a direct party to an European Congress, her single voice would not prevail. Spain may be made a vast field for English enterprise, and she could only gain by the adoption of a system of government, which, whilst it would improve her own means of purchasing the produce and manufactures of other countries, would invite foreign capital for the cultivation of her own natural resources. In her present state she is unable to purchase, because she is unable to sell. She has the finest wool of the Continent; excellent oil, which however she does not know how to purify for foreign markets; corn superior to any in Europe; and wines in abundance, which are now unsaleable for want of proper cultivation. And even if all this produce were perfect, the means of conveyance are so limited and costly that, before it can reach her ports, the price is so enhanced that it cannot be exported with profit to the grower. Let there once be security for person and property in Spain, and foreign capital will pour in, the necessary improvements will be made in the mode of raising produce, and improved means of transport will soon be found. France, from her position, ought perhaps to be considered the natural ally of Spain; but France has not the same interest in promoting the development of her resources as England has. France is also a corn, wine and oil growing country, and French agriculturists can never be brought to believe that the development of agricultural industry in Spain would not be injurious to them. England, and England only, can therefore regenerate Spain. This the French know, and so long as they can prevent the pacification, without which Spanish industry cannot be developed, will they oppose every large and ef-

fectual plan for the establishment of tranquillity and good government in Spain.

There is a third and perhaps greater point of contention between France and England, which can only be settled by a congress of sovereigns—the conquest of Algiers. It is asserted that a promise was made by the government of Charles the Tenth, and also by Louis, to abandon the conquest. This assertion may be false, but whether false or true, it is evident from the debates in the French Chambers that no intention of abandonment is entertained. We have very little fear that the conquests of the French in Africa will ever enable them to gain such ground as to create serious uneasiness to Great Britain for her influence in the Mediterranean; but there must be some defined limits to French ambition in that quarter of the globe. France may waste her energies in Africa, and eventually rue the day when the conquest was first attempted, as also regret with anguish the sacrifices which she has made even to retain what she has got; but a principle must be established as to the extent to which she is to be permitted to go. To suppose that her object in Africa is to civilize is absurd, and equally absurd is it to suppose that her object is colonization. What she aims at is military and political influence as regards her position in Europe. She has shown by her conduct in Africa that she neither cares for civilization nor knows how to colonize. If she should succeed in the object for which the conquest was undertaken, she will create a formidable barrier there to English enterprise, and eventually obtain an influence in the Mediterranean which would be incompatible with our security. That she has no prospect of success is no argument against the propriety of rendering success impossible. If she lacks means, she does not lack will, and contrary to expectation she may perhaps succeed, if left at liberty to pursue her own course. It is therefore the interest, as it is the right, of the other nations of the continent in concert with England, to say to her at once, "Thus far shall you go and no further." The balance of power may render it necessary that France should not be an insignificant nation in Europe, but the question necessarily arises, is she already as great as she can be consistently with the peace and security of her neighbours? We think she is. If in her present state, clipped as her wings have been, she can occasionally soar beyond those limits which have been assigned to her, what would she next do if a field were opened to her ambition. She has attempted already to erect her standard in the East; she has violated the laws of nations in Italy, and she is daily and hourly attempting to obtain a footing in Spain. The powers of Europe cannot be indifferent to what she has done,

and what she is endeavouring to do. Her position in Algeria obviously aids her views in this respect, and is convenient and suitable for their realization. Neither is the attempt of the French to excite hostile feelings towards England amongst the people of Spain confined to any particular party. On the contrary, all parties in France appear to have, as regards England, the same object in view. The legitimists look upon the English as the first movers in the change in the succession, and as the abettors of the revolutionary acts to which it has given rise; to weaken the influence of the English in Spain is therefore with the legitimists a duty which they owe to their cause. The republicans are opposed to the intervention of any other influence than their own; and even if this were not the case, they would be dissatisfied with the limited support given by the English government to what they choose to call the constitutional cause; the Bonapartists, shorn as they are of power and influence at home, still labour to exercise influence abroad; and as they hate with fervor every thing that is English, they are not wanting in energy, whatever they may be in means, to prevent British preponderance in Spain. The *juste milieu* party, still the most numerous in France, are no better disposed to England on this subject than the three which we have named. Indeed one of the most furious organs of this party, the *Journal des Debats*, not satisfied with declamation against the English, scarcely allows a day to pass without giving currency to some falsehood which is calculated to make Spaniards look with anger and even hatred upon their English allies. True it is, indeed, that the French government entered into an alliance with England, called the quadruple treaty, the declared object of which was the pacification of Spain by the friendly intervention of the two cabinets in favour of the constitutional regime, and with an abnegation on the part of each of all pretensions to power and influence which should not be common to both; but we know how the spirit of that treaty was observed by the French. Let us then look at the question on any side, and we shall find a fixed determination to promote anarchy in Spain on the part of the French, until that moment when, in their opinion at least, the force of circumstances should throw her into their hands.

But we will even suppose Louis Philip and his ministers to be anxious for the pacification of Spain and for the final settlement of the Eastern question, without the existence of selfish views on their part. How will the case then stand? In all diplomatic relations security should be the first object of the British government. This security can only be obtained by one of two guarantees, or both. The first is a well-founded confidence in

the honour of the nation with whose government it treats; the second is confidence in the honour and power of the men who are at the head of affairs. Do these securities, or does either of them exist in France? M. Guizot, who is virtually the prime minister in that country, may be a man of strict honour and integrity. We believe he is; for the simplicity of his mode of life places him above the corruption which has marked the career of most of his predecessors, and there is every reason to conclude that his hands are unstained. We have never heard of his being engaged in any of the infamous traffic which is charged upon M. Thiers, and he is more free from that national vanity which drives men into the commission of absurd acts than the person whom he has succeeded, or indeed any man who has hitherto held the reins of power in France. We know also that he is as free from national prejudice as he is from national vanity. This is high commendation, but it is well deserved, and it is with pleasure that we offer this testimony in favour of a man to whose firmness France at this moment owes her safety, and Europe her peace. But has M. Guizot so much influence over the nation whose destinies have been thrown by unexpected circumstances for a moment into his hands, that he can bind it to the observance of the pledges which he may make in its name? Can he continue to keep down the passions which his predecessor roused? Can he in short at once give to the French nation that moral respect for its engagements which hitherto it has never shown. M. Guizot has had a powerful auxiliary in the prudence, we might almost say cunning, of the king. We will not make it a crime in the minister that he was himself a party to the trick which drove M. Thiers from office, and diverted for a time the gathering storm, for even cunning became a virtue when exercised for such an end; but where parties are playing *au plus fin*, may not the tricker be eventually out-tricked, and can we have a stronger proof of the utter want of morality and good sense of a nation, than the fact that in order to restrain it from outrage and crime, it was necessary to resort to the fraud and deception which distinguish the character of the mass? When Sebastiani was minister for foreign affairs, he was reproached with some act in opposition to his character and his principles, and asked why he did not openly avow his views and leave the appreciation of them to the good sense of the nation. The questioner was an Englishman. "Because," replied Sebastiani, "there is no possibility of ruling France as other nations are ruled. I defy any man to remain in power here with the application of those general principles, which require only honesty and good sense in the nation to produce the desired effect. All that a French minister can do

is, by indirect means, to restrain the passions for a time, and divert the turbulence which he cannot prevent. If you would have French ministers like those, of any other country, you must give to them the people of another country. You must give them a public opinion such as we see elsewhere, and take away the firebrands who would make that opinion go wrong." The French nation has not improved since this language was used; the national character is still the same, good, beautiful even in its exceptions, detestable in its rule. There is no country in the world in which a greater number of acts of virtue is seen, if we look for them otherwise than in connection with the general observance of morality and good faith from nation to nation. As a people dealing with the people or the government of another country, the French are neither to be trusted nor believed. We have said that M. Guizot has desired to establish in France something like respect for its public engagements, and that he inspires all the confidence which personal character can command. We have said that Louis Philip is prudent, and that he can even resort with effect to the use of the weapons in which M. Thiers was so little skilled. It is a great gain to have got rid of a minister who in the Chamber of Deputies unblushingly scouted the idea of good faith in governments, and declared that no government enters into a treaty with the honest determination of maintaining it for a moment longer than its own ends are served; but what security have we that M. Thiers, or some such profligate statesman, may not be in power a few months hence, or that M. Guizot may be able to render odious the principles thus avowed by M. Thiers? If in England any minister had avowed such doctrines, he would have been hooted by the representatives of the people, and out of doors public indignation would have been loudly expressed; but in France the declaration of M. Thiers excited no indignant remark in the chamber, and beyond its walls it was rather praised than blamed, as the candid avowal of the principles entertained by all rulers, but which others were hypocritical enough to conceal. And if M. Guizot should be all that we are disposed to believe him to be, and more influential as regards his nation than it appears to us possible that he even can be, how long may we expect his power to last? He has now been nine months in office, which is rather beyond the average duration of the cabinets under what is called parliamentary government in France. Will he retain the reins of power for nine months more? Allow that he will, and what are nine months to enable him to change the national character? Will nine months or nine years suffice for such a change, even supposing it to be attempted under the most favourable circumstances, and with the

firm determination to succeed? M. Thiers found no difficulty in bringing out the worst passions of the nation in less than nine months; but to rouse what exists, and which is merely dormant from the want of opportunity to display itself, and to create new feelings, are different tasks. To preserve the peace of Europe, therefore, and to keep the French within reasonable limits, something more is wanting than an honest minister in France. We do not unbind the hands of a lunatic merely upon his promise to be mild. We continue to watch him when he is unbound, and means are provided for his coercion if his malady should again assume a dangerous form. What is the republican fervour of the French but madness, and if M. Guizot be the mad doctor who keeps this fervour within bounds, are we to run the risk of outrage when the eye of the physician shall be removed, even if it be true that he has at present the power to restrain the madness which but for him would pass to its acute stage? The sovereigns of Europe are not so unwise as to receive the guarantee of M. Guizot for the conduct of the French nation, however great may be their respect for him. He can only bind himself. The security which they require is the want of means to do mischief, and by an European compact pledges may be exchanged between the different governments, including that of France, which should keep the French quiet in spite of themselves. In such a compact any thing short of the physical impossibility of breaking faith would be insufficient; but in a conference for the settlement of the equilibrium of Europe means may be contrived for restraining all the contracting parties for many years to come, from any of those demonstrations which would endanger the public peace. This is the consideration which should induce the other great powers of Europe not merely to invite, but even to insist upon the participation of France in an arrangement for the final settlement of the Eastern question. In settling that question, all the other points involving what is called the balance of power must also be discussed. Let not any improper intervention with the internal government of France be attempted, that would be unwise, not to say dangerous, in the excited state of parties there; but let the French nation at least be shown that it will not be permitted to propagate revolutionary principles elsewhere.

If the guarantees of the personal character of M. Guizot, and his means of obtaining the ratification of the people of France for his acts, are not sufficient for the powers of Europe, who have a direct interest in checking the restless and turbulent spirit of the French, still less satisfactory are the guarantees of the king. It is the misfortune of Louis Philip to possess none of those brilliant virtues which produce an effect upon a superficial nation,

whilst he possesses those which the French, of all nations in the world, can least appreciate. In any other country, the example which he sets to his subjects as a kind husband, a good father, and an excellent economist, would not be without its weight, and the influence of it would be increased by the success which has attended the display of domestic virtue in this king. In France, however, domestic virtues of any kind are little prized, even by the mass; whilst with thousands who never practise them, they are received only as a reproach. Even as a man, these bright shades of character in Louis Philip are much overclouded by vice. He is not merely economical: he is avaricious—avaricious to an extent which leads him to ingratitude and injustice. Ingratitude is a family failing of the Bourbons: Louis XVIII. acknowledged the hospitality of an Englishman, when that sovereign was in adversity, by a mere formal bow when he was upon the throne. Charles X. could find no more splendid present for an Englishman, whose house and purse were open to him when he was in distress, than a paltry engraved portrait. Louis Philip has, indeed, been rather more generous as to presents; but we have heard of more than one instance, in which he has refused to refund sums of money which were expended for him, as soon as his turn was served. The circumstances under which Louis Philip obtained the crown were not such as to command admiration or respect. He neither won it by his sword, nor was he entitled to it by his position; and in vain do his partizans endeavour to exonerate him from suspicion of intrigue. The party which sat him up is that most eager to pull him down; and those parties whose interests and feelings were outraged by the change in the succession, are, although from different motives, agreed as to the propriety of a further change. Louis Philip has, indeed, a party powerful both in numbers and wealth, by which he is protected; for nearly all who are connected with the industry of the country, and who feel that there is no security for industry without peace, naturally cling to a monarch who is regarded as the type of peace; but this party would abandon him to-morrow, if it saw the same security in any other candidate for the crown. Its attachment to Louis Philip is merely one of interest—it has no respect for him as a man. The conduct of Louis Philip since his accession to the throne has not been such as to win golden opinions, either from the unreflecting multitude, or the discerning few. He has offended the mass by his disregard of their external attributes of power—by which the mass is captivated; and no man of whatever party can reflect upon the connection between him and the Baroness de Feuchères without feelings of horror mixed with disdain. Everybody does not, indeed, believe, that

after the compact between the king and the notorious woman in question, by which she undertook to secure the settlement of the greater part of the fortune of the Duke de Bourbon upon one of the king's sons, she laid violent hands upon the life of that kind-hearted but infatuated old man; but there are few, who inclined to the belief that his death was the result of suicide, without the impression that it was produced by irritation and despondency, arising from the coercion which had been exercised over his mind, and regret that he should have consented to a donation in favour of a branch of the Bourbons, against which his profound aversion had been so frequently declared. The multitudinous sea cannot wash out the stain of this transaction from the character of the king. Without his cupidity, Madame Feuchères never could have ventured upon that exercise of power over the mind of the Duke de Bourbon, which, in the hypothesis of suicide, induced the act; and even the French, with their lax morality, have beheld with feelings beyond contempt, the partition of the spoil between their sovereign and the worthless person by whose influence it was obtained. God forbid that we should for a moment sanction the belief, that the Duke de Bourbon did not meet with his death from his own hand—but supposing that death to have been the effect of suicide, is the moral character of the affair which led to it at all changed? There are, however, thousands in France who believe that the duke did not destroy himself; and who refer to the evidence of his friend M. Rouen, as proof that such was not the case. M. Rouen, who resided near the duke's palace, was one of the first persons called in when the melancholy event had occurred; and from his opinion as to the position of the body, and other circumstances, the death was not voluntary. In a recent conversation on this subject, M. Rouen expressed himself nearly in the following words: "For many days previously, I had perceived that the prince was labouring under melancholy, and that he was evidently spirit-broken, which I could easily understand, from the coercion exercised by Madame de Feuchères; but never did I see anything to raise a suspicion in my mind that he would lay violent hands upon himself. I was with him on the evening preceding his death; we were playing at cards, and he was in better spirits than for some time past. I rose to take my leave at nearly twelve o'clock. The prince accompanied me to the door, shook hands with me, and said, 'Remember, Rouen, that you have promised to present your son to me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock.' Was this the language of a man who intended in a few hours to bid adieu to the world?"

The recent death of Madame de Feuchères has revived the remembrance of this melancholy event, in a manner fatal to the

reputation of the king as regards his possession of a portion of the property bequeathed by his will. Madame de Feuchères, whose share of it amounted to several millions, left the whole of her fortune to a niece, to the exclusion of all other natural heirs. In her ostentation and her desire to sink the remembrance of her own low origin, by making of this niece one of the richest heiresses in France, for the property was to go on accumulating until she should become of age—Madame de Feuchères omitted some essential formalities, and the will is declared null. It is now a question whether her fortune belongs of right to her natural heirs, or to her husband, the Baron de Feuchères. The opinion of most lawyers is, that the husband alone is entitled to it; and in this opinion one of the tribunals has concurred. The baron, who is a man of high honour, and who appears to have been ignorant when he married of the real nature of the connection between the lady and the prince, has formally announced his intention of declining any portion of a property obtained by such polluted means; and has, indeed, already transferred his right to various charitable establishments in France. What a commentary is this upon the conduct of the king! The Duke d'Angoulême, his son, is unblushingly allowed to retain his share; the Baron de Feuchères, a poor man, refuses to stain his hands with a partition of the spoil.

The affair of the succession of the Duke de Bourbon is not the only one in which want of delicacy has been shown by the king of the French. The wanton exposure of the failings of the Duchess de Berri created a strong sensation against him, not merely amongst those who were disposed to view all his acts with dislike, but also amongst those who were his most determined political partizans. It was in his power to save both the reputation and the life of the Duchess de Berri; but he did not exercise his power over the latter until the former had been destroyed. Is it then to be wondered at, that the French should give credit to the charges of baseness and hypocrisy which are now made against him by the letters, real or false, put into circulation by Madame Saint Elme? What has he to oppose to these forgeries, supposing them to be so? His reputation for delicacy?—it does not exist. Be the charges true or false, the odium will stick to him; and where, we ask, is the moral influence of such a man over the nation, to induce it to respect any guarantees which he may have given, or may be inclined to give to the other powers of Europe, for the sacred observance of his engagements, and the duration of peace?

It must be evident to all, that the moral influence of Louis Philip over the French nation is small; for a sovereign to com-

mand respect in a people for the engagements which he contracts in their name, he must be himself respected for his general character, and for the good faith observed in the engagements into which he has entered with them. We have shown how little there is in the personal character of Louis Philip to command the esteem of the French. It may be replied, perhaps, that with such a people, personal example in the way of public virtue has little weight. This, to a great extent, is true: if Louis Philip had set an example of spoliation and propagandism as regards other countries, it would have been warmly responded to, for men are very willing to listen to the voice which urges them forward in the course which their own passions approve; they are not so willing to obey the example which tends the other way. But mankind in general, and the French particularly, are not to be easily induced by the example of their rulers to do right; they are always ready enough to plead the absence of good example, when they are wrong. The most virtuous and generous-hearted man in the world might find it difficult to govern the French nation by the force of example; but there are in France many thousands of enlightened men, who desire a change in the national character, and would promote the influence of good example in their sovereign; and the personal character of a truly good man could not be appealed to as the sanction of national outrage and public wrong. As to the faith with which Louis Philip has kept his engagements with the French, we have only to refer to the circumstances under which he came to the throne. He received the crown from the Revolutionists, by promising that he would follow the programme which they prescribed. There was more virtue, indeed, in the breach than in the observance of this pledge; but to have given it at all, implies a readiness to gratify ambition, at the cost of probity, which does not tend to increase our admiration of the individual, whatever other claims he may have for our support; and whilst one party in France despises the ambition which led to the pledge, another is filled with animosity because it was not kept. Louis Philip received the crown from the hands of Lafayette, who, no match for him in finesse, believed that he would consent to be the president of a republic, with the empty title of king. Bitter was the disappointment, and deep-seated the anger of Lafayette, when the king had thrown off the tutelage under whose auspices he climbed to power. "Tell the king," said Lafayette, when invited to dine with him after his assertion of independence of the revolutionary party, "that if Louis Philip has forgotten what he promised to Lafayette, the old Republican general has not." Europe has reason to bless the political profligacy of Louis Philip; and so, indeed, if the true interests of the French

be considered, has France; but Louis Philip has shown that he can make engagements, and break them with the readiness with which they were made. The Republicans are not the only party to complain of his want of faith: they assert that when he accepted the crown, he authorized one of his officers to assure Charles X. that he merely held it in trust, and would restore it to the deposed sovereign as soon as circumstances should admit of his doing so with safety to himself. Those circumstances have never occurred, perhaps; but has Louis Philip sought them? Has he not on the contrary, stepped out of the way to throw obloquy upon the branch of the Bourbons which he has displaced? Of his reputed promise to surrender Algiers, we have, indeed, no authentic knowledge; it may not have been given directly or indirectly—but there are few persons in France who believe the assertion of M. Guizot that it was not given; and Louis Philip is as much in discredit with one party, under the conviction that he gave the pledge and ought to have observed it, and with the mass of the nation, who believe that he compromised their *amour propre*, as if the authentic engagement were on record.

There is nothing, then, in the character or influence of Louis Philip as a guarantee for the peace of Europe. The only guarantee is in the desire which he feels that peace may not be disturbed, because he knows that in the event of a war, he is not the leader whom the French would choose. The dynasty of Louis Philip, and more than the dynasty,—his private fortune, are at stake, and as war would dethrone the one, and remove the other, he is naturally an ardent partisan of peace. But is it in his power to preserve it? Has he the means as well as the inclination to put down the thirst for military glory, or in other words, military brigandage, which is still the besetting malady of the French? If circumstances were to render his position more uncertain than it has hitherto been, and to compel him to choose between the immediate danger of expulsion by the people, and the chance of dethronement by the sovereigns of Europe, would he hesitate at embracing the revolutionary cause?

But let us suppose Louis Philip to be as sincere in his professions of amity to Europe, as he has hitherto been interested in making common cause with its rulers, against French propagandism and spoliation, what is the security which he can give beyond that sincerity? He is an old man; a few years must, in the course of nature, remove from him the power and influence which he now possesses, such as they are; and a successor whose education has been wholly military might profit by the repose allowed by Europe to France, to bring into action the energies of a country which had been permitted to wax strong. The military mania in

France is not indeed what it was, and twenty years more of peace, with a constant development of the commercial and agricultural resources of the country, might reduce the pulse of glory very low. There must, however, be an excitement and a rivalry of some kind. The pride of the French is such, that if they cannot be the first fighting people in the universe, they must, in their own opinion at least, be the first for something else. Let them hope to become the great manufacturing and carrying nation of Europe, as England now is, and they will lay aside the sword for the loom; but have the French the patience, the perseverance, the energy, which are required to make them even the successful competitors, not to say the masters, in industry, of the English. They neither understand those large principles of trade which alone can command preponderance; and the struggle between classes and interests in France is too great to warrant a belief that there ever will be a great national effort for supremacy in commerce and manufactures. They are exceedingly sensitive on this point, and if clamour and boasting could supply the place of enterprise and industry, they would already be the first amongst manufacturing and carrying nations. They see and hate the supremacy of England in this respect, and would willingly eclipse her; but they want all the essential qualities of traders and manufacturers on a large scale, and even if these were not wanting, there are obstacles in the way even of moderately successful competition, which can only be removed by a total change in the form of the government and in the habits of the people. The first great obstacle is in the nature of the representative system. The Chamber of Deputies is two-thirds composed of merchants, manufacturers, and agriculturists; but every class has its own real or supposed interests in view, and neither will consent to any sacrifice for the public good. The proprietors of wood lands will not consent to a reduction of the duty on coals; the coal owner will not allow foreign coals to be imported until the market has been stocked with all that he can raise. The iron master will not hear of the free importation of foreign iron, nor will the agriculturist agree to any concession that has not for its object the sale of his brandies and wines. Each class will struggle hard for concessions for itself; but the different classes will not co-operate in any measure for the extension of that general principle of exchanges, without which no nation can be prosperous and great. Again, there is none of that stability in the government which promises security for commercial enterprise. This year a ministry may incline to one interest, next year to another. This year France may be tranquil, and merchants and manufacturers calculating on the duration of peace, may feel inclined to embark

further capital, and increase their means of production; next year a minister like Thiers may revive the dread of war, and paralyze the energy which had just begun to display itself. A greater obstacle than either of those above alluded to, consists in the inordinate desire of all classes to become what is called *propriétaires*. Every man must be the owner of a piece of land, however small. The ambition of the little tradesman is to accumulate sufficient capital to enable him to purchase an estate of some two or three thousand francs revenue, and to retire to the country, where he can attach *propriétaire* to his name, and hope to become the mayor of his commune. In England the profits of trade in a small way are an inducement to enterprise on a larger scale; the capital, of course, remains in trade; and even the wealthy retired merchant or manufacturer continues to speculate, by investing money in railways, steam companies, or some other active pursuit of industry. In France the savings of years are locked up in the public funds, and never find their way into trade. Even the farmer's labourer saves and saves until he has realized sufficient to purchase an acre or two of land, and in nine cases out of ten, the savings are laid by as unproductive capital. An enormous portion of the circulating medium of the country is thus locked up for ten years. This desire to possess land is called independence: it is pride; it had its origin in the spirit of equality; but in reality, it is a dislike for the pursuits of industry. How can France become a great commercial and manufacturing country in such a state of things? Six per cent. is the legal rate of interest on commercial transactions; the last official returns of the sales of land show that it does not produce on an average 2½ per cent. Can it be expected, therefore, that the military mania will be superseded by a rage for commerce? We think not.

In alluding to the insufficiency of the guarantee of the peace of Europe as connected with the life of Louis Philip, we omitted to glance at the chance of assassination. It is painful to bring forward such an hypothesis as an argument, but it is unfortunately too well justified by circumstances; and to show that it is so, we will mention a fact not generally known, and in which the opinion of Louis Philip himself warrants the belief that this chance is not improbable.

Shortly after the last attempt upon the king's life, a meeting was held in Paris of English and American residents, to congratulate him upon his escape, and General Sir John Doyeton, as chairman of the meeting, was appointed to present the address. The king, in thanking the general for the sympathy expressed for him by the British and American residents, said—“I feel that I am doomed to die by the hand of an assassin, but that conviction

shall not prevent me from acting according to my impression of what is for the interest and welfare of my country. May this sad presentiment never be realized! May the abominable doctrines which have produced so many attempts upon the life of the French sovereign be again defeated by Providence! But that the danger does exist is evident, and Louis Philip, who knows as well as any man in France to what extent these doctrines have taken root, is not blind to the danger of his position.

If, as regards the settlement of the questions under immediate discussion between the French government and the other cabinets of Europe, we may give credit to the King of the French and his ministers for sincerity,—and it is their interest to be sincere under existing circumstances,—we may hope for a good understanding in the arrangement of the affair of the sultan and Mehemet Ali. The absurd statement of the legitimist and republican journals in France, that a treaty had been entered into by England and Russia for the partition of Turkey, and which would never have had currency for more than a few hours, if it had not been invented in a country where so many thousands being lax in their own morals, readily suppose the existence of similar laxity in others, has been formally contradicted by the *Journal de Francfort*, which is the semi-official organ of the Russian government, and M. Guizot has repeatedly and very recently assured the British chargé d'affaires at the court of France, that he has never suspected England or Russia of an intention to turn the treaty of July to the exclusive profit of either. The only point upon which there is any difference at this moment between M. Guizot and the members of the conference is the revolution in Candia and Bulgaria. He recommends direct intervention in favour of the Christians, and insinuates that in order to raise the French cabinet a little in public opinion, France should play a leading part in the intervention. M. Guizot, however, has made no stipulation on this point, and will probably give way upon it as he has done upon others, if the members of the conference should persist in taking a different view of the question. We can easily conceive that it would be very gratifying to M. Guizot to be permitted to employ a French fleet and French troops in such an intervention, for it would please the national pride, and be an answer to his opponents in the chambers, who have declared that he is anxious for peace *à tout prix*, and afraid to stipulate for an honourable position in what is called the compact of Europe. Nor is there, perhaps, any just reason why France should be excluded from her share in honourable intervention, if she will consent to give guarantees against her turning to account, for future aggression, the means which would thus be afforded to her of

employing her troops and her ships in a manner worthy of the motives which are supposed to inspire the advocates for rational liberty and peace in Europe ; but to make France a direct party to the intervention of Europe in the struggle of the Cross against the Crescent, and to permit her at the same time to go on increasing her army and navy, would be little less than madness.

In a recent discussion in the Chamber of Peers, Marshal Soult declared that so far from recommending the increase of the army, it was his intention to reduce it to the greatest possible extent consistently with the safety of the country. This is a satisfactory pledge as far as it goes, but unfortunately there is a great difference of opinion in France as to what is or is not a sufficient standing force for national security. Even Marshal Soult's estimate on this subject goes far beyond what can reasonably be conceded by other powers. And his estimate is infinitely under that of a powerful party in the Chamber of Deputies. This party, indeed, powerful as it is over public opinion, or that wild feeling in France to which the name of public opinion is given, does not hold the reins of government, nor is it in a majority in the Chamber, but commotion or intrigue may again give to it preponderance, and it is not safe to permit the present government to go on preparing the way for such a faction. The army in France is on a much more extensive footing than can be required for the maintenance of internal tranquillity, so far as it can be maintained by an armed force ; for is there not an army of police in France, and is there not a danger that in the event of serious commotion, a large standing army, siding with the populace, would restore to power the republican leaders who lately threatened to propagandize Europe ? There must be some more positive understanding between the French cabinet and the powers of Europe, as to a reduction of the army, than the speeches of Marshal Soult in the Chambers. In the Chamber of Peers, where the advocates of peace are in a large majority, he naturally uses language which has a tendency to tranquillize and to secure votes ; in the Chamber of Deputies he is another man, for there the peace party is not so strong, and he takes care not to pledge himself in so positive a manner to reduction. The struggle in France, however, is not so much for military as for naval supremacy. The internal state of the country, the number of fortresses to be garrisoned, and the necessity of keeping up a supply for Africa, where the French are every year decimated by disease, fatigue and privation, form a plea, such as it is, for keeping up a large military force. There is no such plea for the clamour for the increase of the navy, and yet this is the burthen of all the speeches in both Chambers whenever the position of France in Europe is under discussion. The

minister of marine, in replying to a remark of Count Tirlet on the 18th June, that France was infinitely inferior to England in the means of steam warfare, instead of boldly saying, that, considering the number of her colonies, and the extent of her commerce, France had as many war steamers as England, and quite enough for her purpose, asserted, without reference to any such consideration, that the actual number of war steamers of France was greater than that of England; whereas, the truth is, that, power for power, that of England is nearly double. Was the minister of marine ignorant of this fact? Certainly not, but as he had not nerve enough to say, that the steam navy of France was quite as extensive as it ought to be, considering her rank as a maritime country, he preferred getting rid of the reproach by an unfounded assertion. This assertion, answered by figures, what has the minister to urge against augmentation? If the finances of England were in so prosperous a state that she could afford to build two additional war steamers for one that the French might build, she might permit the French to go on building, although she would be increasing her own naval force with no other object than to keep France in check; but she cannot do this, and therefore has a right to demand that the naval force of France shall only be in proportion to her actual wants; or, at any rate, in proportion with that of England, as indicated by the extent of the colonies and the mercantile navy of each country. If Europe is to remain at peace, every nation must have its forces on a peace footing, otherwise there will neither be peace nor security.

Art. IX.—1, *Vier Fragen von einem Ost Preussen*, (Four Questions by an East Prussian.)

2, *Erörterungen über die vier Fragen*, (Remarks on the Four Questions.)

It is long since any book has excited so great a sensation in Germany as the little pamphlet entitled "Four Questions." It was ushered mysteriously into the world, and has been rigidly suppressed. The author, Dr. Jacobi, of Königsberg, we believe, has been brought to trial for the somewhat indefinite crime of "offending majesty" (*beleidigter Majestät*). He has met with great sympathy from the inhabitants of the province, a subscription of eighteen thousand dollars having been raised in his favour. We have read the pamphlet with attention and in an impartial spirit. It does not contain one-twentieth part of the violence of the leading articles in the most temperate of our political journals. We are aware that it would not be fair to institute a comparison, since, owing to the freedom of discussion in our country, perfectly harmless matter here might suffice to excite a flame in Germany. A weekly English periodical described the work as containing revolutionary principles. Nothing can be more unjust. The work is written in a manly and forcible tone; it contains observations on the ministers and bureaucracy of Prussia, written in a friendly spirit, on the truth of which we do not profess to decide. Nay, it would seem, from the pamphlet which we have placed second on the list at the head of this article, that the extracts from the documents on which Dr. Jacobi founds many of his reasons for discontent, are not correct. But the statements of this commentator must be received with great caution; the evident joy with which he anticipates the condemnation of his opponent, proves him a prejudiced witness. The "Four Questions" demand only what the Prussians have a right to ask. The late King of Prussia, after the happy deliverance of his country from French tyranny, promised to grant his people a constitution. Stein, a name never to be mentioned without respect, and Hardenberg, were favourers of the measure. Later events, and probably the suggestions of a neighbouring power, may have contributed to alter the intentions of the king, and the people, strong in love to their sovereign and respecting his many excellent qualities, did not press the subject. But the promise had been made, and was never recalled either by the late sovereign or by his present majesty. It is the performance of this promise, made with all the solemnity of a law, and the execution of which was only deferred by the difficulties and delays of the necessary previous arrangements, that the author of the "Four Questions" reclaims; and in doing so, he is strictly within the letter of the law. For the sake of Prussia herself, we hope he may be acquitted; for if he be condemned, few indeed will be the strictures which will be admitted to pass free. With respect to the manner in which the book was published, we feel reluctant to make any observations, as we believe the matter is still under examination; we must therefore leave it to the proper authorities.

The present King of Prussia deservedly bears a very high character. He is universally spoken of as a man of a highly cultivated mind, great

knowledge of business, and of a most amiable disposition. His liberal patronage of learning and the arts deserves honourable mention. Within the short period of a year he has collected in his capital many of the men most eminent for genius and talent. Yet with all this, strange to say, his popularity has confessedly declined. We regret that the timid policy of his advisers should have led to the prosecution of Dr. Jacobi. We are of opinion that the reputation of reason cannot be maintained; the manner in which Dr. Jacobi speaks of the king is so formally respectful, and the majority in the provincial diet proves that he speaks the sentiments of thousands of his neighbours. The tone in which he speaks of the ministers and public officers is not friendly—it may be partly coloured—but the event has sufficiently proved that confiscation and prohibition but increase sympathy for the accused. Since writing the above remarks, we learn from the German papers that the king, who intends to make a journey in the autumn to Breslau in Silesia, has declared his intention of not accepting any extra public mark of respect from the magistracy or corporation of that city. In the continuation of the ministry in which he announces the royal displeasure, he alleges as a reason that his majesty views the directions which the electors of that city had given to their member at the provincial diet, to vote in favour of the constitution, as open opposition. The most recent accounts from the Rhine, where the provincial diet has just commenced its session, announce that this province shows the sentiments of Königsberg and Breslau; and that in the recent actions of the diet which have just been closed, the king has shown a sincere desire to render these meetings more extensively useful. Whether he wishes to prepare the people gradually for the introduction of greater political freedom, or whether he thinks that political development is not necessarily connected with any definite constitution, in the English sense of the term, time must show. The public attention in Germany is at this moment directed with some interest to the opening diet of the Rhine provinces, which has only commenced sitting after the conclusion of most of the other provincial assemblies. The inhabitants are said to be strongly attached to a liberal form of government, and the king will then be in possession of the wishes of the people, communicated by such organs as the present constitution of Prussia allows.

Ann. X. Moritz, Herzog und Churfürst zu Sachsen. Eine Darstellung aus dem Zeitalter der Reformation, von Dr. F. A. von Langenn, Sec. (Maurice, Duke and Elector of Saxony. By Dr. von Langenn.)
Kunst. Theil, mit Moritz's Bildnis, Leipzig, 1844.

The principal features in the life and character of Prince Maurice are familiar to the English public from the impartial account of Robertson. The part which this prince, undoubtedly the most able of those who figured at this period of the Reformation, played in the affairs of Germany, is prominent, and his actions stand before the world so strongly

marked, that we can hardly expect any new light to be thrown upon the actions themselves. All that we can possibly hope for is, that, by a diligent investigation of the archives, the motives by which this extraordinary and able prince was influenced may be somewhat more clearly developed. Maurice appears as one of the most singular enigmas in history. Scarcely of age when he came to the government of his own dominions, he renounced the league of Smalcalden, although most sincerely attached to the Protestant religion; involved in differences with his kinsman John Frederic, he usurped his throne when he had been deprived of his possessions by an arbitrary and unjust decree of Charles the Fifth. Such conduct might seem to justify the extreme abuse and distrust of the Protestants, when lo, he rises as the champion of the Protestant cause, and the emperor narrowly escapes being the prisoner of his former confidant. He died in battle at the age of thirty-three, having reigned twelve short years; nor, when we consider his character and abilities, does the remark of a Saxon historian seem improbable, that had he lived, Germany might have been spared many of the horrors of the thirty years' war. Providence, however, had decreed otherwise.

In order to attain a just opinion of the character of Maurice, we must judge him not according to abstract notions of right or wrong, but according to the temper and colouring of the times in which he lived. In the short notice to which we must confine ourselves, we shall select his difference with his kinsman John Frederic, as the most intricate and interesting feature. For historians are pretty unanimous respecting his defence of the Protestants against the emperor and his league with the French. The patriotism of recent writers has occasionally taken fire at his union with that people, but we must not forget that Maurice, who had lived on terms of intimacy with the emperor, was better acquainted with the resources of that monarch than many of the other German princes. And the event proved that the alliance was entered upon more with a view to frighten the emperor than to allow the French a prominent part in the affairs of Germany.

But in his differences with the elector, his conduct at first sight appears open to great suspicion, nor does Dr. von Langenn, who writes with impartiality, acquit Maurice of ambition. There are two points of view, which must not be lost sight of in considering this period of the Reformation, the former of which has naturally escaped the attention of foreign historians; we mean the question of territorial supremacy, and the different view of the Reformation entertained by the Protestants. In both these respects the characters of the two princes presented a distinct contrast with each other. The dominions of the Saxon princes had been divided into two parts about half a century before the period of which we are speaking; the elder, according to Saxon law, making the division, and the younger choosing which of the proposed parts he might prefer. To prevent the possibility, or rather to augment the difficulties of intestine feuds, many important subjects had been left common to the two lines (of Albert and Ernest). Yet this very measure, as might easily have been foreseen, but hastened the civil war. It seems an established fact, that John Frederic had allowed himself rights

of supremacy in the petty domains of Maurice, to which a far less ambitious and able prince would not have submitted. How far these inroads were agreeable to Maurice, as furnishing him with a pretext for extending his dominions, we are unable at this length of time to decide. His letters and documents, several of which are now for the first time published, breathe a spirit of peace and a desire for reconciliation; but we must not forget that Maurice's powers of dissimulation even imposed upon that great master of the art, Charles the Fifth himself. When the emperor had resolved upon dethroning the elector, Maurice's repeated refusal to assume the title, although decorous, was certainly not very sincere. The commencement of the difference must certainly be attributed to John Frederic, and not to Maurice.

Nor was the manner in which these two princes, both worthy of admiration, viewed the Reformation, less diametrically opposite. John Frederic was devoted heart and soul to the new doctrines, and considered any temporizing measures, although dictated by necessity, almost as a sin against providence; Maurice, whose distinguished genius displayed itself at an early age, was brought up at no less than five different courts, and it is by no means improbable that the marks of esteem and affection which he received in his youth from both the religious parties, may have inspired him with toleration. Less of a zealot than his kinsman, and conscious of his superiority to the emperor in the arts of policy and dissimulation, it is not to be wondered at that he preferred and proposed to consider the questions in dispute more by means of diplomacy than of theology. Nor must we forget that at a later period of his life, when the Protestants were most virulent against him, the opinions of Melancthon coincided with those of Maurice. His refusal to continue in the league of Smalcalden, may likewise be rationally explained. He united in his own person rapidity of execution with prudence of resolve, and had the league elected him for their commander, a happier result might have been anticipated. But what likelihood was there that his kinsman, who had proved so jealous of his own prerogatives that he had exceeded his just rights, would waive his pretensions in favour of a mere youth, and that youth his rival?

These and the other features in the life of Maurice are treated with ability and impartiality by Dr. von Langenn, who had previously established his claim to the character of a patriotic investigator of Saxon history in his life of Duke Albert. Dr. von Langenn is tutor to Prince Albert of Saxony (who is probably destined one day to ascend the throne of that country), and the liberal and enlightened views which he displays in the work before us afford the best guarantee of success in his honourable office. If he has not succeeded in clearing the memory of Maurice from all the clouds which overshadowed it, he has placed before us in a clear and striking manner, the difficulties by which that prince was surrounded—difficulties internal and external, which it was perhaps impossible to surmount, without adopting a line of conduct, which, in less complicated and less troubled times, might justly demand a much severer judgment.

ART. XI.—*Neapel und die Neapolitaner, oder Briefe aus Neapel in die Heimath von Dr. Karl August Mayer.* (Naples and the Neapolitans, in a Series of Letters by Dr. C. A. Mayer.) Erster Band. Oldenburg. 1840.

THIS agreeable volume, from the pen of one who is thoroughly master of his subject, has refreshed our recollections of Italy. On foot, on horseback, or in carriage, we have traversed no inconsiderable portion of the southern part of the peninsula, and we can recommend the author as a trust-worthy guide on subjects on which Mrs. Starke, "the Queen of Sorrento," as she was called in our day, is naturally silent. On the high road and in the beaten track frequented by the swarm of annuals, the national character does not appear to advantage. The love of gain has called forth the weaknesses, or if you will, the vices of the inhabitants, whilst their good qualities only show themselves on a longer acquaintance. Added to this, the difficulty of understanding the dialects of the country, even to those who have made themselves masters of pure Tuscan, is very great. After some study of the language and a diligent attendance at the little Teatro San Carlino, where we promise our unsatidious readers much amusement, unless our old favourites, Pulcinello, Colombina, Trivella, and Arlecchino, have changed their nature, we buckled on our knapsack and trudged through the Abruzzi, although our good friends, the artists in Rome, represented the tour as dangerous. We cannot say we found it so; we were unmolested, and found the people friendly and hospitable.

We were amply indemnified, by the beauty of the scenery, for the many inconveniences which a pedestrian must expect to encounter in districts where a horse is still called a *vettura*, carriages being still unknown there. Our pompous title of *eccellenza*, more frequently cut down to *lenza*, which had so often been bawled in our ears by coachmen, shoe-blacks, lazzaroni, and *id genus omne*, on the Toledo and elsewhere, dwindled down into the simple appellation of *galantuomo*, the lowest term of address which that polite people adopt. The hospitality of the people was sometimes painful. We frequently found, on having taken our meals with respectable inhabitants who were travelling in the same direction, that, on rising, our bill had been paid, nor could we ever on such occasions prevail upon the host or hostess to accept even of a *buona mano*. On conversing with an agreeable family, with whom we travelled for some time, on their road to a fête in honour of St. Justus, we were informed that according to the customs of the country, a stranger had the right of entering any house he liked, and was welcome as long as he chose to stay, but that the suspicions of the government, by rendering every one responsible for the political opinions of his guests, were gradually operating a change in national manners. We once had a warm dispute with a Neapolitan officer, who insisted on doing the honours, to which we submitted on a promise that he and his party would be our guests at a parting supper. They readily consented, when lo and behold, after a merry meal, they pulled out their purses. This was going too far, but we were reduced to a reluctant submission by the observa-

tion, "Don Enrico, we doubt not that you mean it kindly, but you must allow me to tell you, that according to the custom of the country, if you say a word more, I must consider it as a personal offence." Let those blame the Neapolitans who like, we should be ungrateful if we did not acknowledge the many good offices we have received from them and from their antipodes, the Sicilians. In such excursions, a knowledge of the language, a cheerful disposition, and a disregard of numerous little inconveniences, are indispensable; he who remains on the high road sees little more of the real character of the people than if he had remained in London.

With respect to the danger attendant on such excursions, we do not consider it as very great; much will depend on the state of the country, and much on the prudence of the traveller. The introduction or improvement of roads will do much in this respect, although in 1834 the carriage of the King of Naples was plundered on the high road near that nest of infernal looking fellows, Itri. A knowledge of the value of money is requisite, nor would we recommend the traveller to display large sums of it in a country where, absolution may be obtained for a few crowns. Carelessness on the part of a foreigner in this respect caused the murder of a poor maledriver during our trip through Sicily. It is right to observe, that this foreigner was not an Englishman, and that he behaved with the greatest liberality to the widow of the murdered man.

With respect to cleanliness, matters are much improved of late years in some hotels in the principal cities; yet those who wish to pass through the world without being intimate with "man's familiars," would do better to remain in more northern climates. Yet we can hardly even now refrain from a laugh at the woeful address of our fellow traveller to our portly hostess at Arpino, Cicero's birthplace. "*Mamma mia, quanti pulci avete?*" "*Eh! figlio mio,*" was the unexpected reply, "*anche in paradiso sono le pulci.*" We do not know whether we may venture upon a translation to prudish English ears; they will prove a mere flea-bite to those accustomed to Italian freedom.

On the Neapolitan Apennines, the climate is very various. On returning from Sicily, through Calabria, we came to the lofty hamlet of Terioli, some thousand feet above the sea. It was in June, and on complaining of the cold to a sturdy mountaineer, who with his peaked hat and musket might almost have passed for a Tyrolese, he said, "*Aviamo undici mesi di freddo, ed uno di fresco.*" (We have eleven months cold weather and one month fresh.) "*La bella Italia*" thought we, and whilst we were quietly eating our luncheon, we received the agreeable intelligence that a band of robbers had made their appearance. "*Sono gente nel paese*" — (There are people in the country), was the pithy information, the purport of which was rendered more important by the gestures which accompanied it. As there were ladies of the party, and the robbers had but two days before carried off four women, we thought it best to present our letter of recommendation to the *governadore*, who assured us that the report was not true, and that he had received orders to punish the authors of it. Alas! for the trustworthiness of official information in this country; the very place was pointed out to us in the

course of the day, and we were heartily glad when we arrived at our night's quarters, for, although it is very agreeable to talk of past escapes, yet until you are quite certain that there will be an escape, the subject is not quite so inviting. We afterwards learned that the government, in order to encourage travellers to frequent the then recently finished road through Calabria and Basilicata to Naples, made a point of discrediting all reports of the kind, and a friend of ours who made the journey two years before we did, heard a shot and found the rifled traveller still warm.

Yet although we willingly do justice to the air of Naples, the deep blue of her seas, the varied tints which play in magic light upon the mountains at the enchanting hour of sunset, it is only with sorrow that we look upon the condition of the people. Like their own fertile land, good qualities, and many of them, lie in rich profusion on the surface, rendering a short and transient acquaintance delightful. But to the deeper observer there is much to give pain. It would seem that the people had never recovered the shock which the moral degradation of the last centuries of the Roman empire communicated from its corrupt source. Many of the vices of that period are known otherwise than by tradition, and although the exceptions may be numerous, would seem to have struck deep root in this beautiful country. We should not despair of their regeneration under a better government, or rather if the vital principle did not slumber, such government could not so long have existed. The same energy which defeated the different attempts to introduce the inquisition has not shown itself in other matters. The papal rule presses like a nightmare in the southern ecclesiastical dominions, and the Neapolitans, with the present king at their head, have, with all their better qualities, but too much resemblance with their national hero Pulcinello. And yet, when we read, in Colletta, the tragedies of which fair Naples has in the present century so often been a witness, his affectionate regret for the good and virtuous who perished in their visionary schemes of regeneration, which must ever be hopeless until a moral interest is taken by the government in the improvement of the lower classes, let us not envy the careless child of the south his *dolce far niente*.

ART. XII.—1. *Archivio Storico Italiano, ossia Raccolta di Opere e Documenti finora inediti o divenuti rarissimi riguardante la Storia d'Italia; compilata da una Società di Amici e Cultori della medesima.* (Italian Historical Archives, or Collection of Works and Documents at present unpublished or scarce, in relation to Italian History; compiled by a Society of Friends and Students of the same.) Florence. 1841.

2. *Le Storie di Jacopo Petti.* Florence. 1841.

3. *Tavole Sinottiche e Sincrone della Storia Fiorentina, compilati da Alfredo Reumont.* (Synoptic and Synchronous Tables of Florentine History.)

4. *Italy. General Views of its History and Literature, in reference to its Present State,* by L. Mariotti. 2 vols. London.

THE first of the works before us will be found to contain both interesting and original information on many obscure Italian subjects. It is me-

lancholy to trace that since the days of Manzoni and Pellico, Italy has scarce produced one original work, but confines herself to those branches of archæological research, which at least indicate what her feelings are as to the past sources of her glory. It is our intention, provided Italian inertness will permit us, to investigate shortly what is doing in all her universities, and to see whether the fearful palsy that pervades the literary mind of Italy be in all respects co-extensive there with other parts. The remaining works at the head of this article are devoted to the illustration of Florentine History, and the second contains genealogical trees of the Medici, and the other illustrious families of that city. The last work is by an Italian gentleman resident in this country, but contains more information on the subject on which it treats, and more references to the modern position of Italy, than we have seen in any recent production. It is written by him in English, in which language he has attained an astonishing proficiency, even to composition in verse, and his own pure Italian freedom of speech and pained sentiments at the humiliation of his country, bursting forth with native eloquence and singular English expressions, rather enhance the beauty of the work, in our notions, than deteriorate from it. He has divided his work into five periods. 1st. The middle ages. 2nd. The age of liberty, embracing the glory of the Italian republics, from the first sanctioning of the independence of the Lombard cities at the peace of Constance in 1183, down to the last agony of liberty at Florence under the repeated assaults of papal perfidy and imperial violence in 1530, the period Sismondi has illustrated. 3rd. The age of domestic tyranny of the Este and Medici, which he calls the "age of splendor," commencing with the first Cosmo and his grandson, Lorenzo dei Medici, embracing the period of Leo X.; of the first and second Alphonso of Ferrara, down to the last patronage granted to literature by the Dukes of Savoy, by the patrician aristocracy at Venice, and at Rome in the days of Christina of Sweden. 4th. The age of foreign dominion or decline, commencing with the invasion of Charles VIII. and ending with the French revolution. 5th. Revival of Italy from the days of Ferdinand and Leopold of Tuscany, of Francis I. and Joseph II. of Austria, through the convulsions of the French Revolution to the present time. We shall proceed to notice a few points in our author's narrative. His observations at the commencement of his work on the Italian cities are extremely beautiful. Thus on Venice:—

"Venice owing, as we have seen, her origin to the barbaric invasions, was perhaps the only spot in all Italy pure from barbaric mixture. The Venetian aristocracy, the noblest of all aristocracies, hardened by the constant exertions demanded by their situation, inflamed by a sincere, though perhaps selfish patriotism, displayed for a long time a valour worthy of a better fate. The dark and bloody policy which stained the last period of that ill-fated republic, has been, we think, too long exposed and execrated, even to exaggeration; and it is full time that peace should be granted at least to the memory of Venice, since little more than her memory remains. Her native element, the sea, is now receding from her lagoons, like a faithless friend in the hour of adversity, and she lies down lifeless and mute, a spectre city, insensible of her rapid decay,—dead almost to the fondest hopes and to the revengeful wrath un-

sally cherished in the Italian bosoms, as if the sentence which laid her low were irrevocable, and the hour of Italian redemption, however soon it may strike, would always be too late for the revival of Venice."—vol. i. p. 68.

Tuscany and Florence :—

"Tuscany in all times, perhaps even before the Grecian era, the ruler of letters and arts, is now occupied by a soft, gentle, highly-refined people, in whose slender and gracile frames, in whose elegant but effeminate features it would not be easy to recognize the successors of those fierce partizans who, after receiving liberty as a gift from their brothers of Lombardy, were so loose and violent in abusing it, but no less warm and intrepid, and desperately obstinate before they consented to give it up. Traces of the ancient Tuscan valor are to be found in Arezzo, in Pistoia, and wherever, indeed, you rise towards the Apennines; but the capital, Florence, the beautiful, the Athens of modern Italy, she alone, the mother of genius, who has given birth to a greater number of eminent men than all the rest of Italy put together,—Florence is now idly and voluptuously lying in the lap of her green vale of Arno, 'like a beautiful pearl set in emerald,' as if lulled by the murmur of her river and by the fascination of the smiles of her climate. Sinking into a state of dejection proportionate to the excitement of the ages of the Strozzi, worn out, enervated by a long peace and by the artful tyranny of their princes, these people are scarcely aware that their silken ties have now been changed into an iron chain. Gay and thoughtless, vain of their by-gone greatness, of their polished language, of their wide-spread scholarship, of their nice taste, of their villas, of their churches, and of themselves, the Florentines are called, perhaps not unjustly, the French of Italy."—vol. i. p. 69.

Rome :—

"Rome sitting in an unhealthy desert, a venerable corpse, a dissolute convent of prelates and cardinals, whose vast empire and influence have been reduced to those tottering walls, the head of a church that has outlived her age, the capital of a state in open rebellion.—Rome, like Tithonus of the fable, has reached the last state of decrepitude without being permitted to die. Not only the capital, but all the provinces south of the Apennines, the lands of the Sabini and Umbri, have contracted that Levitical spirit by which all talents and eminence are exclusively directed to the altar and its intrigues. Hence that tinge of Jesuitism that taints the Roman character in the highest classes, painted, as it were, on the lines of their countenances, in the sound of their mellifluous accent. Only what is not priest in Rome, or priestly in family or connexion, or servants of priests,—the populace of the eternal city, the Transeverini, display in their features, costume and manners, and more in their sudden and often generous bursts of passion,—the antique Romans—such as may, with a better education, become one day the freemen of the capital of the redeemed country."

Though not fully coinciding in the author's view, few can avoid being struck with the beauty of the following extract on the question of Romanism :—

"Christianity came not to avenge, not to redress, but to console; it promised not peace on earth, but retribution in Heaven; it did not break the chains of the slave, but shared them with him; unable to destroy feudalism, it created chivalry; to quench the thirst for battle, it invented processions and masses. To the victims of human injustice, it laid open the asylum of the sanctuary; for the blasted hopes of youth, for the exposed honour of virgins, it prepared the silence of the cloister; against the unlimited ambition of monarchs, it mustered the thunders of the Vatican. A day had been (it is an unwelcome thought, but one from which we cannot escape)—a day had been when in ages of bar-

barism, of oppression and prejudice, every institution that had become connected with the Christian religion, even the most absurd doctrines and pernicious practices with which Catholicism has been charged, had their holy, their redeeming influence—when popery and the monastery alone preserved the social system from utter ruin. But no sooner had the Christian religion triumphed, than the seeds of corruption burst forth; the ministers of the Gospel, styling themselves the vicars of Christ, began by undoing his work. They withdrew his books and counterfeited his words; then they made their opinion a law, and enforced that law by fire and sword. They intruded themselves into the secrets of the heart, and laid conscience asleep. They monopolized the eternal clemency, and set a price for the ransom of the soul, even beyond the limits of the Vatican—the rivals of kings in wealth, in power, in crime.”—vol. i. p. 88.

Again:—

“But if the monks had their own day, it has set long since. The mission of the convents is accomplished; our gratitude has gone too far, and monkish pretensions still farther. There are other debts, and more recent, that we must be equally eager to discharge. The convents as a system must perish. The idle and pampered life of Franciscans, the loose morals and the tenebrous intrigues of Jesuits, the splendour and luxury of Benedictines, the bigotry and ferociousness of Dominicans, the vow of perpetual seclusion, the slow suicide of ascetic discipline, the fiendish arts by which inexperienced souls were walled up in a living tomb, have long been judged. It is not, we repeat, it is not the fault of Italy if there are still convents and popes. The last generation witnessed the sudden abolition of all these inveterate evils, and they have only returned with the re-establishment of that old-fashioned, hateful state of things against which that unfortunate nation is struggling.”—vol. i. p. 99.

Again, of the poets who preceded Dante we have the following truly national and graphic sketch:—

“Most of them were men of lofty character, and played a conspicuous part in the history of their age. They seem to rise before us as in their old-fashioned costume of cassoc and steel, each one pompously holding forth the manuscript of his Canzoniere, on which he lays his claims to the consideration of posterity; each one leading by the hand his peerless mistress, blushing at the sound of her praises; all stately forms, dark and solemn, assuming gigantic dimensions through the magnifying medium of the mist of time. The very first of the number, of whom, indeed, as of Faliero in the hall of the great council at Venice, nothing can be discerned but a black veil and a name, is Ciullo d'Alcamo, and under his bust are sculptured a few rude stanzas of the first Italian songs we have left. Ciullo remains behind a noble group of Sicilian bards, of judges, knights, and notaries constituting the court of the second Frederick, flourishing half a century after him. Frederick, a bard himself and an Italian by birth and education, a knight, a scholar, a liberal patron of learning and genius, stands foremost with all the height of his commanding figure, stretching the ample folds of his imperial and royal purple, as if in the attitude of patronage over his courtiers and minions; like the prince of darkness hiding under the splendour of his crown the scars left in his forehead by the burnings of the Vatican. By his right side are his two sons, like him initiated in all the apprenticeships of knighthood and minstrelsy; and by his left the wretched victim of a moment of his inconsiderate wrath, the butt of cruelty, treason, and calumny,—Pier delle Vigne, turning towards his lord the hollow sockets whence his eyes were wrenched, and tendering to him the bow-strings with which he strangled himself in his dungeon.”—vol. i. p. 157.

The description of Dante, surrounded with forms of woe and deeds of horror, lending to that giant intellect its peculiar sadness; Francesca, Ugolino, Manfredi, Pier delle Vigne, Farinata, a fell period when princes were poisoned by monks in the eucharistic elements, when even Dante's best and only friend, Guido Novello, the instant he had covered Dante with decent earth, sunk a prey to a brutal mob;—these are given with the dignity due to the magnificent objects crowded before our vision. The friendship of Petrarch and Boccaccio—the proud Colonna, with his cognizance, “*Columna flecti nescio*”—the crowning of Petrarch—the court and crimes of Joan of Naples—Boccaccio's singular conversion, his successful efforts to revive Greek literature—Machiavelli—render the first volume full of high-stirring incident, and the characters stand out well from the events, and are not lost in them as is the case in that style of writing that gives the dry digest and nothing of the human action. We close the first volume with the description of Machiavelli:—

“His frequent embassies to the courts of Rome and France and his long mission to Cæsar Borgia gave him that frightful insight of human nature and of those detestable arts of policy of which he has been too generally believed to be the discoverer and promoter in Europe. Machiavelli, however, invented nothing; with a mind perfectly dead to all enthusiasm, he took a calm, cold, rather misanthropic survey of the human family, and described it as he saw it, with a placid though appalling fidelity—with an impartial though disheartening neutrality.

“Machiavelli, gifted with an essentially active mind, sought in public life rather employment than either power or fame, or much less honour and wealth. He was one of the most disinterested men that ever lived, and if he never perhaps loved any living being, neither did he certainly love himself, nor did he ever turn those powers, for which he has been so much praised and abused, to raise himself in the world. His delight was in sounding the depths of the human heart. He wished to appreciate men after their positive value, and from this dangerous knowledge he derived nothing for himself but the melancholy advantage of being entitled to despise both the oppressors and the oppressed, the prince and his subjects. He was as good as a man can be without love or belief.”

And here, for the present, we must conclude our notice of our author's labours, thanking him for the delight his book has afforded us, to which we shall possibly again advert by another notice of the second volume, filled as it is with Italian legends, told by an Italian; for who amid those of a colder clime can describe the deeds of his land equal to the son of her, of bright and lustrous brow even yet, although the world's age-saddened queen.

MUSIC ABROAD AND AT HOME.

ITALY.

The following remarks on the music of the Catholic Church in Italy will, we doubt not, be read with interest; they are extracted from a highly pleasing and amusing work by Miss Catharine Taylor, in her "*Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister*," just published. This lady, if we mistake not, is a daughter of the celebrated Gresham lecturer, Dr. Taylor. She fully expresses our feeling when she says, "The constant introduction of secular music into the service of the Catholic Church is offensive to hear; the airs from Rossini's or Bellini's operas, or the noisy overtures of Auber, are so discordant with my feelings that I have often left the church in disgust. Widely different is the effect produced by the music which properly belongs to the service of religion. Those who have heard the sublime and massive harmonies of Palestrina, performed as they are at Rome by the Papal choir, can feel all the influence which ecclesiastical music possesses over the mind."

The most noble specimen of the ancient Roman school of music is the famous Mass of Palestrina, which saved music from being banished from the Church service. "The edict had been already prepared which was to banish music in parts, to ordain no other employment of it than the Gregorian Chant. It was at this momentous crisis, when the doom of the art appeared to be sealed, that a young man, scarcely known as a singer in the Pope's Chapel, dared to stand forth as the champion and representative of his art, and in its defence to appeal at once to the head of the Church. This man was Pier Luigi da Palestrina: 'Ere,' said he, 'you decree the extinction of an art which Heaven has allied to devotion, and before you silence that gift of the Almighty which He designed to elevate the soul of man, to inspire it with pure and holy thoughts, and to connect it with Himself, listen to its spirit, and hear what you are about to destroy; I will reveal it to you, for to me it has been already revealed!' Such was Palestrina's appeal in behalf of his art, and if ever the soul of genius spoke, it was then. I know of no such instance of that self-reliance which marks the highest order of intellect. Who, besides Palestrina, ever ventured to stake the very existence of an art upon the perilous issue of his own ability to reveal its power? His request was granted, and the promulgation of the decree suspended until he had completed his promised composition. Palestrina triumphed, and music was saved. We can scarcely place ourselves in the situation of those who first heard this extraordinary effort of genius; the effect must have appeared like the birth of a new scene, and awakened emotions before unknown: the scientific hearer would be made to feel that the erudition which he had been accustomed to regard as the end of study, was but the means to a greater end; and the consummate skill with which the arts of counterpoint were employed, would be absorbed in amazement and delight at the effects which they produced; and in this feeling we share. Time may have overspread the surface of the structure with a deeper and mellower tint, but its noble outline and its fair proportions are unchanged."

FLORENCE.—The production of Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo* has been

attended with the most flattering marks of success; the Theatre Pergola, unquestionably one of the principal theatres in Italy, was crowded with admiring and applauding audiences at every representation. The cast consisted of Roberto, C. del Massi; Bertram or Beltramino, C. Porto; Isabella the princess, Sofia Mequillet; and Alice, M. Schubert. It has been performed upwards of thirty nights, and was withdrawn in order to afford Mlle. Unger an opportunity of again delighting this city in *Lucretia Borgia*.

TRIESTE.—Mlle. Fanny Goldberg has been reaping new laurels in Mercadante's opera of *Giuramento*; the applause she has received is indescribable.

BOLOGNA.—During the last three months we have not had any musical novelty. Donizetti's *Gemma di Vergy*, Bellini's *Somnambula*, and Spéranza's *Due Figaro*, have been severally performed. Rossini takes great interest in his new Musical Lyceum.

FRANCE.

PARIS.—The great novelty at the Académie Royale has been the production of Weber's justly celebrated *Der Freischütz* in a style of great splendour. The entire musical arrangement had been confided to the hands of Berlioz, and the result has proved how zealous and unremitting he has been in his exertions to procure a perfect and well-drilled chorus to give effect to this splendid opera. Mlle. Stoltz made an effective Agatha; her voice is soft and flexible. Marié, as Max, sang with great nerve and feeling. Bouché made an indifferent Caspar, but Mlle. Nau sang and played the character of Anna delightfully, and was most warmly applauded. The opera has been repeated several times and gains on the Parisian public; the beautiful overture and the unrivalled haunting chorus were encored on each performance.

Halevy has a new opera in rehearsal at the Académie Royale.

A great sensation has been created in the musical circles of Paris by the reports in the Belgium newspapers of the invention of a *steam organ* by M. Sax.

At the Opera Comique Bellini's *Dame Blanche*, and Auber's *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, with Madame Rossi Caccia, continue to attract numerous audiences. In the latter Madame A. Thillon acts with captivating spirit and animation; she sings delightfully.

Singing is now taught in Paris in 53 schools, on the system of mutual instruction, 21 schools directed by the Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne, and 12 evening schools for adults. These comprise together upwards of 1500 adult scholars, and 5000 children.

THE DRAMA.—The long announced comedy of *Mariage sous Louis XV.* has at length been produced at the Théâtre Français. The two first acts are full of humour and originality, but the concluding portion of the comedy is by no means so good; the interest, instead of increasing, flags, and there seems a want of sufficient incident to carry the piece through. This comedy has not obtained the success that had been anticipated, nevertheless it is a work of merit and would bear translating. Mlle. Fitz James, whose reception at the Renaissance has been so enthusiastic, is now engaged at the Théâtre Français, and will speedily make her appearance on those boards. She is represented to possess all the energy and feeling of a first-rate dramatic actress; her voice is full and sonorous, and she promises to be a successful imitator, if not a rival, of the accomplished Mlle. Rachel.

Victor Hugo's beautiful drama of *Hernani* has been reproduced for the debt of Mlle. Guyon, and the loud and frequent applause with which she was interrupted, testifies her complete success.

A homely little drama, called *Le Balai d'Or*, has been successful at the Théâtre du Vaudeville. The principal character is a retired druggist, from the

Rue des Lombards, whose shop bore the sign which gives its title to the piece. Here he has lived all his days, and made a handsome fortune; but on surrendering the establishment to his successor, who is his son-in-law, he finds with horror that the young man is one of the "new school." The old dirty respectability of the *boutique* is changed to that of modern display; and, finally, things go on so badly, that the old proprietor is, to his great joy, obliged to quit his cabbages and villa, and take his post once more behind the counter, in order to preserve the concern from bankruptcy. With a change of manners and ideas this piece might, in Mr. Webster's hands, be made to succeed in London.

At the little Théâtre Ambigu-Comique, situate in the Boulevard du Temple, a melo-drama, entitled *Fabio*, is receiving great applause. The piece turns on a struggle between the maternal and the connubial feelings in the breast of the heroine, who ultimately gives her husband up to the scaffold, in order to preserve her son. The incidents and situations are well imagined, and the acting highly creditable.

GERMANY.

LEIPZIG.—The Spring Concert season commenced some time since, but only two attractive concerts have been given. Mme. Clara Schumann, better known by her maiden name of Wieck, gave a concert in aid of the fund for decayed musicians, at which this talented pianist reaped new laurels—even Mendelssohn, who presided, expressed his admiration; but the most attractive feature was the first performance of a new symphony by Dr. Robert Schumann. This composer had never produced any great work, his compositions being chiefly songs and concerted pieces for the pianoforte. This symphony is said to exhibit great taste, judgment, and originality, and to be free from those boisterous and extravagant *forte* movements which deface the modern school of music. M.M. Regondi and Liddel, just arrived from London, assisted at the concert, and performed a duo in a very effective manner.

At the second concert, given on 23d April, in aid of the poor at the Gewand-house, two novelties from a new composer, Julius Rietz, of Düsseldorf, were successfully produced. The first was a MS. overture to *Hero and Leander*, and the second an ancient German War Song with an effective chorus. Both pieces exhibited great talent.

Mlle. Cécilie Kreutzer has successfully appeared as Julia, and as Alice in Meyerbeer's *Robert the Devil*.

AGRA.—M. Mareczek, the Jewish composer, and author of the opera of *Hamlet*, has been appointed *maître de chapelle* in this town—he has a new opera founded on the celebrated "Nibelungenlied" in a forward state.

WEISBADEN.—Benedict's opera of the *Gipsy's Warning* was most successful on its first representation in this town—the translation of the *libretto* into German, is by Herr Gollmick.

ROGA.—Dorn, the composer, has nearly completed a new opera, entitled *Das Banner von England* (The Banner of England), of which report speaks highly.

RADOM, IN POLAND.—Thalberg, on his recent visit to this town, was received with such marks of public favour, that the governor gave a splendid supper, at which he presented him with a silver tankard in the name of the principal inhabitants, as a token of the regard in which he was held by the town.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, and Lapinsky, have been elected honorary members of the "Deutscher National Musik Verein," of Stuttgart.

The third musical festival of the Northern Germans will take place at Hamburg on the 5th, 7th and 8th July. On the first day they will perform Handel's *Messiah*, under the direction of Dr. F. Schneider; on the second day, Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, an overture of Beethoven's, and his *Sinfonia eroica*, will

be performed ; and on the third day, a performance of sacred music will take place at St. Michael's Church under the direction of F. W. Grand ; the number of performers is limited to five hundred.

DRESDEN.—The new theatre has at length been opened with *Torquato Tasso*, and Weber's *Euryanthe* is in preparation at the Theatre Royal.

BERLIN.—Three new operas are in preparation at the King's Theatre : *Hans Sachs* by Lortzing, *Genoveva* by F. Huth, and the *Hirtin von Piemont* (The Shepherdess of Piedmont) by A. Schäfer. Goethe's *Egmont* and Schiller's *William Tell*, which were prohibited in the late monarch's reign, have been performed in Berlin ; some striking passages have, however, been omitted, tending to weaken the moral force of each of these beautiful dramas.

An Italian company has taken the Königsstädter Theatre for thirty-six performances. The first production was Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which Signora Felicita Forconi as Lucrezia, was received with loud applause ; Donizetti's *Gemma di Vergy* followed ; but the only successful production was Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, here was music the audience could appreciate, and the singers found themselves at home. Paltrinieri has a fine barytone voice, and was most effective as Figaro. *Lucia di Lammermeur* is to follow.

M. Mendelssohn has entered on the duties of his office as deputy *maitre de chapelle*, and is now superintending the reproduction of *Die Huguenotten* at the Grand Opera House : his salary is about 430*l.* per annum ; that of Meyerbeer's, the *maitre de chapelle*, is considerably more.

A very amusing piece, entitled *Des Königs Befehl* "The King's Order," or "The Order of the Day," has been very successful in the principal towns in Germany. As Frederick the Great is a principal performer, the piece is performed in Prussia under the title *Des Herzogs Befehl* ("The Duke's Order,") although the dress and portrait of the great king are preserved, it being contrary to Prussian etiquette to allow so near an ancestor of the reigning sovereign to appear on the stage.

VIENNA.—The new oratorio of *Saul and David*, by Assmayer, has been repeated several times with great applause at the Hofburg Theatre under the composer's direction. Nicolai has returned from Italy in order to superintend the production of his new opera *Il Templario* ; at present it is not known how far the story coincides with Marschner's *Templer*. Mdlle. Lutzer has accepted a lucrative engagement at La Scala at Milan rather than incur the risk she was likely to run of ever getting her money if she performed with the German company in London.

M. Eisner, a celebrated Russian horn player, has been attracting great attention by the extraordinary combination of tones he produces from the simple hunting horn.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

The musical horizon of these two countries has been long overshadowed. At Madrid, Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermeur* and Rossini's *William Tell* were performed without eliciting any marked applause ; the rôle was somewhat indifferent, from the want of encouragement or inducement for good singers to visit this remote capital. At Barcelona, Auber's *La Muette de Portici* has been a great favourite at the Lycée or Grand Theatre. Herold's *Zampa* was performed six nights. At Valencia, an indifferent company, possessing a single star, a Mdlle. de Franchi, have been giving a series of the most popular of Mercadante's and Donizetti's operas ; the former's *Giuramento* had a long run, but the Valencians prefer comedy to the lyric drama. At Lisbon, the only really successful opera has been Coppola's *Giovanna Prima Regina di Napoli*, in which Madame Boccabadati created some applause ; two of Mercadante's operas were performed, but they did not pay the expense of production. The

building of a new theatre has been commenced, the expense of erection being defrayed by a lottery of shares; it is much needed, the present national theatre being little better than a barn.

The Drama.—At Madrid a new drama, from the pen of Signor Ribot, a youthful poet of great promise, has been performed upwards of twenty nights; it is entitled *Christovut Colon, o las Glorias Espanolas*.

DENMARK.

Music is but little cultivated in Copenhagen. The only recent novelty is the visit of M. Prume, the violinist, who gave two concerts at the Court, and three at the Royal Theatre; and, although his first performance was but tamely received, yet he gained so completely on the Danish public, that he was afterwards received with an enthusiasm almost unparalleled in this kingdom. As a second-rate performer he has good reason to be delighted with his visit to Copenhagen. Nide Gade has been declared, by the decision of Spohr and Reissiger, the successful competitor for the great prize of the Danish Musical Society, for the best overture by a Danish composer.

AMERICA.

NEW YORK.—The Park Theatre is closed, and is to be offered at public auction. The National has just been burned down, for the second time within the last two years, and will not be built up again on the same spot. Neither of the other city theatres are doing much business, except the Chatham and Olympic, which have both realized considerable sums of money for their managers during the past year.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Chesnut, Walnut, and Arch-street Theatres are open, but we doubt if either of them is paying expenses.

Fanny Ellsler is on her way up from the south. She is by this time probably at St. Louis, and may be in New York next month. Her trip to Havana and New Orleans has been the most successful that was ever made by any one individual.

Braham, when last heard of, was in Richmond. He has been very successful in giving concerts; and his southern tour has been a source of great emolument and pleasure to him. Sinclair has just played a tolerable engagement as Henry Bertram, Prince Orlando, &c. with the pretty Milton and the homely Latham, at the Arch-street, Philadelphia. Giubilei, wife, Miss Poole, Seguin, wife, Manvers, Miss and Master Wells, have been playing and dancing in *Don Giovanni*, *Zampa*, *Elixir of Love*, *La Gazza Ladra*, &c. at the Chesnut, with middling results.

Buckstone, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Brown, &c. have been playing for some months past at New Orleans, Natchez, Mobile, &c. with capital success. W. H. Williams has permanently located himself in Philadelphia. Jim Crow Rice has just returned from playing a good engagement in Boston; Jim says that he always gets paid in Boston, but never in Philadelphia. He is desirous of making a trip to England. Forrest has been murdering Jack Cade at the Park.

Mrs. Sutton has been giving concerts with great *éclat* in this city, she will probably give concerts throughout the country this summer, and spend the ensuing winter in Havana, playing at the grand opera there.

Progress of Music in the United States.—A great revolution in the musical character of the American people has begun, and is, we trust, to go forward, like other revolutions, till its ultimate object be attained. If its progress continue to be as rapid as it has thus far been, it will be another signal instance of the railroad velocity with which the Americans are apt to convert a seemingly distant futurity into a present reality. Thirty years ago, all the music that

could be heard in Boston, was from half-a-dozen instruments in the orchestra of the theatre, and the so-called *singing* of the several church choirs, with the accompaniment of the violoncello. It was a deplorable noise, but was the nearest approach to music that was to be heard in most of the congregational churches, one or two only of which possessed an organ. The first public efforts at reform, and the introduction of a better taste, were made by the late lamented Buckminster, who took great and successful pains to make this part of public worship generally interesting in his own church. His efforts, however, were limited to that object, setting an example that was slow to be followed by the other churches. It is nearly thirty years since "The Handel and Haydn Society" was formed, and collected all the persons in the city and vicinity who were able to perform Handel's music; and we recollect very well that it was thought a great achievement to sing the "Hailstone Chorus" through without stopping.

Twenty years ago, another Boston congregation followed the example of Buckminster, and a better style of music was introduced at the West Church by the personal efforts of one, who, had he lived longer, would doubtless have effected much more for the cause of music. But the early death of W. H. Eliot deprived the community of a zeal and efficiency, the loss of which was felt in more than one department of the public welfare.

In 1832 a deep and lasting impression was made on the public mind and heart by the exhibition of the musical attainments of a class of juvenile performers, who had acquired their skill under the direction of L. Mason and G. J. Webb. These juvenile concerts were the precursors of the Boston Academy of Music, the object of which was to promote musical education in the community in every way which was within the reach of the association.

In 1835 the Odeon was opened and concerts were given the succeeding winter, and have been kept up every year since, with a great variety in the kinds of music performed, and with a manifest improvement, in many respects, in the style of performance. No large choir had previously been so well-trained in Boston.

The next prominent step in the progress of the Academy was the formation of a class of teachers of music, who have found it for their advantage to assemble annually, and hear lectures on the more important branches of the profession. A musical convention has sprung from this annual assembly, of which others are members besides the pupils of the Academy, and which will doubtless serve to extend the influence and the utility of the profession. It is one of the promising and satisfactory signs of the times, that the number of those who are induced to devote themselves to music as a means of subsistence is constantly increasing, thus proving the increase of the number of pupils.

The next, and the most important step taken by the Academy, was the introduction of vocal music, as a branch of elementary education, into the public schools. By this measure, not only is every child in the schools (two-thirds of the whole juvenile population of the city) receiving a valuable and delightful addition to his stock of knowledge and means of happiness, but every parent of every child is acquiring an interest in the art; although they may know little about it, yet they feel that their children are made happier and better by it, and they become attached to it from their natural fondness for their offspring. We consider this as the most important thing done by the Academy, or which can be done to promote the progress of music among us. By giving elementary instruction to all the children of the city,—and nearly all enjoy it now,—the whole musical talent of the place will be discovered; and those who have the best powers for the study, and the strongest inclination for it, will have the means to cultivate the talents which, but for these early opportunities, would long have continued unknown to themselves as well as others. The taste of all will likewise be somewhat cultivated; and those who do not prove proficient in

the practice, will still have knowledge enough to understand what kinds of music are best worthy of attention, and who is best able to perform them. We shall therefore, in a few years, it is to be hoped, overcome the Boeotian ignorance on the subject of music, which, we lament to say, has hitherto characterized our community, and which we fear still prevails in many parts of the country.

Vocal music has been introduced into the schools on the systematic plan laid down by Mr. Woodbridge, who translated some of the best German elementary works on the subject, and Mr. Mason's *Manuel of the Academy*. In the beginning of 1838 vocal music was ordered to form part of the regular system of instruction in the public schools, in the same year Mr. Eliot presented the Academy with a translation of Schiller's "*Song of the Bell*," with Romberg's score of music. In short, the activity of the Academy was great, and it excited a corresponding activity in others. The spirit of competition was roused, and it would have been well if the spirit of jealousy had not been roused with it. But, from whatever reason, new societies of various kinds were formed, and some of them gave private concerts, as they were called, though attended by a thousand people or more, and the older societies were stimulated to new efforts in the cause. The evidence of increased interest in music in the public generally, is the greatly increased attendance on the vast number of concerts now given. The little corps of Italian singers, Montresor and others, who were here five or six years ago, the Brothers Hermann, Mrs. Wood, Caradori, and Braham have given specimens of exquisite skill in the vocal department, while Seitz, and Rakeman, and Kossowsky have given us an idea of what is meant by brilliant, finished and expressive performance on various instruments. The Prague band and the Rainer family have shown how much can be effected by mere precision in the performance of music of either kind, without any remarkable degree of refinement or expression. The popular favour which attended the dramatic performances of Mrs. Wood, in particular, gave many persons an interest in the art which she practised with such great effect.

Another circumstance which we regard as having been at once an indication and a means of progress, is the establishment of several musical periodicals. All have contributed, or are likely, we think, to contribute, their share towards directing the public interest to the subject, and forming the public taste. We cannot but esteem Mr. Hach's *Musical Magazine*, however, as the most important, as it has been longest established, and is edited by a gentleman of rare and thorough acquaintance of the theory and practice of music, and conducted with an independence as honourable to him as it is important to the cause. The criticisms are doubtless somewhat stern; and sometimes, we think, too little allowance is made for peculiar difficulties, and too little encouragement given for attainments actually made. But it is far better to err on this side than on that of complaisance to individuals or societies.

Mr. Davis, the author of a highly interesting and somewhat lengthy report of the School Committee of Boston, says:—"If vocal music were generally adopted as a branch of instruction in these schools, it might be reasonably expected that in at least two generations we should be changed into a musical people. The great point to be considered in reference to the introduction of vocal music into popular elementary instruction is, that thereby you set in motion a mighty power, which silently, but surely in the end, will humanize, refine, and elevate a whole community. Music is one of the fine arts. It therefore deals with abstract beauty, and so lifts man to the source of all beauty, from finite to the infinite, and from the world of matter to the world of spirits and to God. Music is the great handmaid of civilization, and should no longer be regarded as the ornament of the rich.

The ancient oracles were uttered in song. The laws of the twelve tables were set to music, and got by heart at school. Minstrel and sage are, in some

languages, convertible terms. Music is allied to the highest sentiments of man's moral nature—love of God, love of country, love of friends! Woe to the nation in which these sentiments are allowed to go to decay! What tongue can tell the unutterable energies that reside in these three engines, Church Music, National Airs, and Fireside Melodies, as means of informing and enlarging the mighty heart of a free people!"—*Abridged from an elaborate article in the April Number of the North American Review published at Boston.*

LONDON.

The last three months have been productive of two most important events; first, the recovery of Drury Lane Theatre from a state of degradation, the great master of the modern English stage, Mr. Macready, having stepped forward to take the command of Old Drury from the unworthy hands in which it has been placed for the last ten years. The second novelty is the visit of the celebrated and accomplished French actress, Mademoiselle Rachel to our shores. The admiring attention and enthusiastic receptions she has experienced on the stage, at the court, and from the chief performers of the English dramatic stage, cannot but be gratifying to the nation which has produced so perfect an actress. The applause which has greeted her within the walls of the Italian Opera House, has had more sincerity than all the bravos bestowed on the Italians during the season.

THE ENGLISH OPERA.—Why the English Opera is not supported is a question continually asked and rarely answered satisfactorily. Our reply, after mature consideration, is, because the British public cannot instinctively discover or appreciate the beauties in a *new* composition; thus the English musical public follow the opinions of other nations rather from fashion than from a sincere love of the art. What English instrumentalist (violinist or pianist) ever rose to great fame in this country by his own talents? and yet it cannot be denied we have produced great men, and solo players as talented and as effective as any of the numerous foreign artists who possess the patronage of the *haut ton*, while the native artist is neglected; justly may Blagrove, Harper, Lindley, Willy, Collins, Richardson, G. Cook, T. Cook, and a host of others, complain. To the English vocalist this neglect is made more apparent by the warm reception with which they are greeted when visiting Germany, Italy, or France. There their talents are appreciated and fostered. Could Mrs. Alfred Shaw ever hope to become the *prima donna* of the English stage, had not Italy and Germany proclaimed her fame? Most of the best English vocalists are on the continent. Madame Anna Thillon, late Miss Hunt, Madame Albertazzi, late Miss Hausman, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Alfred Shaw and Madame Paressa, late Miss Seguin, are either in France or Germany; the first named lady, by the way, is still delighting Paris in Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne*. Miss Inverarity, Miss Sheriff, Mrs. Wood, Miss Poole, Braham, Sinclair, Seguin, Manvers, and Wood, are in America, because they cannot meet with an engagement in their native country. Miss Adelaide Kemble, Miss Nunn, and a host of talent are in London, without the hope of an engagement.

We come next to the operatic composers, and would ask any unbiassed critic whether the musical compositions of Rooke, Balfe, Barnett, Bishop, and M'Farren, are inferior to those of Donizetti, with whose trashy operas we have so long been surfeited? Yet the English Opera House speculation failed and Messrs. Balfe, Wilson, Arnold and others, were considerable losers, from the want of that patronage which was so liberally extended to the German company at Drury Lane, a company, with the exception of Staudigl, and the well-drilled chorus, in every respect its inferior. Neither Mr. Balfe nor Mr. John Barnett are again likely to become the managers of a London operatic

company, for it has become a clear and painful truth, that there is no hope of the English lyric drama ever succeeding for many weeks in this vast metropolis, and yet there are few disposed to admit that we are *not* a musical nation. Hopes have been raised that Mr. Macready, who has done so much for the advancement of the national stage, will step forward and rescue the native opera from the impending neglect. Few men are capable of achieving greater theatrical effects than "the regenerator of Shakspeare," but the lesson he experienced in producing Rooke's *Henrique* will scarcely fail in deterring him from such hazardous speculations as the production of English operas. The native artist will therefore have to seek in vain for an engagement in London, and for subsistence he must become a tourist, and forego the sweets of home.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Mrs. Charles Mathews is busily engaged in preparing an attractive budget for the re-assembling of her Parliament in September. Several popular members have retired, but we hear of new candidates (for fame) being elected. The first measures brought forward next session will be from D. L. Bourcicault and Leigh Hunt, and will, no doubt, become highly popular with the people when presented to the house, and the details become known. The administration of the fair lessee continues to give the most general and lively satisfaction.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Webster has endeavoured to dispel the gloom which has been thrown over this delightful theatre from the unfortunate loss of Mr. Power, by engaging, at a great expense, Mr. Charles Kean and Miss Ellen Tree; but these attractions have not met with the numerous audiences that might be expected. Mr. Charles Kean's attitudinizing, gesticulation, and guttural accents are now witnessed in London almost as tamely as they were in Newcastle. His Hamlet is the most perfect of his personifications, it contains a vigour and freshness we look for in vain in his other performances. Miss Ellen Tree appeared as Ophelia, and was most effective; but for the cruel and subtle Lady Macbeth she is too gentle and innocent. Mr. Macready's return to this theatre, on 3rd instant, after a most brilliant tour in the provinces, will be gladly hailed by the play-goer. The latest new production is Mr. Lunn's new comedy of *Belford Castle, or the Scottish Goldmine*, evidently written for the display of Mr. Maywood's peculiar abilities. He personifies an old Scotch *millionaire* (Muckle), who from humble circumstances has attained great wealth, but under a surface of waywardness and strong self-will conceals a heart open to every generous impulse. He has an orphan nephew and niece, children of his two sisters, dependant on his bounty. Emily Connor (Miss P. Horton), the niece, falls privately in love with Frederick Oswald (Mr. Howe), a young military officer; and Charles Mortimer, the nephew, in like manner becomes smitten with the charms of Lady Grace Lorimer (Mrs. Stirling), the daughter of the proud Earl of Belford, who, for his adherence to the Pretender, had twelve years before abandoned his country to save his head. Lady Grace, after her father's flight, had taken refuge with Mr. Stapleton (Mr. G. Bennett), the earl's steward, who becomes a second father to her. It was in this retirement that Charles Mortimer met and became enamoured of the fair recluse, and awakened a reciprocal passion in her breast; he succeeds in gaining his uncle's consent, when the earl returns, and forbids a union he deemes derogatory. The contest between pride and wealth is carried on with determined resolution on both sides. At length the power of gold, and the inflexible perseverance of the *cannie* Scott, triumph; the haughty peer yields reluctantly, and the union of Charles and Emily with the objects of their choice completes the happiness of all parties. There is scarcely sufficient interest in the piece, but a judicious curtailment has much improved it. Mr. Maywood played the part of Muckle admirably; Mrs. Stirling's Lady Grace was played with great feeling; and

Miss Horton exhibited her accustomed *naïveté*. Mlle. Celeste continues to attract in *Marie Duclange*.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The German company at this theatre has been greatly and generally patronized, and although the speculation may not have realized Mr. Andrews's expectations, the audiences have, nevertheless, been more uniformly numerous than the most sanguine could have anticipated, notwithstanding the disgraceful conduct of the manager at the commencement of the season, in holding forth to the public a long array of talent, which it is but too evident was never intended to be brought forward. Our advices from Germany testify that Mlle. Lützer and Meyerbeer did not intend visiting England. The letters from Madame Schröder-Devrient are before the public, who will sympathize with her; while the conduct of the management towards Madame Schödel has been the means of arrangements by some of the leading performers with other parties in London for the establishment next winter of a German company, which promises to be very superior in talent and resources to the company now leaving our shores. The first of the successful performances of the German company was *Die Zauberflöte*, which opera was produced with greater care than usual. The Sarastro of Staudigl was a most brilliant performance; his graceful person, appropriate action, and his matchless voice drew loud and rapturous applause; his lower notes are rich, clear, and mellow; and his voice has great compass and ponderosity: the magical effect of his "Iris and Osiris" was most thrilling. Madame Stöckl Heinefetter sang as usual with exquisite judgment, but her voice is thin. Meyerbeer's *Robert the Devil* has also been most successful. The beautiful opera of *Euryanthe* afforded another opportunity for the display of Staudigl, Heinefetter, and Tichatscheck's abilities. The vocal parts were given most brilliantly, particularly the finale to the first act.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The Italian Company have determined that no operas, save those of Donizetti, shall be produced this season; his *Fausta* and his *Roberto Devereux* have been brought out and met with a very equivocal reception; the applause that has been awarded was intended for the leading performers, Grisi, Tamburini, and Mario. Fortunately, this is the last season under the present management.

Mdlle. Rachel has appeared before a British audience, and has fully equalled all that has been written about her. Her abilities are of the highest order of dramatic talent. She has a perfect conception of the character she is to depict, and she possesses sufficient powers of look, utterance, and gesture to convey her conceptions to her auditors. She has a good stage figure, being tall and elegantly formed, possessing the requisite dignity of manner to represent the higher characters in tragedy. Her face is intellectually beautiful,—she has too much meaning in her expression to be called a pretty woman, and she can scarcely be called a handsome one. Her features are regular, classic, and not exaggerated, they are rather small than otherwise. Her eyes are splendid, full of fire, and capable of the strongest expression. In addition to these qualifications, she has a fine tone of voice, a most correct pronunciation, and a good knowledge of the power and use of emphasis. She made her début in Racine's tragedy of *Andromaque*, and gained further laurels as Camille in Corneille's tragedy of *Les Horaces*, but her complete triumph was reserved for *Pierre Le Brun's Marie Stuart*. In the interview scene between Marie Stuart and Queen Elizabeth, she bore the cold taunts and bitter sneers of Elizabeth, her "kinswoman" and foe, until nature could endure no more, and then she burst forth with a flood of denunciation which, great as we have hitherto recognised her to be, we had never before seen equalled; it was free from rant, and yet it was terrific, and electrified the house.

THE STRAND THEATRE, under the able management of Mr. H. Hall, has risen considerably in public estimation. The attraction of Mrs. Keeley is alone sufficient to fill this miniature theatre when the pieces are well selected for their novelty and humour. *The Rubber of Life*, *Aldgate Pump*, and *The Mission of Mercury* have been successful productions, and have been got up with great care. The scenery is much superior to that of Drury Lane Theatre.

SURREY THEATRE.—The English Opera is now cultivated in a soil that has hitherto been considered uncongenial to the "divine art." M. Adolphe Adam's new opera of *La Reine d'un Jour* ("The Queen for a Day") has been produced for the first time in England at this theatre, and has been performed fourteen nights to crowded audiences. The translation is by Mr. J. T. Haines, the plot may be thus described:—The wife of Charles the Second is desired to land secretly in England or Scotland, and in order to elude the vigilance of the government, a stratagem is resorted to, Francine Camusat (Miss Romer) a pretty milliner who is in love with Marcel (Mr. Wilson), is induced to personate the queen, and to land at Dover, while the real majesty effects a landing in Scotland. Marcel, not knowing the circumstances, grows jealous and disconsolate, and follows to Dover. Francine is seized and conveyed to Dover Castle, from whence her lover is on the point of effecting her escape, when Charles arrives triumphant and the lovers are united. The opera is very creditably got up, and the music is light and pleasing, displaying considerable originality.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE continues to be profitable to the managers, a sure proof that the public are pleased with his exertions. Mrs. Honey has entered on a short engagement, and is now performing a series of her most favourite characters to crowded houses.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—This theatre, we regret to say, is not paying its expenses; a theatrical commonwealth, as Mr. Bunn has rightly observed, "is common without the wealth."

THE PRINCE and PRINCESS THEATRES remain closed.

Mr. Eliason is preparing to enliven us with Concerts D'Eté, à la Julien, at Drury Lane Theatre.

The Concert season is now drawing to a premature close; Madame Dorus Gras, Liszt, and several other stars are preparing for departure. London is decreasing; for the coming elections have absorbed all other interests; the concert-giver finds tickets must be *given* away, and that the supplies are stopped.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

FRANCE.

Provincial Libraries.—The Chambers grant considerable sums for the endowment of libraries in the different Departments. This year they voted 200,000 francs for this purpose. Great complaints are made of the manner in which the books are selected. Worthless romances and books of a very inferior description are said to form the chief mass of the accessions to these libraries by order of the ministers. This reproach seems to us the more extraordinary, as there can be no doubt that M. Guizot, at least, has a sincere desire for the moral improvement of his countrymen. The salaries of the librarians are remarkably low, 800 francs per annum for the head-librarian, and 600 francs for the sub-librarian. The arrangement of the books is said to be very defective, and it is with the greatest difficulty that strangers can obtain a sight of the manuscripts and rarer works. The buildings are many of them roomy and spacious, having been cloisters which were declared national property during the French revolution. The number of readers is very small; at Rouen, Nantes, Lyons, the most literary cities after Paris, nine was the average number; in smaller cities of 30,000 to 40,000 inhabitants, as Tours, Angers, Bourges, more than three were seldom found. We copy this from a German journal, in which the writer says that he speaks from long experience. If his statement be correct, we hope that measures of improvement will be adopted.

It has now been clearly ascertained that the words *Anglais, Français, j'aimois, j'étois, &c.* were formerly pronounced the same as *moi, toi, &c.* The change in pronunciation took place after the marriage of Catharine de Medici, in 1553, when a number of Italians became attached to the French court; these persons could not pronounce the *oi*, and it became fashionable at court, in deference to the queen, to pronounce it as *oi*; Voltaire was the first who introduced this system in his writings, after which it became general. Boileau, Racine, and Molière followed the early and correct method.

M. Biot has announced a Dictionary of the ancient and modern names of the towns, &c. in the Chinese empire.

The British government having removed the restrictions which, under the post-office regulations, prevented the admission of Galignani's Messenger into Great Britain, except under a high rate of postage, it may now be received in the same way as the other Paris newspapers, viz. by payment of only one half-penny postage.

That interesting and elegant writer, the Marquis de Salvo, has commenced a series of anecdotes, sketches, and tales, under the title *Papiers détachés*; this work will no doubt have an extensive sale.

A valuable historical poem of the sixteenth century, entitled *De Trislibus Francie*, from a MS. in the civic library of Lyons, has been published at Lyons and Paris; the poem gives a minute description of the civil and religious wars of France under the sons of Catherine de Medici, and represents, by a variety of illustrative tracings, the costumes, &c. of that eventful period.

Two literary novelties are announced, and are the subject of much conver-

sation at Paris. The first, *Sentiment de Napoleon sur la Divinité de Jesus Christ*, is from the pen of M. de Bauxterne, and will contain some hitherto unpublished papers written by the Emperor; the second, is a *Dictionnaire de l'Armée de Terre*, which occupied the late General Bardin during the last thirty years of his life. The first part of this highly interesting work is now ready.

GERMANY.

Baron von Hügel has published two volumes of his travels in the East, under the title of *Kaschmir und das Reich der Siek*, in which he relates his travels in a pleasing style. He appears to be an amiable man, and to have made a good use of his fortune, and, with all the bonhommie in the world, he contrives occasionally to direct the reader's attention. It would not be uninteresting to compare his report with that of our countrymen travelling in this direction. The work is to extend to four volumes; the two last will probably contain the history of Cashmir.

A work has been lately published under the title of *Der Religions-Krieg in Deutschland, oder Elisabeth Stuart* (The War of Religion in Germany, or Elizabeth Stuart), which contains an account of the fortunes of the Prince Palatine, son-in-law to James the First of England. The residence of the unfortunate pair in Holland is very interesting.

The Leipzig Easter Catalogue contains 4513 books that have already been published, and 424 that will be published in the course of the present year. The former were published by 527 booksellers; 650 works issued from the press for 74 Leipzig houses; 70 for 7 in Dresden; and in the rest of Saxony 10 publishers published 85 works; 165 Prussian booksellers published 1173 works, not one-third more than in Saxony. There were 449 works published in Berlin by 48 booksellers. In Vienna 183 books were published by 19 booksellers; the other cities of Austria contributed 108 works, (14 publishers.) Thus the whole number of works published in this extensive empire amounts to little more than one-third of those issued in the small kingdom of Saxony.

THE CENSORSHIP.—During the Easter booksellers' fair, the two general meetings were held, at which the difficulties under which the trade laboured in consequence of the injurious restraints of the censorship were discussed. M. Reimer, one of the most respectable booksellers of Germany, whose publications are almost all of a highly valuable character, proposed a resolution, to the effect, that no bookseller should publish any works written by a person holding the office of censor. This extreme measure met with considerable opposition, and was finally declined. It was at length resolved to present a petition to the Saxon government, requesting it to use its influence with the Diet at Frankfort for the removal of the present provisory restrictions of the press, for bringing into active operation the 18th section of the well-known decree of the Diet, and for allowing in the mean time at least such a limited freedom of the press as had been granted by the Diet in 1819. A committee was appointed to conduct this affair.

A new edition of the works of Jacob Böhme is now in the course of publication in Leipzig. It will consist of six volumes, three of which have already appeared.

Several biographical accounts of John Brentz, the apostle of the Reformation in Würtemberg, have recently been published, the best of which is undoubtedly that edited by Messrs. Hartmann and Jäger, and published by Perthes.

Professor Haupt has just published the first number of a new periodical for German Antiquities (*Zeitschrift für Deutsches Alterthum*). Its contents are principally philological, and, judging from this first number, likely to prove

very interesting. Jacob and William Grimm, Beneke, and other eminent scholars, are among the contributors. We direct the attention of German scholars to the valuable periodical now concluded, which was published by Messrs. Haupt and Hoffmann von Fallersleben, under the modest title of *Alt-Deutsche Blätter* (German Leaves).

Mr. George Wigand, of Leipzig, has just issued a prospectus for publishing (in German) Mr. Robert Schomburgk's Travels in Guiana and on the Orinoco, from his reports and communications to the London Geographical Society, (during the years 1835—1839,) with a map and six coloured views. Alexander von Humboldt will add a preface, and his Essay on some important points respecting the Geography of Guiana.

We are glad to learn that the King of the French has conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honour on Jacob Grimm. This great scholar has published, in an Epistle to Lachmann, a kind of supplement to his classical work *Reinhart Fuchs*, which contains fragments of an old German poem on the subject, together with one in modern Greek. Both will prove welcome additions to the numerous admirers of sly Renard.

As Mr. Borrow's very interesting work on the Gypsies of Spain will doubtless direct public attention to that singular people, it may not be amiss to observe that Mr. Graffunder, a gentleman in the service of the Prussian government, and inspector of the schools in the district of Erfurt, published a small volume in quarto on the subject a few years ago, entitled *Ueber die Sprache der Zigeuner, eine grammatische Skizze* (On the Language of the Gypsies, a grammatical Sketch). This gentleman was commissioned by the government to inform the Gypsies in this neighbourhood, that notwithstanding they had hitherto rejected all attempts to civilize them, one last offer would be made, to induce them to abandon their vagabond mode of life. Not content with merely executing his commission, he humanely endeavoured to convert the children, and in the course of his efforts, found himself induced to study their language. He has given the result of his observations with equal modesty and humanity in the little work above mentioned, which confirms (if confirmation were necessary) Mr. Borrow's assertion, that the language was of Oriental origin and identical with that of the Spanish Gypsies. We should be very glad to see some remarks on the grammatical structure of the language from the pen of one who possesses such great advantages in this respect as Mr. Borrow.

It is said that the King of Prussia has commissioned Herr von Bülow to propose to the Diet at Frankfort, that scientific works and all volumes containing a certain number of sheets shall be published without being subject to the censorship. We hope that the report is true, as the restraints of this institution operate very injuriously. Will it be believed that it is only recently that visiting cards have been freed from the inspection of the censor?

Captain Moltke, one of the Prussian officers who entered the service of the Sultan, has published an interesting volume on the state of the Turkish empire. He and his companions in arms, von Fincke, Mühlbach, Fischer, und Laue, had excellent opportunities of observing the state of the Turkish army before the battle of Nisib. The observations on the capabilities of Asia-Minor deserve general attention, as every thing indicates that this unsettled country must shortly undergo a considerable change.

Niemeyer's *Book of Religion for the higher Classes of Society* has been forbidden in Prussia. As the work had already gone through seventeen Editions, the prohibition had excited great sensation.

The Editors of the *Hallische Jahrbücher* (a paper published in Leipzig, but edited by Dr. Arnold Runge, professor in the Prussian University at Halle, and Dr. Echtermayer) have received an order from the government to have the

work printed under the Prussian censorship, as several articles respecting Prussia, published in this journal, had given offence at Berlin. It is reported that Dr. Runge, rather than comply with this order, will sell his property in Prussia and settle in Saxony, whither his co-editor has likewise removed. The work will most probably be forbidden in Prussia. The *Hallische Jahrbücher*, although little known in England, must, with all its faults, be considered as one of the most valuable German periodicals. The prevailing tone is that of the new or extreme sect of the younger followers of Hegel. Freedom of discussion in matters of religion and politics is warmly advocated, and although there are many opinions expressed in it, which we strongly disapprove, such as the excessive admiration of Strauss, yet we must do justice to the talent and ability with which it is conducted. We believe the editors to be in earnest, which is no small praise when we contrast them with the lackadaisical managers of many of the German periodicals. The journal would gain, were the tone less exclusively restricted to their own peculiar philosophical school; but such as it is, no one can be considered a competent judge of the currents at present at work in the literary sphere of Germany, who does not make himself acquainted with their doctrines.

Cornelius (to whom the artists of Dresden gave a public dinner on his passage through that city) has been received with great honour at Berlin, and elected an ordinary member of the Berlin scientific Art-Union. At a recent meeting of this society, on the 15th of May, Professor Schöll read a report of his travels in Greece, in which he gave an account of the devastation which the Parthenon had suffered at different periods. He likewise made honourable mention of the statues and other works of art which had been discovered in the vicinity of the temple during the excavations, executed by order of the present government of Greece, since the year 1835. Professor Schöll has brought home drawings of them taken on the spot, and as he is about to publish the journal of his lamented fellow-traveller, Ottfried Müller, we hope he will likewise communicate the result of his own observations.

Professor Zahn, whose valuable collection, formed at Pompeii, is well known to all travellers in the south of Italy, has just published the first part of a splendid work on Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabie. The subjects represented were discovered in 1839 and 1840, and have never been published; they are of the size of the originals, and mostly coloured in lithographic oil-coloured impressions.

We believe that Dr. Julius, well-known by his work on America, has been commissioned by the King of Prussia to visit this country, in company with an architect, in order to report on the style adopted in building prisons in England.

NASSAU.—The condition of the little duchy of Nassau, as compared with what it was in 1816, is most gratifying. In the department of public instruction, there were in 1816, 710 masters; there are now 853. The salaries of the former amounted to 136,002 florins; they amount now to 221,026 florins. The country has been divided into districts, so that all the inhabitants can go to the courts of justice and to the public apothecaries, and return on the same day. The sum insured in the National Fire Insurance Office amounted only to 28 million florins; it now exceeds 78 millions, whilst the rate of insurance has been reduced to nearly one third. The police-taxes on bread, meat, beer, and spirits have been abolished. The parents of illegitimate children were formerly subject to very severe punishments, which frequently produced infanticide. The new system, by which the father is bound to support his offspring, works well, only one child in seventeen being now illegitimate, a very favourable proportion, when compared with many other German states. Land has risen in value, and a great number of new roads have been built. By an

edict, dated June 5th, 1816, a general and uniform municipal and rural law superseded the anomalous state which had previously prevailed. The debts of the different corporations, resulting from the war, amounted to more than eight million florins, they are now reduced to two millions, so that of 822 co-sparations and communities, 462 are quite free from debt: 38 churches, 44 clergymen's houses, 259 public offices, 101 school-rooms, 331 public fountains, and 273 burying-grounds have been erected and arranged in this short period. In 1817 the population was 399,468; in 1839 it had increased to 591,361, or nearly one third, whilst the number of poor who received assistance had diminished from 10,083 to 6488, i. e. from 3½ per cent. of the whole population to 1½ per cent.

By a recent census the population of the Duchy of Saxe Weimar amounts to 248,498 inhabitants, including Weimar, 11,485 inhabitants; Eisenach, 9840; and Jena, 6004.

A small pamphlet, entitled *Das Ende kommt*, has been rapidly taken off the publishers' hands, (Beck and Fränkel, of Stuttgart). This pamphlet states, that after the most careful calculation the prelate, Bengel, has discovered that the year 1843 is the period appointed in the Scriptures for the destruction of the world by fire.

A Quarterly journal for ladies, entitled *Frauenspiegel*, has been commenced under the auspices of Reichenbach, the eminent Leipzig bookseller; among the fair contributors the names of Leonhardt Lyner, L. Reinhardt, A. Franz, v. Nindorf, Annette Elizabeth v. D—, A. Schoppe, Elise v. L—, and H. Hülle, appear.

Professors Hermann and Lobeck have been invested with the order of St. Stanislaus by the Emperor of Russia, in approbation of their great literary attainments.

The new number of the *Deutsche Vierteljahrsschrift* (German Quarterly Review) contains several interesting articles: among others, The North and Eastern Boundaries of France, considered in a Military View; and The South Western Frontiers of Germany; The Print Trade and Fine Arts in Germany; and A Project for a General and Uniform Post for the whole of Germany.

Dr. Emanuel Tafel, the chief librarian at the Tübingen royal library, so well known to the theological and learned world by his strenuous advocacy of the Swedenborgian doctrines, has just published the second part of *E. Swedenborgii Adversaria in libros Veteris Testamenti Historicis*, and has commenced a *Magazin für die wahre Christliche Religion und ihre einzige Erkenntnisquelle die heilige Schrift*, to be continued monthly, in which he will be assisted by many eminent divines. The twelfth volume of his *Arcana celestia quæ in scriptura sacra seu verbo Domini sunt detecta opus E. Swedenborg*, is already in the press, and the thirteenth, which is the concluding volume, is promised in the course of the year.

A respectable German journal gives the following not very flattering description of Hamburg:—"The children of the affluent receive some children's books as presents at Christmas; the lover gratifies his mistress with an Annual, on account of the pictures and binding; young people buy occasionally a couple of volumes of the *Cheap Miniature Library*; the pious purchase a few tracts, *Witschel's Morning and Evening Sacrifice*, or the *Hours of Devotion*; those who wish to secure themselves in conversation, perhaps a *Conversations-Lexicon*, but that is all; and it is very rare to find a library in a rich family. The men content themselves with reading the German, French, English, and American journals at the *Börsen-Halle* and in the principal coffee-houses; the ladies read the periodicals and the contents of the circulating library, and the more *fads* these are, the better." We trust this report is somewhat exaggerated.

ITALY.

The celebrated *Allgemeine Zeitung* is no longer to be seen in the Papal States, in consequence of the increased rate of postage which has been levied on this publication by the government, in revenge for the violent political articles and criticisms which have recently appeared, reflecting on the administration.

A Grammar of Music, entitled *Teoriche elementari di Musica*, has been published at Naples, it is from the pen of Alessandro Mampieri; and another interesting musical publication, *Memorie de Compositori di Musica del Regno di Napoli, raccolte dal Marchese di Villarosa*.

SPAIN.

A new geographical, historical, and statistical Dictionary of Spain and the Spanish colonies, is in the course of publication by a learned Society in Barcelona.

RUSSIA.

The principal Universities in Russia at the close of the last year contained 2,300 Students, and the Libraries connected with the Universities contained 282,290 Volumes, viz.

Cracow	400 Students,—the University Library,	36,682 Vols.
Dorpat	500	64,776
Kasan	200	34,748
Kiew	100	52,157
Moscow	700	65,927
St. Petersburg	400	28,000

From the recent official returns showing the state of religious opinions throughout the Russian dominions, the following facts appear;—

The Catholics amount to 202,608 persons, and possess

61 Convents, containing 1894 Monks.	
51 Nunneries,	660 Nuns.
1231 Churches and	
1176 Chapels,	

2519

The Armenians possess

619 Churches	} to which are attached 1307 Priests.
310 Chapels	
40 Convents, containing 133 Monks and 31 Nuns.	

969

The Lutherans have

902 Churches, to which 484 Priests are attached.

The Jews have

586 Synagogues	} to which 955 Rabbis and 2097 Elders are attached.
2377 Temples	

2963

The Mahommedans have

5296 Mosques, and 14,517 Priests.

The Calmucs have

76 Temples for the worship of Buddhism.

The Emperor has presented the Academy with several interesting MSS. relating to Russian History from the year 1074; of these, there are nearly four hundred documents copied by Turgeneff from original MSS. in the Vatican at Rome; one document gives the particulars of Jeremiah's Journey from Constantinople to Moscow, and several relate to the wars which occurred in Russia between 1568 and 1650.

The government, laws and statutes from 1356 to 1700 are in the course of publication, and will comprise five large volumes.

SWEDEN.

H. B. Lewin, Esq., of Stockholm, has lately published, in the Swedish capital, a complete *English translation* of those celebrated numbers of Professor Geijer's "Litteratur-Blad" which treat of *The Poor and the Poor-Laws*. Some copies will doubtless make their way to England, and cannot fail to excite the attention of our countrymen to the sentiments of so great a philosopher as Geijer on a subject so momentous to all Europe.

Count Björnstjerna's answer to Mr. Laing (an answer in which little is replied to), has lately appeared in a Swedish dress.

A spirited Swedish bookseller has commenced republishing here a series of the "Danish Classics." They will cost only one-fourth of the Danish price, and will rather advance than disserve the interests of the Danish booksellers, as they will be bought by a class who would *never* have purchased the absurdly expensive original copies, and will excite a taste for Danish literature which cannot but lead to extensive purchasers of other works.

The celebrated *Crusenstolpe*, who has already written and published three volumes since his imprisonment, has now brought out two more still more captivating than the preceding, and which have already reached to a second edition. They are called *Morianen, eller Holstein-Gottorpska Huset i Sverige* (The Moor, or the Holstein-Gottorp Dynasty in Sweden). The third and concluding volume is expected shortly. The whole work is a kind of almost-all-true historical romance, full of secret history, and sketching, with delightful truth and colouring, Swedish men and manners and the courts and governments of Adolphus Fredrik and his successors. With a few omissions, we should think a translation could not but be acceptable to the British public. *Crusenstolpe* is undoubtedly the first prose pen of Sweden!

The Diet, which has been, on the whole, rather liberal and rather stormy, is still sitting, and will probably not break up till the end of June. Professors Geijer and Thomander, together with Dr. Bergfalck the great civilian, have commonly spoken and voted with *the opposition* in the House of Priests to which they belong. Professor Geijer, though no clergyman, is deputy for the University of Upsala.

Miss Bremer, the distinguished novelist, (authoress of "Home," &c.) has lately published a charming little sketch of manners in the North and of Norway in particular, under the title of *Strid och Frid, eller Teckningar i Norrige* (Strife and Peace, or Sketches in Norway).

The last new Swedish novel is, *Kyrko invigningen i Hammarby*, by Doctorinnan Flygare.

Herr Hjerta, the enterprising Stockholm publisher, has lately stereotyped an excellent new English and Swedish Pocket Dictionary. It is very neat, very cheap, and is the first book stereotyped in Sweden.

Among the remarkable productions of the Swedish press, we must mention the *Ordbok öfver Svenska Språket* (Dictionary of the Swedish Language), two numbers of which have already appeared. We cannot decide as to the extraordinary merits it may possess, as the contents of these two numbers have

hitherto consisted principally of the Introduction, which is modestly and instructively written. The writer does not lay claim to Herculean philological studies, but to a respectable acquaintance with the languages and dialects nearest allied to his mother-tongue. The periods of publication are too long (one small number per quarter) and the scale too large, all the compounds being debated and printed in the same style as their simple roots. But if only moderately successful in execution, it will be a great favour conferred on the literature of Sweden.

We are at length promised a Swedish Review (the old Upsala one being deceased). It is to be published at Lund, under the superintendence of a Committee of Litterateurs.

A. L. von Strussenfelt has just published a pamphlet on "Attempts to commit Crime."

Professor Palmblad's last novel is, "Love and Politics."

Rector Almqvist has published a new volume of his "Book of the Rose." It contains two tales, "The Painter," and "The Position of the Clergyman in Modern Times."

Dr. H. Reuterdaahl has just favoured the lover of old saws and old dialects with a valuable collection of "Ancient Swedish Proverbs" from a MS. four or five centuries old, preserved in the Library of Lund University. The text is older and more pure than the similar collection published in Denmark under the name of Peder Lolle.

Illustrated Almanacs and attempts at "Annals," are still issuing from the Swedish press. Some of them are pretty enough.

Among the lithograph works of the day ought to be mentioned "The Great Men of Sweden," in monthly parts, from the best paintings, &c. and "The Chiefs of the Diet," now sitting in Stockholm.

The melancholy increase of crime, and the defective state of the prisons in Sweden, has induced the Crown-Prince to publish a work on punishments and penal institutions, in which he gives the preference to the Philadelphian system.

Afzelius, well known in this country as the first editor of Swedish popular songs, is publishing a work in parts, *Fädernelandets Sägghafder* (Sweden's traditional History). His object is to illustrate the history of his native country by traditions, songs, monuments, and legends. To judge from the two parts that have appeared, it should seem that Sweden is richer in this department than has hitherto been supposed.

The literary remains of Professor Törneros, Latin professor at Upsala, are in the course of publication, under the title of Letters and Journal-Remarks. Only one part has appeared, containing the letters, which are very interesting.

The History of Swedish Poetry, in two volumes, and *Contributions to Swedish Æsthetics*, by Mr. Lenström, have not much value as original productions, but they enable the reader to compare the opinions of the most eminent Swedish critics, Hammarskiöld, Geijer, Atterbom, and others, from whom the author quotes largely.

Professor Palmblad is publishing a collected edition of his novels. We are glad to learn that an attempt on the part of Almqvist to introduce the lascivious tendency of the French romance-writers into Sweden has excited the indignation of the public, and we hope that the good sense of the Swedes will prevent the progress of a tone in this department of literature which, we are sorry to say, is occasionally more or less covertly adopted by writers of no mean celebrity in our own country.

DENMARK.

The *Northern Antiquarian Society* has published a Supplement to the *Antiquitates Americanae*. The volume is edited by the learned secretary, C. C. Rafn. The discovery of an ancient building in Newport, Rhode Island, supposed to belong to the Ante-Columbian Scandinavian discoverers, could not but be of the highest interest, as it would tend to confirm Rafn's conjecture that the Northmen had not only established a colony in Vinland, but had lived on the island for several generations. The recently discovered building, which is in a style corresponding with that of the ancient remains in Jutland, Scotland, and Ireland, is supposed to have been a vestry or christening chapel, as similar round buildings are still extant in Greenland, in the vicinity of old churches. It is to be hoped that the Americans will not fail to make the necessary researches on the spot. The Society intend to publish an Atlas of the Discoveries and Colonies of the ancient Scandinavians. Two maps, A General Map of the Discoveries of the Northmen in the Arctic Regions and in America from the tenth to the fourteenth century, and A Map of Vinland from accounts in Northern Manuscripts, both by Rafn, have been appended to the Supplement above-mentioned.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Messrs. Bagster and Sons intend publishing a Complete Polyglot Bible, embracing all such Languages of the Holy Scriptures (whether entire or fragmentary), with such Critical Addenda, and such Grammatical and other Apparatus, as may be considered necessary for a Polyglot Bible of the most perfect description; including all that is valuable in the four celebrated editions—The Complutensian Polyglot, produced under the patronage and at the expense of Cardinal Ximenes, in six volumes folio, 1514-7; The Antwerp Polyglot at the charge of Philip II. of Spain, eight volumes folio, 1569-72; The Paris Polyglot, by Le Jaye, in ten volumes folio, 1645; and the London Polyglot of Brian Walton, published by subscription, in six volumes folio, 1653-7.

Nearly two centuries have passed since Bishop Walton finished his great work. In this long period, much that will add to the value and interest of a Polyglot Bible has been brought to light by the researches of scholars at home and abroad; and from the liberal readiness with which the general erudition of the present day is spent in the public service, many advantages may now be secured which were unknown or inaccessible to the learned Editors of that and earlier works, and seem to distinguish the present as an auspicious and fitting time for the arduous undertaking above alluded to.

"The English Hexapla," from the same publisher, is nearly ready, and the "Biblia Polyglotta Ecclesiae," is preparing for publication, under the superintendence of the Rev. Frederick Iliff, D.D.

One of the most interesting and instructive Exhibitions that have ever visited London is Mr. CATLIN's *Exhibition of the Red Indian or North American Museum*, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall.

Mr. CATLIN has been traversing the vast wildernesses and prairies of North America, in the British, American, and Mexican territories, during the last eight years, with the view of reaching all the tribes of those remote regions, and with the hope of producing a more complete and just history of their manners and customs than has yet been published. He was led into this arduous and perilous pursuit from a full conviction that these very numerous and interesting branches of the human family are rapidly making their exit from the earth;

that they are passing under the sod at the approach of cultivating man; that (to use their own very beautiful phrase), "they are all going to the shades of their fathers, towards the setting sun;" that their race is soon to be extinguished, and their deeds and their history to be heralded to future ages only by their enemies, ("pale faces,") who have dispossessed them, and are ploughing the fields over their dead bodies.

During the eight years of his travels and researches he was enabled to visit forty-eight different tribes (the greater part of whom were found living in their primitive state); consisting of 400,000 souls. Being professionally an artist, he took his canvass and brushes with him to the remotest tribes, by which means he has supplied himself with many curious and valuable illustrations for the work; and has returned with 500 paintings in oil, made in every instance by his own hand, from nature; 300 of which are portraits of chiefs, warriors, &c. of the different tribes, and the most of them at full length, armed and costumed in their primitive style; and the remaining 200 consist of groups of their dances, ball-plays, and other games, landscapes of the country, views of their villages, buffalo-hunts, religious ceremonies, &c. containing more than 3000 figures.

Mr. Catlin has nearly ready for publication in two volumes royal octavo, his *Manners, Customs and Condition of the North American Indians*, with 400 Illustrations of their Manners, Customs, Costumes, &c., Etched and Outlined from his Original Paintings now Exhibiting in London. The work will be delivered to subscribers only.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.—The principal inventions and discoveries in science which have attracted attention in England during the last three months consist,—1st, of the discovery of an enormous destructive power capable of instantly shattering to fragments any vessel against which it may be discharged; the Government intend securing the secret of the composition of this extraordinary power.

2nd,—The successful application of the electro-magnetic power to printing. The machine is very ingenious, and exhibits the extraordinary power of directing the typographical process at a great distance from where it is actually performed.

3rd,—A valuable discovery by which lithography can be effectively used for the purpose of transferring any lithographic drawing to china, porcelain, delf, &c. This discovery has been made by Mr. Day, and has been secured by patent. The composition he uses for the transfer has not been made known. A great improvement in all articles of crockery will shortly manifest itself, as one of the best artists of the day has been especially engaged.

4th,—The discovery by a Belgian paper-maker that a fine white paper can be manufactured from asparagus ends; and also that a paper of inferior quality can be manufactured from beetroot.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT.

FROM APRIL TO JUNE, 1841, INCLUSIVE.

THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

- Concordantiae omnium vocum Novi Testamenti Graeci primum ab Erasmo Schmidio editae, curâ C. Bruder. 4to. Part I. *Lipsiae*. 8s.
- Discours sur l'Immortalité; par M. l'Abbé Chatel. 8vo. *Paris*.
- Drach, P., Der Katholicismus und der Jüdismus. Nebst Erläuterungen, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die Juden in Deutschland, von L. Baumblatt. 8vo. 3s. *Mannheim*.
- Histoire abrégée de l'ancien Testament, avec celle de la vie de N. S. Jésus Christ. 12mo. *Paris*.
- Histoire des preuves de l'existence de Dieu, depuis les tems les plus reculés jusqu'au Monologium d'Anselme de Cantorbéry; par M. Bouchitté. 8vo. *Paris*.
- Hüffell, Dr., Stunden christlicher Andacht. 2 Parts. 8vo. *Giessen*.
- Jung, J. H. Stilling, Geschichte unsers Herrn Jesu Christi und der Gründung der christlichen Kirche durch die Apostel. In 4 Parts. 8vo. *Nürnberg*. 2s.
- Klein, A., Geschichte des Christenthums in Oesterreich und Steiermark seit der Einführung desselben in diese Länder bis auf gegenwärtige Zeit. Vol. II. 8vo. *Vienna*. 8s. 6d.
- Köster, Dr., Die christliche Glaubenslehre des Herrn Dr. David Friedrich Strauss. Auf dem Standpunkte evangelischer Prediger kritisch beleuchtet. 8vo. *Hanover*. 2s.
- Krummacher, F. W., Der scheinheilige Rationalismus vor dem Richterstuhle der h. Schrift. 8vo. *Elberfeld*. 5s.
- Le Nouveau Testament de notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ, traduit sur la Vulgate par Lemaistre de Sacy. *Paris*. 2s. 6d.
- Maier, Dr., Israels Vergangenheit, Gegenwart und Zukunft. 12mo. *Stuttgart*. 1s.
- Méditations selon la méthode de saint Ignace, sur les principaux mystères de la très-sainte Vierge et pour les fêtes des saints. 12mo. *Lyon*. 2s. 6d.
- Meier, Dr., Der Prophet Joel, übersetzt und erklärt. 8vo. *Tübingen*. 4s. 6d.
- Mémoire sur l'état actuel de l'église grecque catholique dans le Levant. 8vo. *Marseille*.
- Officium hebdomadae sanctae secundum missale et breviarium romanum, S. Pii V. pontif. maximi jussu editum, Clementis VIII. et Urbani VIII. 8vo. *Vienna*. 4s. 6d.
- Oosterzee, J., Disputatio theologica de Jesu, e virgine Maria nato. 8vo. *Utrecht*. 5s.
- Perpétuité de la foi de l'Eglise catholique sur l'euchariste, par Nicole Arnaud. Vol. IV. 8vo. *Paris*.
- Royaards, H., Compendium historiae ecclesiae christianae. Fasc. I.—Historia ecclesiae antiqua et media. 8vo. *Utrecht*. 7s. 6d.
- Stunden der Andacht zur Beförderung wahren Christenthums und häuslicher Gottesverehrung in Dichtungen. Supplementband. 4to. *Leipzig*. 3s. 6d.

- Theologische Mittheilungen. Eine Quartalschrift, von Pelt, Mau und Dorner. Part IV. 8vo. *Kiel*. 4s.
 Wilke, C., Clavis Novi Testamenti philologica, usibus scholarum et juvenum theologiae studiosorum accommodata. Vol. II. 8vo. *Dresdas*. 4s. 6d.
 Zeitschrift für Theologie, in Verbindung mit mehreren Gelehrten, vom Hug, Werk, v. Hirscher, Staudenmaier und Vogel. Vol. V. 2 Parts. *Freiburg*. 10s.

LAW, JURISPRUDENCE, STATISTICS.

- Burchardi, Dr., Lehrbuch des Römischen Rechts. In 2 Vols. 8vo. *Stuttgart*.
 Cours de Droit commercial; par J. M. Pardessus. Vols. I. à III. (Price of the work in 6 Vols. 2l. 15s.) 8vo. *Paris*.
 Daniels, Dr., Handbuch der Rheinprovinzen verkündigten Gesetze, Verordnungen und Regierungsbeschlüsse aus der Zeit der Fremdherrschaft. Vol. VI. 8vo. *Cologne*. 18s.
 Heineccii, Jo., Antiquitatum Romanarum jurisprudentiam illustrantium syntagma, secundum ordinem institutionum Justiniani digestum, in quo multa juris romani atque auctorum veterum loca explicanter atque illustrantur. Ch. Haubold. 8vo. *Frankfurt*. 18s.
 Oskar, Ueber Strafe und Strafanstalten, von Oskar, Kronprinzen von Schweden. Aus dem Schwedischen übersetzt von A. von Treskow und Dr. Julius. With 3 Plates. 8vo. *Leipzig*. 4s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY AND HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

- Ampère, Histoire de littérature française au moyen-âge, comparée aux littératures étrangères. Introduction. 8vo. *Paris*. 9s.
 Bibliothek der gesammten deutschen National-Literatur von der ältesten bis auf die neuere Zeit. Vol. XXI.—Altdeutsche Schauspiele, von F. Mone. 8vo. *Quedlinburg*. 6s. 6d.
 Bruce-Whyte, Histoire des langues romanes et de leur littérature depuis leur origine jusqu'au 14me siècle. Vol. I. 8vo. *Paris*. The work will consist of 3 Vols. 11s. 6d. each.
 De la Littérature et des hommes de lettres des Etats-Unis d'Amérique; par Eugène Vail. 8vo. *Paris*. 9s.
 Fucks, Dr. F., Philosophische Kritiken. Zur Einleitung in das Studium der Philosophie von &c. Part I. 8vo. *Hamburg*. 2s. 6d.
 Précis d'un Cours de Philosophie élémentaire; par Pinheiro Ferreira. 12mo. *Paris*. 4s.
 Tredos, Philosophie de la langue française, ou Nouvelle doctrine littéraire. 8vo. *Paris*. 9s.
 Ulrici, H., Ueber Prinzip und Methode der Hegel'schen Philosophie. 8vo. *Halle*.

MEDICAL AND NATURAL SCIENCES, PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY.

- Annalen der Physik und Chemie, von J. C. Poggendorff. Vols. LII. to LIV. 12 Parts, with Plates, 2l. 7s. 8vo. *Leipzig*.
 Archiv für Anatomie, Physiologie und wissenschaftliche Medicin, in Verbindung mit mehreren Gelehrten, von Dr. J. Müller. For 1841. 6 Parts. 8vo. *Berlin*. 1l. 10s.
 Arnold, Dr., Tabulae anatomicae, quas ad naturam accurate descriptas in lucem edidit. Folio. *Stuttgart*.
 Atlas de Minéralogie, ou Histoire naturelle des minéraux. Composé de 40 planches. 18mo. *Paris*.
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